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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

THE recent death of Jean François Millet has suggested the following reminiscences of a period when the writer enjoyed somewhat exceptional opportunities of intercourse with the distinguished French painter; they are largely derived from letters written at the time, supplemented by a still vivid recollection of many circumstances.

I first saw the village of Barbison and made the acquaintance of Millet early in the month of October, 1855. Upon leaving the United States I had been given a letter to him by my friend William M. Hunt, then recently returned from a long residence in France, where for several years he had known Millet intimately. Indeed, the latter told me afterward that "Hunt was the most intimate and best friend he had ever had." I had caught from Mr. Hunt something of his own enthusiasm for the talent and character of his friend, and was anxious to put myself, if possible, under the instruction of one whom he esteemed so highly.

Accordingly, soon after my arrival in Paris, I went down to Barbison, where Millet resided, and — I quote from a letter written at the time — "presently found myself in Millet's *atelier* and in the presence of the great man. I had been told that he was a rough *péasant*; but peasant or no peasant, Millet is one

of Nature's noblemen. He is a large, strong, deep-chested man, with a full black beard, a gray eye that looks through and through you, and, so far as I could judge during the moment when he took off a broad-brimmed, steeple-crowned straw hat, a high rather than a broad forehead. He made me think at once of Michael Angelo and of Richard Cœur de Lion."

After presenting my letter and answering a few questions about our common friend, I proceeded to the object of my visit, and expressed my desire to become Millet's pupil, or at least to have his advice as to my future course. I had brought with me a few drawings and studies in oil as specimens of my proficiency; these he examined with interest, and criticised courteously but freely. Other visitors now coming in, I took my leave, promising to return after I had taken a stroll about the environs.

Returning to the inn at noon, I found the table set for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and I sat down with the other guests, about twenty in number, mostly young men, and all apparently artists. The conversation was animated and noisy. I ate my meal for a while silent and unnoticed, doing my best to understand the jokes every one but myself seemed to enjoy so heartily, but at last I unwittingly attracted the attention of

the whole company. On the appearance of a second course, thinking I had been overlooked by the inn-keeper's daughter, who was the only attendant, I stopped her as she passed my seat, and pointed to my plate, intimating my wish to be furnished with another. The girl seemed very much startled at my movement and before I could make her understand what I wanted a shout of derision arose from the whole table. "Ha, l'aristocrate!" they cried; "il veut changer d'assiette." I had, it appeared, committed a solecism. I had shocked the proprieties of the Hôtel Ganne. I had been guilty of a breach of good manners; I had insulted the great democracy of art. I hastened to retrieve my error, and apologized as well as I could, pleading my foreign birth and education as an excuse for my ignorance of good manners; while as for the charge of being an aristocrat, I assured the company that as I happened to have been born and bred a citizen of the great democratic republic, such a thing was simply impossible. My explanation was taken in good part, and we finished our meal on the most amicable terms.

The inn where I breakfasted in such good company is quite a curiosity in its way. Upon the paneled walls and doors, as well as upon sideboards and other furniture, upon every available space, in fact, are innumerable sketches, many of them painted long ago by young *rapins* who have since become famous artists. These paintings are mentioned in all the guide-books now, and the Hôtel Ganne is one of the lions which strangers are perforce taken to see.

Breakfast over, I returned to Millet's atelier and resumed my interrupted conversation with him. He could not, he said, receive me as a pupil; it had never been his custom, and it would be very inconvenient to have any one working with him in his atelier. However, if I chose to take a room in Barbison, I might bring my work to him, and he would advise and direct me as best he could. But if I wished to study the human figure, he thought I could do that better in Paris, where I could have mod-

els, etc. All this was not very encouraging; in fact, I got the impression that Millet intended to dissuade me from the idea of studying with him, and I returned to Paris that evening half determined to abandon the whole project. But, notwithstanding the reluctance he had shown to receive me as a pupil, I felt more than ever attracted to him. I accepted his criticisms and the little encouragement he had given me as evidences of his frankness and sincerity. He had said exactly what he thought, because he had been asked to do so. He had spoken the truth, because it was the truth. I was, moreover, captivated by the personality of the man, — his handsome, intelligent, honest face, the grand dignity of his manner, the serious charm of his conversation.

I soon made a second visit to Barbison, when I found Millet, as I thought, rather more disposed to encourage my plan than he had been at our first interview; and after a long conversation it was finally settled that I should establish myself at Barbison and begin drawing under his instruction, he coming to my room to see and correct whenever I had anything ready to show him. For this, he said, he should be obliged to charge me a very high price, as his time was valuable. He said this, I half suspected, as a last attempt to deter me from the scheme; and when he mentioned this formidable sum, which was one hundred francs, or twenty dollars, per month, and found I was not in the least staggered by it, he looked, I thought, a little disappointed.

This important preliminary settled, he interested himself about a room for me, first warning me that I must not expect very magnificent accommodations, and telling me that on account of the dampness of the floors I would do well to adopt the Barbison fashion of wearing wooden shoes, especially in the house. Then, summoning his servant, a maid of all work (who also, as I afterward learned, often sat or stood as a model for his peasant women), and mentioning the names of several of the neighbors who, he thought, would have

rooms to let, he told her to go with me to look at them.

My guide had not far to go. Two doors from Millet's house I found a room that seemed to be all that was required. Within a week I was installed in my new quarters, where, with occasional visits to Paris, I remained through the winter and spring, from the 29th of October to the 23d of June. During this long sojourn I not only saw a good deal of Millet, but became familiar with Barbison and interested in the life of its inhabitants.

Millet was a poet as well as a painter; or rather, his painting is poetry: each of his pictures is a poem, and though the main topics may be of general interest, appealing to the universal heart of man, his works are full of local color. His peasants are not generalized abstractions. He painted what he saw about him — French scenery and French men and women; and some acquaintance with these may help to give a fuller appreciation of his genius.

Barbison can hardly claim the distinction of being even a village, since it has neither church nor church-yard, nor school-house, nor post-office. For all these things its inhabitants must go a mile and a half to the neighboring town of Chailly, itself hardly more than a large village, of which Barbison is a mere dependency or suburb. There were no shops and no tradesmen in Barbison in my time, no market-place, no common centre of village life, no village tavern even; for though there were two inns in the place, they seemed to be monopolized by the artists, at least in summer, and were rarely visited by the villagers. Even the butcher and the baker came from Chailly, as well as the *charcutier*, — or dealer in pork, whether fresh or cured, — who is always, in France, a distinct person from the butcher proper. People might be born in Barbison if they would, but when they died they must be taken to Chailly to be buried;¹ if they were sick they must send to Chailly for a physician, and there they must go

¹ It was at Chailly that Millet was buried, by the side of his friend, Theodore Rousseau.

to be christened or married, whether by clergyman or by magistrate.

This hamlet, rather than village, at the time of my visit (it has not changed much since) consisted of a single street, a little more than half a mile in length, running nearly east and west in a slightly winding line. The street had no sidewalks, but its whole surface, twenty-five or thirty feet in width, was paved with square blocks of stone, in excellent repair and neatly kept. In fact, the inhabitants prided themselves upon their neatness, and looked down with contempt upon the other villages in the neighborhood where cleanliness was not held in so high esteem. Both sides of the way were lined with houses built directly upon the thoroughfare, at short intervals apart, the spaces between the houses being closed by high walls, so that the street was completely shut in throughout its whole extent. Both walls and houses were built of stone, usually covered with rough-cast and most of them whitewashed. The dwellings were generally of one story, never of more than two, some presenting their gable ends and some their sides to the street, upon which very few opened directly. The entrance was usually by a wide gateway in the wall which joined one house to the next.

A few of the older houses still retained their thatched roofs, in a picturesque state of decay, and overspread with great patches of green moss; but, owing to the danger of their taking fire, thatched roofs had been for some years interdicted by the government. The old ones were allowed to remain so long as by patching they could be made to hold together, but when it became necessary to renew them, it must be with tiles and not with straw.

On these thatched roofs, and even in the interstices of the tiles, the seeds of weeds and wild flowers had found a lodgment, and in the spring the walls and roofs were in many places gay with blossoms. A part of the house in which I lived had one of these ancient roofs of thatch, whose straw, gray and crumbling with age, was almost wholly hidden

under great flakes of moss, upon which two or three pairs of white pigeons were usually to be seen strutting to and fro or dozing lazily in the sun. Against the street front of many of the houses on the sunny side of the way grapevines — the famous Chasselas de Fontainebleau — were growing upon trellises, not for ornament but for profit. With this exception there was nothing that had even the appearance of an attempt at outward embellishment.

The stranger, however, who should do no more than traverse the village street would gain but a very imperfect idea of Barbison. Only by entering some gateway that chanced to be left open, and penetrating into the *cour* within, would he be able to get even an outside view of the homes of the people. He would then find himself in an inclosure formed by the dwelling-house on one side and by ranges of out-buildings or high stone walls on the other three, with perhaps — though this was often wanting — a narrow paved walk leading to the real entrance to the house. In the middle there usually stood during the winter a manure heap of constantly growing proportions, affording an ever-fresh field for the explorations of a score of industrious fowls. In one corner, perhaps, would be the well, with its stone curb and oaken bucket; under a rough shed, thatched with furze or brush, the family wood-pile or a disorderly assemblage of carts and agricultural implements; while through the open door of the grange one might discern men at work threshing or winnowing grain. It was in this *cour* that the cows were milked, the horses groomed, the sheep sheared at the proper season; here the children played and the women performed many of their domestic duties.

In the rear of this inclosure, and guarded apparently with even greater jealousy from the public eye, was often a garden, surrounded by high walls, planted with fruit-trees and vines, vegetables and flowers, and having a postern gate, as it were, to the little citadel of the peasant's home, opening directly upon the great Plain.

Millet's residence and atelier, of one story, with a tiled roof, stood with its gable end toward the street, upon which it had only one small window, — not counting another in an out-building used as the kitchen. On entering the gate the visitor found that the usual *cour* had been transformed into a garden, of which all that I remember distinctly is a square plot of ground in the middle, where, one day in the early spring, I found Millet at work spading, as a remedy, he told me, for dyspepsia. He delighted to exercise himself occasionally in the labors familiar to his youth, and in which as a young man he had excelled. He would often, in his walks around Barbison, borrow for a moment of some laborer, whom he found at work in the fields, the implement he was using, and prove to the astonished peasant his superior skill in handling it. He had, indeed, a practical acquaintance with every kind of agricultural labor and every species of rural handiwork, and there was in this same garden a small stone building roofed with straw which, aided only by his brother Pierre, he had built and thatched with his own hands.

The atelier occupied the whole of a detached building, which stood in a corner of the garden next the street and opposite the house. It had been built a few years before, expressly for Millet's use, by the owner of the estate, of which Millet was the lessee. In outward appearance it resembled the ordinary barn or grange attached to most houses at Barbison, differing only in its large window, which looked directly upon the street. The interior consisted of one large, high room, with what was very unusual at Barbison, a wooden, not a brick floor. Across the lower part of the wide window was stretched a green curtain; near it stood an iron stove, the easel at which Millet worked, and a modeling-stand for the use of his brother Pierre. Upon shelves about the room or standing upon the floor with their faces turned to the wall were piles of canvases, new and old, of all sizes; many of them, as I afterward discovered, pictures in vari-

ous stages of progress, some of which had not been touched for years. In a corner near the door was a calico-covered couch, and near it a table with writing materials and a somewhat disorderly assemblage of books, papers, crayons, brushes, and colors, the usual litter of an atelier. Several other easels stood about the room, upon which Millet would place the pictures he wished to show to visitors. But they were usually vacant; for though he might have two or three pictures on the stocks — *sur le chanlier* as he said, — at the same time, he preferred to have in sight only the one he was for the moment at work upon.

The walls of the room were unpapered and unstained; there was no attempt at what is called decoration, and the general aspect was certainly somewhat untidy and neglected. Everything was for use, not for show; a few casts from the friezes of the Parthenon and the Column of Trajan which hung in the embrasure of the window, a few busts and small plaster figures which stood near, were not there for ornament, but, like maps and encyclopædias in a library, for constant reference. It was an atelier, a place for work, not an exhibition room nor the cabinet of a virtuoso.

✓ Upon some shelves in one corner was what Millet called his museum: a collection of rags and bits of cloth, of different colors, faded and weather-stained, fragments of head-handkerchiefs (*marmottes*), blouses, petticoats, etc., affording shades of color more exquisite than any dyer could produce. Millet made great use of these in his painting, taking from them suggestions of color which he said he could have got in no other way. The almost innumerable shades of blue, from the dark indigo of the new blouse or apron that had never been washed to the delicate tints of time-worn garments that had been bleached almost to whiteness, were his especial delight. Blue, he once told me, was his favorite color; and without doubt it occurs more frequently than any other in the costumes of his peasants.

A door or two from Millet's lived the

painter, Charles Jacque. He also had a large-windowed atelier looking upon the street, and the door of his house was one of the few in Barbison that opened directly upon the pavement. Upon this door the *gamins* of the village, who for some reason seemed to bear the poor artist a bitter grudge, were in the habit of writing, with chalk, insulting inscriptions, such as "*Jacque est bête*," often curiously misspelled. These and other indignities were warmly resented by the painter, and I was once, at least, witness to a prolonged altercation in the open street, before and close to my window, between Jacque and his wife on one side and a crowd of boys, reinforced by their mothers, on the other, in which the choicest epithets were hurled back and forth with deafening volubility.

The western portion of the village was occupied chiefly by the poorer class of the inhabitants; but quite at the western extremity was a notable exception. Here, disposed in a hollow square and surrounded by high walls, was a cluster of buildings belonging to a large farm, while outside, on the Plain, stood a picturesque group of gigantic hay-stacks and grain ricks. The proprietor, said to be the richest man in the place, one of the class of peasant farmers represented by the Boaz of Millet's picture, Ruth and Boaz, or the Harvesters (*Les Moissonneurs*),¹ had between two and three hundred acres of land under cultivation, and employed a large number of hands, both men and women. A dozen horses were kept on the premises, besides a large flock of sheep, and barn-yard fowls and pigeons almost innumerable. The farm was one of the lions of the place; and its stables and poultry yard, as well as the interior of the dwelling-house, afforded the artists ample materials for studies.

A short distance beyond the eastern extremity of the village was the Porte aux Vaches, or Cow Gate, the nearest entrance to the Forest of Fontainebleau, where, during the grazing season, the cows owned in Barbison were usually pastured, in accordance with a prescript-

¹ Owned in Boston, where it has been exhibited.

ive right enjoyed by all the inhabitants of the *commune*. The cattle were under the charge of a man whose sole business it was to watch them, and who was paid *pro rata* by their owners. Every morning about nine o'clock the *bouvier* or *vacher*, as he was called, *Anglicè* cowherd, came through the village street, blowing a horn. At the sound, every good-wife who had a cow to be pastured hastened to open the door of her cow-house as well as the entrance gate of her courtyard, and the cow, knowing the sound as well as her mistress, needed no further invitation to march out and join the long procession of her bovine friends as it filed past. The cowherd, accompanied by his dog, and with his wallet containing his dinner slung over his shoulder, brought up the rear; and passing through the gate to which they gave its name, herd and herdsman disappeared in the Forest. There they roamed about all day, cropping the grass in the open glades, or reposing at noon under the branching oaks in the *dortoir*, a part of the Forest so called from its being the favorite nooning-place. At nightfall the procession was re-formed and wended its way back to the village. Once more the *bouvier* sounded his horn, all the good-wives set wide open their gates and stable doors, and each cow, as she reached her home, turned in, without bidding, at the well-known gate. One of Millet's pictures, entitled *Vacher rappelant ses Vaches*, of which I have seen a photograph, appears to represent the scene in the Forest when the cowherd calls together his cows preparatory to their return home.

Millet never made one of the almost innumerable company of artists who, during the summer months, spread themselves over the Forest, dotting the sylvan shade with their white umbrellas. He never felt, he told me, the necessity of making out-of-door studies from nature, though he sometimes made rough notes, as it were, in a pocket sketch-book no bigger than his hand. He could, he said, fix any scene he desired to remember so perfectly in his memory as to be able to reproduce it with all

the accuracy desirable. And certainly many a bit of landscape in his pictures recalls so exactly the scenery around Barbison that it is difficult to believe it was not painted directly from nature. He was fond, however, of making excursions in the Forest, and knew all the finer parts of it by heart, though he did not at the time of my visit take as much exercise in that way as he might have done with advantage to his health.

But though Millet did not feel impelled to make special landscape studies in the Forest, he did not neglect what may be called its human interests. He has painted the poor old women whom the law allows to gather dry sticks in the government woodlands, or even to break off and carry away such dead limbs as they can reach. This refuse wood they bind into enormous bundles, which they hoist painfully upon their backs and so stagger home, bent nearly double beneath their heavy burden. There was said to be a rivalry among the aged crones of Barbison as to who should carry the largest fagot; and one of them, who died during my stay, was reported to have hastened her death by her misplaced ambition.

The wood-cutters also furnished him with subjects. Almost every able-bodied male inhabitant of Barbison worked occasionally at this occupation, in the employ of the government, and many of them were said to have acquired a remarkable skill in the use of the ax, or perhaps, rather, to have inherited it, for the traditions of the craft have been handed down from father to son through a hundred generations.

Millet's picture of *La Mort et le Bûcheron* was not painted until several years after I had left Barbison, but the subject had already been long in his mind. One day in my room he took up a copy of George Sand's *Mare au Diable*, and read attentively the first chapter, in which the author describes at length an engraving after Holbein, underneath which was inscribed this quatrain in old French:—

"A la sueur de ton visaige
Tu gagnerais ta pauvre vie ;

Après long travail et usage
Voley la mort qui te convie."

The engraving was described as representing an old peasant plowing, while Death, in the guise of a skeleton, stalks beside the affrighted horses and urges them on with his whip.

Laying down the book, Millet said he had long been thinking of painting something like this; or rather, he thought it would be the old fable, so admirably told by La Fontaine, of Death and the Wood-Cutter. The picture so long in contemplation was finally painted in 1859, but, I know not on what grounds, was refused admission to the *salon* of that year. It was, however, engraved for the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* (vol. ii., 1859), and finally formed part of Millet's contribution to the Exposition Universelle of 1867.

With Madame Sand's view of the purpose of art, as expressed in this chapter, I understood him to say that he agreed in a general way; so far at least as to hold that its mission is one of love and not of hatred; that in showing us the sorrows of the poor it ought not to stir up enmity against the rich, least of all to use the poor man, as some of the old artists seem to have used the image of Death, as a means of terrifying the more favored classes into being just and compassionate toward their less fortunate brethren. But he thought that she, in putting her theories into practice, had fallen into the error of making her peasants *plus beaux que nature*, better than they really were, casting around them the glamour of a poetry of her own invention and failing to discover that which really inheres in them and in their daily life, if one could only learn to see it.

Subjects for Millet's pencil were also supplied by the workmen in the quarries excavated in the rocky ledges which intersect the Forest like miniature ranges of mountains, and whence is taken the stone used in paving the streets of Paris. Allusion is made to the severe nature of their toil in a published letter of Millet's,¹ and we may imagine him to have been, at the time he wrote it, engaged upon

a picture which was among those sold after his death under the title, *Les Carriers*. One picture at least Millet has painted, the scene of which is in the Forest, and in which man plays no part. It is called, in the catalogue of the sale of his pictures which took place in Paris after his death,² *Rabbits in the Gorges d'Apremont at Sunrise*. The locality mentioned is a rocky defile in the Forest, only a short distance from the village, and a favorite haunt of the wild rabbit. The picture is now owned in Boston.

But though Millet with his fine artistic and sensitive nature could not fail to appreciate the charms of the unrivaled Forest, he found in the great Plain that lies around Barbison a greater variety of subjects that appealed strongly to his sympathies as a man and as an artist. The Plain was more exclusively the domain of the peasant, the scene of his labors, the nucleus of the life Millet had himself lived and which he felt himself constrained to paint.

Upon all sides of Barbison save one, where the Forest hems it in, the Plain stretches almost literally as far as the eye can reach, rising occasionally into gentle undulations, and dotted here and there with detached groups of rocks and trees and widely scattered villages, but presenting a generally level and open surface. There are no isolated farm-houses, as with us, and no stone walls, fences, or hedges, except immediately around the villages; and were it not all evidently under cultivation, the Plain might be taken for a vast common. In many of its features it resembles the Roman Campagna, and its great extent and generally level surface are vaguely suggestive of the sea, inspiring the same comparison between the littleness of the individual man and the vastness of the universe. One realizes there that the earth is round, a fact which the artist who studies chiefly in close woods or surrounded by houses is apt to forget. "Every landscape, however small," Millet once said to me, "should contain

¹ Old and New, April, 1875.

² Vente après décès de J. F. Millet de ses tableaux, etc. 10th and 11th May, 1875.

a suggestion of the possibility of its being indefinitely extended on either side; every glimpse of the horizon, however narrow, should be felt to be a segment of the great circle that bounds our vision. The observance of this rule helps wonderfully to give to a picture the true out-of-doors look."

I know not how those may be affected who have not seen the actual localities, but for my part I can never look at one of Millet's pictures where the scene is laid in the Plain without feeling, as it were, the whole vast amphitheatre rise around me. I not only see the special scene set before me, but am also vaguely conscious of a hundred other things on each side and behind me; things which no doubt were also in Millet's mind as he painted the picture. It is not to me an isolated fact that I look at, but, as Millet no doubt intended it to be, a part of a great whole, a canto of the poem, one stanza of the song.

The work of plowing or digging the fields before sowing seemed to go on almost without interruption through the winter. The plows, each drawn invariably by two horses, were to a Yankee eye exceedingly heavy and clumsy, although on that account all the more picturesque. Many of the fields, however, were so small and of such a shape that a plow could not be used upon them; or perhaps the proprietor was too poor to own or hire a plow and horses. In fact, there were very few of these implements owned or used at Barbison, except upon the one great farm. The small cultivators, instead of plowing, dug their fields over with a spade (*bêche*), whence those who performed the operation were called *bêcheurs*. Preparatory to this, however, and even when the plow was to be used afterward, the fields were cleared of stubble, bushes, etc., by means of an instrument called a *houe*, a sort of hoe, but more resembling a carpenter's adze, though much larger and heavier, the blade being as broad as that of a shovel. It seems a clumsy tool, and it is very fatiguing to use.

Les Bêcheurs have formed the subject and given the title to more than one of

Millet's pictures. There is something very fascinating in the monotonous rise and fall of the heavy hoe, reminding one of the regular swinging to and fro of the scythe in mowing, especially since, as in mowing, the laborers usually work in pairs. Millet must have been attracted, too, by the unconscious grace, or, which is perhaps the same thing, the natural fitness of the attitudes and movements of the laborer. By long practice the *bêcheur* or *houeur* learns to place himself instinctively in the position best adapted for the effort he has to make, whether in raising his implement, in delivering the blow, or in turning the loosened earth. He learns, too, to use just so much effort as is needed and no more; he cannot afford to waste his strength. Force well ordered, well directed, calm, without bustle or excitement, not to be diverted from its aim; that was what Millet loved, and it was what he was. Again, none of the tasks which fall to the lot of the French peasant have a more pathetic significance than that of the *bêcheur*; none speak more plainly of the poverty, the hardship, the helplessness of his lot. And Millet, no doubt, always turned instinctively toward the pathetic aspects of human life.

All through November, and even later, men and women — and more women than men — might be seen digging potatoes and other root-crops. These they collected in large sacks and carried home on their backs, while the tops were tied up in large bundles and transported in the same way to serve as fodder for cattle or sheep. I do not remember seeing any work of Millet's representing such a scene; though in the catalogue of the sale above referred to I find *La Récolte des Pommes de Terre* (The Potato Harvest), and he appears to have exhibited in 1867 a picture with the same title, perhaps the same picture, together with another entitled *Planteurs de Pommes de Terre*.

It was customary at Barbison to allow the land to lie fallow once in three years, and the fields annually set apart for this purpose served as a pasture for the

three or four flocks of sheep that were kept in the village.

The breed of dogs which takes its name from the old province La Brie was that generally employed at Barbison to watch the sheep. They were wiry, foxy little fellows, generally black with a tan spot over each eye, with a sharp nose and pointed ears; not pretty to look at, but indefatigably active and wonderfully intelligent. To one coming from New England, where the annual loss of sheep by dogs is so great as almost to have put an end to sheep-raising in localities where it was once the principal occupation, it seemed strange to see dogs the guardians and protectors of the sheep instead of their most dreaded enemies. A partial explanation may be found in the fact that in France the shepherd's dog is never allowed to eat meat, least of all mutton; his master himself rarely indulges in such luxuries, and the rinsings of the family soup-kettle afford the only modification of the dog's strictly vegetable diet.

The sheep at Barbison and in Millet's pictures are of no choice and valuable breeds, but very ordinary animals, worthless almost, the sheep fancier might call them, whether for their flesh or for their fleeces. They were for that very reason better fitted for the artist's purpose, were all the more typical sheep, more in harmony with the peasants who owned them and the nature around them. There are no subjects which Millet has more frequently chosen than sheep and shepherds. Sometimes it is the shepherd wending his way slowly homeward in the gloaming, his figure coming up darkly against the evening sky, followed by the long, winding column in serried ranks, one faithful dog bringing up the rear, whilst the other walks sedately by his master's side, watching for a sign or word of command, or for an approving glance. Again, the shepherd, wrapped in his cloak, stands leaning on his staff, under the leafless trees at the edge of a wood, at the chill close of an autumn day, watching for the appearance of the *étoile du berger* as the longed-for signal to lead homeward his

flock. Or, again, the scene is a sheep shearing, as in one of his most remarkable pictures, now in the Athenæum gallery.

On these fallow fields cows, too, were often pastured, under the charge of children, whose duty it was to watch them and keep them within bounds. More commonly, however, a rope was attached by one end to the cow's horns, while the other was held by a young girl, or sometimes an old woman, who, while restraining and guiding her four-footed companion, managed also to knit or sew. I have often seen a young woman leading in this way two cows, a halter being thrown over each arm, while both hands were busily employed in knitting.

An anecdote is told of one of the many pictures in which Millet has painted cows and cowherds which illustrates the importance to a full understanding of his works of some acquaintance with the country and the life they represent. The scene of the picture was laid in the Plain of Barbison: in the foreground was a woman pasturing her cow, while in the distance the bouvier of a neighboring village was seen conducting home his charge from their pasture in the Forest. In this herd of village cows some hot-headed socialist, who knew nothing of the local usages, at once recognized "the pampered beasts of some lordly aristocrat," and forthwith proceeded to make bitter comparisons between "the rich man's hundred head of kine" and "the poor widow's solitary heifer."

The biblical character of Millet's pictures has often been remarked. A faithful representation of many of the scenes I saw in and around Barbison could hardly have any other character, especially to the unfamiliar eye of a stranger and that stranger coming from the New World. Many of the images that illustrate so profusely the sacred writings, and which to us are mere figures of speech, are in the old countries of Europe, as well as in the East, actual facts. When you see the sower go forth to sow in the uninclosed fields, you understand how some of the seed might easily fall by the wayside; and when you

see women and children weeding the green grain, a new light is cast upon the parable of the tares that choked the wheat. On the Plain of Barbison, as in Palestine, the shepherd still *leads* his sheep, and the sheep know his voice: still, at certain seasons, the shepherds abide in the fields at night, watching their flocks. The gleaners still follow the reapers amid the wheat, and in Millet's picture of Ruth and Boaz the story is told, with no violation of probability, as happening in a French harvest field. You may give it the Scripture title or call it *Les Moissonneurs* with equal propriety.

There was much in Millet himself suggestive of the Bible and of the old patriarchs, especially to those who saw him in the privacy of his home; at least it so appeared to me on the occasion of my first introduction to his family. One day, when I had been about a month at Barbison, he said to me, "Si vous voulez venir vous chauffer avec nous quelquefois le soir, cela nous fera plaisir; si toutefois cela vous est agréable." I was very glad to accept the invitation, and did not allow many days to elapse before presenting myself, one evening, at Millet's house. I was ushered into a rather large but low room, very plainly furnished, where I found the family sitting around a large table in front of an open wood fire. There were, so far as I remember, no pictures of any kind upon the walls, nor any attempt at ornament; none of the knickknacks and objects of *virtu* which most artists think it so essential to gather around them. There was a lamp on the table, at which Millet was reading as I entered, while his brother Pierre was engaged in drawing. Opposite sat Madame Millet with her sewing, and beside her, with her knitting in her hand, the maid of all work who had answered my knock. The eldest daughter, a girl of about ten, was also present, but not long after my arrival, at a sign from her mother, she slipped quietly into a corner behind my chair, and when, attracted by a slight rustling sound, I involuntarily half turned my head, I saw that she had climbed

upon a bed, whose presence in the room I had not before noticed. I had a momentary vision of a slim figure in a long white garment which suddenly collapsed and disappeared under the coverlid, beneath which, I think, one or more of the other children were already asleep.

"This," I wrote at the time in a letter describing the scene, "will give you some idea of the primitive manners of the household. I could not help fancying myself, not in a house in France and in the nineteenth century, but far away in some remote age and country; under the tent, perhaps, of Abraham the shepherd. Millet, himself, in fact, looks as though he had been taken bodily out of the Bible."

Millet, who was at that time in his fortieth year, had four children: three girls, of the respective ages of ten, eight, and four, and a boy of about six. Another daughter was born to him a few months later. On this, my first visit, Madame Millet took but little part in the conversation; but at other times I found her by no means indisposed to talk, especially of herself, her children, and her housekeeping. She was a farmer's-wife sort of body, brisk and active though no longer young. I was told she was an excellent woman and was a good wife to Millet. I think she regarded him as a being of superior order to herself, as indeed in many respects he was, while I shall never forget the tenderness of the tone with which I have heard him address her as "*ma vieille*," nor the affectionate gesture with which I have seen him lay his hand upon her shoulder.

Throughout all my intercourse with him, Millet's manner to me was uniformly courteous and kind; there was even a sort of geniality and cordiality about it, tempered, however, and held in check, as it were, by the native dignity and seriousness which characterized alike his appearance and his words. A slight hesitancy in his speech contributed perhaps somewhat to this impression, which was still further strengthened by a certain slowness and deliberation in all his movements. I felt myself at once at-

tracted and not so much repelled as gently held at a distance. Even after I had been several months at Barbison I wrote home, —

“Millet is not, however, one of those with whom it is easy to make acquaintance. He does not let himself out to the first comer. Although the most kind-hearted of men and very gay at times, there is always a sort of grand dignity about him which checks familiarity.”

But Millet had a great deal of humor, which he also appreciated in others. He repeated to me with evident enjoyment a *bon mot* of Barye, the sculptor, apropos of the new Louvre, then just completed: “C’est de la haute confiserie,” alluding to the sugar-like whiteness and profuse ornamentation of the edifice.

I had, according to his suggestion, provided myself with a pair of wooden shoes; in fact, with two pairs: one the ordinary sabot worn by the peasants, the other of somewhat lighter and more elegant make. This seemed to cause Millet much amusement; and on my explaining that I intended the first pair for common use and the other for extraordinary occasions, “Ah,” said he, “je comprends; ce sont des sabots pour aller dans le monde.”

Agreeably to the terms of our compact, Millet came from time to time to my room; whenever, in fact, I told him I had anything to show him. He had advised me to begin with drawing from casts, and had spoken of the statue in the Louvre known as the Achilles, as being to him the perfection of manly beauty. He also recommended the Silenus with the Infant Bacchus, the Venus de Milo, and some others. I was not able to procure a reduced copy of the Achilles, and got instead a Germanicus, which Millet hailed as an old acquaintance. When he was studying, he said, with Paul Delaroche, every pupil in the atelier was obliged to make a drawing from the Germanicus once a fortnight. “It was too much,” he added; “we all got very tired of it.” As he remained five years with Delaroche it may be con-

cluded that he knew that figure at least by heart.

In criticising my drawings he often took up the crayon and showed me what he meant by saying that every line, every touch, should have a meaning, a purpose; that the form of an object was defined by the shadow thrown upon it; or demonstrated how easy it was to imitate, on a flat piece of paper, the appearance of rotundity. The great thing, he said, was to learn to see things as they are. “To see is to draw.” This was a favorite axiom of Millet’s; he was constantly repeating it under various forms.

“His idea of the art of drawing is that it consists not so much in handling the pencil as in seeing the object to be drawn. If you can see it rightly you must draw it rightly. He constantly urges upon me the necessity of explaining to myself (*me rendre compte*) why a thing appears thus and so. Is it because it is round or square—because it advances or recedes?”

At another time he said, “Seeing is to drawing what reading is to writing. You may teach a boy to make all the letters of the alphabet with perfect accuracy, but unless he first learn to read he will never be able to write.”

I must have been dull indeed not to have learned something from his criticisms and corrections, the rapid but not careless sketches he would sometimes make on the margin of my paper, and, perhaps more than all, the long conversations we had together afterward, when, warmed by some favorite topic, he would often talk for an hour or more, most eloquently, as it seemed to me, and with a propriety of language, a fitness in the choice of words, remarkable in one born and bred a peasant. This was in part accounted for by a fact which I soon discovered, namely, that Millet was a great reader; often sitting up past midnight, his brother told me, devouring some volume he had picked up in Paris, where, on his occasional visits, he never failed to patronize the book-stalls. He had read the lives of all the great painters, knew a good deal about Shakespeare and Milton, and had even read

translations of passages from Channing and Emerson.

This habit of reading was begun by him at a very early age. In the old homestead in Normandy there was a by no means contemptible collection of books of all kinds. Some had been the property of one of the family who had been a priest; others had belonged to a relative of the mother of Millet's father, a man of learning, a member of the Institute and professor of chemistry and physics, whose name, Jean - Baptiste Jumelin, may be found in biographical dictionaries. A pious grandmother was careful that good books should always be lying in the children's way; the boy Millet eagerly devoured them all. Nor were books the only influences at work in molding the future artist. The allied families, the Millets and the Jumelins, though classed as peasants, were rather what we should call independent yeomen, cultivating their own lands, that had descended from father to son through a long line of ancestors, from whom they had also inherited what they far more highly prize — an untarnished name, a grand reputation for honesty and industry, integrity and piety. As far back as memory or tradition reached, they had been held in all the country round as the very types of probity and sterling worth. They took a pride which was hereditary in the orderly management of their farms, the decent aspect of their dwellings, in their taste and skill in rural handiwork; they were not insensible to the beauty of the scenery around them, and could appreciate the grandeur of the neighboring ocean. Constructive if not artistic skill they had, as one of the race testified by making of wood, with no tool but a knife, a timepiece that for a hundred years marked with accuracy not only the hours and minutes, but also the days, months, and years as they passed.

In all Millet's advice to me on the subject of my drawings he constantly insisted upon "more deliberation, greater pains; I must be sure I knew what I meant to do before I drew a line or made a mark upon my paper."

I wish some of our Boston critics, who have condemned his drawing as careless, sketchy, loose, and slovenly, could have heard some of his lectures, as I might call them, to me. They might have learned that there is a thoroughness of drawing of which they seem to have no comprehension; in which something more is required than a neat outline and delicate shading; which concerns itself more about the vital and essential qualities of things than with multiplicity of detail; which regards the whole as greater than the parts, the man as more important than his clothing, the woman as of more value than the jewel on her breast.

Of all faults in drawing, carelessness seemed most to excite Millet's ire, which he would usually vent in good-natured sarcasms. His constant caution to me was, "You must thoroughly feel (*bien sentir*) what you are going to draw;" and it has always seemed to me that his own skill consisted not so much in technical manipulation as in his power of concentrating his attention upon his subject, the thorough grasp he was able to take of it, as though he had it in his very hands. Analogous to this power was that of determining once for all where the chief interest of the whole picture should lie, and of resolutely making all other parts subordinate. This more, perhaps, than anything else explains the artistic charm of his pictures for those who really have any liking for them. Each one is a homogeneous whole.

I have often regretted that I did not at the time make memoranda of all the talks on art with which Millet favored me. Only once did I attempt it, writing down immediately the following notes of a conversation upon color.

Saturday, April 5, 1856.

"Treatises upon color, harmony of color, may be interesting and even useful if written by one who knows his subject, *par un des forts*, but if by one having no practical knowledge, worse than useless. Harmony of color, like harmony in music, is a matter of instinct or natural talent. Discords in color will be at once detected by the eye as dis-

cords in music by the ear, if there be a natural aptitude in either case. No theory will enable a man who has no eye for harmony of color to dispose colors harmoniously, any more than any theory of music will enable one who has not a musical ear to distinguish between concords and discords in music. *La fin du jour, c'est l'épreuve d'un tableau.* Harmony of color consists more in a just balance of light and dark than in juxtaposition of certain colors. There must be *équilibre*. The *tableau* must be *bien assis*. *Pondération enfin*. The great colorists *très simples*. Titian. Giorgione."

Les forts, the strong men, was Millet's favorite term for the great masters, the real artists, whether ancient or modern. By the maxim that Millet was fond of repeating, *La fin du jour, c'est l'épreuve d'un tableau*, he meant to say that the twilight hour, when there is not light enough to distinguish details, is the most favorable time to judge of the effect of a picture as a whole; "to see," as William Hunt would say, "the sort of spot it is going to make on the wall;" whether, in short, it is a picture or a mere piece of painting. *Pondération* was the word by which Millet summed up all the requisite qualities. If a picture, seen in the dim light of the closing day, have this balance or equipoise, as the term Millet used may be translated, it is a picture, though it may be but a mere sketch; if it have it not, no artful juxtaposition of pure colors, no elaboration of careful finish, can make a picture of it.

Though the above was the only one of Millet's conversations which I, of set purpose, noted down, I find several of them reported in letters written to friends at home. Here are some extracts:—

"Millet thinks photography a good thing, and would himself like to have a machine and take views, etc. He would, however, never paint from them, but would use them only as *renseignements*. Photographs, he says, are like casts from nature, which never can be as good as a good statue. No mechanism can be a substitute for genius. But pho-

tography, used as we use casts, may be of the greatest service."

"Once, apropos of a photographic likeness we had been looking at, he said that the art would never reach perfection till the process could be performed instantaneously and without the knowledge of the sitter. Only in that way, if at all, could a natural and life-like portrait be obtained. He had himself, he said, once painted portraits, at Havre; his subjects were chiefly sea-captains, who always insisted upon being painted with a spy-glass under one arm. 'Oh, ils tenaient absolument à leur longue-vue!' The business, he added, was very distasteful to him."

"Where there is progress, Millet says, there is hope. Besides, anybody can learn to draw, just as anybody can learn to write; it is only genius that is wanting to enable any one to be a painter. Drawing is to the art of painting what chirography is to poetry. . . . He assures me that the old proverb, 'Make haste slowly,' holds good in painting as in other things; and that, paradoxical as it may seem, those who have been most celebrated as rapid painters have always been very slow workers. He instanced particularly Horace Vernet, whose rapidity of execution has passed into a proverb, and yet, as he had been told by one of Vernet's pupils, any one to see him at work would suppose him the slowest of mortals. He drew his figure with charcoal upon the canvas in the most painstaking manner; every touch was made slowly and deliberately; but as he took time to think, or, in other words, looked before he leaped, he was as sure as he was slow, and lost but little time in effacing. . . . Millet says of himself that though he knows the human figure by heart, so as to be able to draw it perfectly without a model, he is still obliged to proceed very slowly and cautiously. . . . The great thing is to bring your mind to your work. Rembrandt is reported to have said, 'When I stop thinking I stop working.'"

"Nothing is more dangerous for a painter than what is commonly understood by facility; that is, a happy or

unhappy knack of hitting off a tolerable likeness of the thing to be represented; missing for the most part its true character and sentiment, and producing something that has about the same resemblance to a drawing that a caricature has to a portrait." . . .

"The most important part of color, what is called tone, can be expressed perfectly in black and white, and can best be studied so." . . .

"One of the most essential parts of the education of an artist is the training of the memory. Here the analogy with the art of writing holds good. In order to learn to write, the child must not only learn to imitate the form of the letter *a*, as he sees it in his copy-book; he must remember that form so as to be able to make it without a copy. To illustrate the necessity of cultivating this faculty, Millet related that when he was a student in the atelier of Paul Delaroche, that master was in the habit of repeating constantly to his pupils, 'Ne dessinez jamais que devant le modèle.' One day, however, M. Delaroche, who was then engaged upon his great picture for the Hémicycle des Beaux Arts, came into the atelier and addressed his pupils as follows: 'Gentlemen, I have all my life made a great mistake; I have always said to you, "Never draw but from the model." I now say to you exactly the contrary; and I advise each of you, on returning home, to draw over again from memory what you have drawn here to-day with the model before you. It is not enough to be able to draw what we see; we must also be able to draw what we do not see, what we never have seen; we must be able to invent. In the picture upon which I am now engaged I have to introduce the figure of Phidias. We have no portrait of that artist, and I can find no model who comes up to my idea of how Phidias should look. I have, therefore, been obliged to invent a Phidias of my own. Never having drawn except with the model before me, I have been very much embarrassed; already advanced in life, I am obliged to *faire route neuve*.'

"Millet says of himself that, not hav-

ing naturally a strong memory, he has by practice so educated it that with regard to matters pertaining to his profession, at least, he has no difficulty in remembering anything he may desire to retain, and he thinks that any one may in time do the same. But in order to remember, we must first understand, unless we are content to be mere parrots; and in order to remember what we see, we must first learn to see understandingly. In order to see, it is not sufficient to open the eyes; there must be an act of the mind."

"One man may paint a picture from a careful drawing made on the spot, and another may paint the same scene from memory, from a brief but strong impression, and the last may succeed better in giving the character, the physiognomy, of the place, though all the details may be inexact."

"Apropos of a sketch I had made of a corner of my room, Millet remarked upon the individuality that every object in nature possesses, even the most insignificant, and discoursed for some time upon the grand character of the pencils and other implements lying on my table; even my stove and a pile of books on the window-seat had for him '*un grand caractère*;' and as Millet is not one of those who despise the ancients, he, as he does constantly, cited one of them in support of his views, instancing the portrait of the mathematician (Nicholas Kratzer, astronomer to Henry VIII. of England) by Holbein, in the Louvre, in which the mathematical instruments, he said, '*jouent un grand rôle*,' and have a character of grandeur and solemnity *parfaitement étonnant*."

In my visits to Millet's atelier I had an opportunity of seeing a number of his pictures in various stages of progress, though I very seldom saw him actually at work upon them. From several hints he let drop, I got the impression that though he accorded me the privilege of coming when I pleased to his studio, he did not care to have any one looking on while he was actually painting, and accordingly I was careful not to intrude too often during his working hours.

Among those which earliest attracted my attention was a canvas about two and a half feet in length, — rather a large size for Millet, most of whose pictures at that time were comparatively small, — upon which was begun a picture of two men digging in a field. There was as yet no color upon the canvas, but the whole subject was drawn on the white surface with black writing-ink in strong, heavy lines, and the effect was somewhat like that of a large etching. I never saw the picture finished. Soon after my arrival it seemed to have permanently taken its place, with other unfinished works, on a shelf, with its face to the wall. Before I left, however, I saw it once more: it was then thinly scumbled over with color, faintly foreshadowing the general tone of the picture, through which the inked outlines could be distinctly seen.

Millet was by no means exempt from what seems to the non-artist public the inconceivable weakness of having more irons in the fire than one can well attend to, and then leaving them all to heat a fresh one. He began every year many more pictures than he finished. Among the works laid aside for the time there was none that attracted me more or that I longed more to see completed than one, already well advanced, representing a woman who had just been drawing water from a well. The figure was nearly half the size of life, and stood facing the spectator as if about to move toward him; the attitude was erect, the eyes looked straight forward, and each hand firmly grasped the handle of a full water-pail, the weight of which stretched rigidly downward the arm that supported it. The well behind, with its mossy stones, and its bucket suspended from a pulley overhead, was half concealed by a luxuriantly growing vine, forming an arbor of richest verdure. This part of the picture seemed fully completed; so also the woman's head and one arm, while the rest of the figure was so far finished as to give a very satisfactory idea of what was intended. The woman's face, though not strictly beautiful, certainly not pretty, was yet truly handsome, ruddy with the

glow of health, and had withal a grand, serious character, which was fully carried out in her form and attitude. She was, in spite of her peasant's dress, a superb, Juno-like creature. The arm that was finished was a marvel of modeling and of beauty; bare nearly to the shoulder, round and firm under the tension caused by the weight it was to support. The picture was remarkably fine in color, especially noticeable for the skill with which the woman's blue dress was harmonized with the green background, and was as far as possible removed from the dull terra-cotta tints Millet was at the time supposed to prefer. I was impatient to have this woman with the water-pails finished and exhibited, were it only to prove that Millet was a colorist as well as a draughtsman, and that he did not always make his women ugly. In the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* for May, 1875, I was glad to find mention made of a picture, *Femme portant deux Seaux*, which I presume to be the same.

During the winter I was with him, Millet made frequent visits to Paris to learn the art of etching. The process of painting, he said, was so slow that he should never live long enough to paint all the pictures he had already in his mind. He had therefore resolved to try his hand at some more expeditious process by which to express a part of what he had to tell. On a table in his atelier I used to see the implements of this new method, — sheets of copper covered with black varnish, etching-needles, bottles of acid, — and during my stay he completed and had printed four or five plates. One of these was a reproduction of the picture of two men digging, already mentioned; another, of which he presented me with a copy, represented a woman churning. Fourteen years afterward he painted identically the same subject, which I saw in the salon of 1870, under the title of *La Baratteuse*.

He was not, however, perfectly satisfied with the result of these experiments; and soon, I think, abandoned etching to return to drawings in crayon and pastel, whenever he wished to express himself

more rapidly than he could do in oil. Some of his earliest exhibited works were in pastel, but I remember seeing in his atelier only one drawing executed in that material, and that, for want of a glass to protect it, had become almost wholly effaced.

One morning, when Millet had gone to Paris for a few days to get fresh light on some difficulties he had met with in his etching, and especially, as he said, to learn the important process of "biting," — for which, he playfully added, he was not particularly well qualified by nature, — I was sitting in his atelier with his brother Pierre, when there came a loud knock at the door. On the customary invitation being given, there entered a party of four or five gentlemen, one of whom, by his wooden leg and his resemblance to his portraits, I at once recognized as the painter Diaz. It was Sunday, and they had come down from Paris for a holiday. They were much disappointed at finding that "l'ami Millet" was absent, but, turning to Pierre, called upon him to show them some of his brother's pictures; adding that this would be an excellent opportunity to see everything, for if Millet himself were there he would be sure to put them off, as usual, with two or three pictures, under the pretext that there were no others worth seeing. It was in vain that Pierre protested; they would take the responsibility, they said, and, besides, everything should be properly replaced, and Millet need never know. Then, with much noise and laughter and cries of admiration, they seized and placed one by one on an easel, in the best light, every canvas they could lay their hands on.

At last was brought out from its hiding-place a picture representing the interior of a peasant's cottage. A young mother was seated, knitting or sewing, while with one foot she rocked the cradle in which lay a child asleep. To screen the infant from the light which streamed in from an open window behind it, a blanket had been folded around the head of the cradle, through which the light came tempered and diffused as

by a ground-glass shade. The strongly illuminated and semi-transparent blanket formed a sort of *nimbus* around the child's head; his little figure, from which, in his sleep, he had tossed most of its covering, lay in shadow, but a shadow lit up by tenderly transmitted or softly reflected lights. Anything more exquisitely beautiful than this sleeping child has rarely, I believe, been painted. Through the open window the eye looked out into a garden where a man with his back turned appeared to be at work. The whole scene gave the impression of a hot summer's day; you could almost see the trembling motion of the heated air outside, you could almost smell the languid scent of flowers, you could almost hear the droning of the bees, and you could positively feel the absolute quiet and repose, the solemn silence, that pervaded the picture. All those at least felt it who saw the picture upon that Sunday morning. A sudden hush fell upon all the noisy and merry party. They sat or stood before the easel without speaking, almost without breathing. The silence that was in some way painted into the canvas seemed to distill from it into the surrounding air. At last Diaz said in a low voice, husky with emotion, "Eh bien! ça, c'est biblique." The others gave their assent by signs or in whispers, — not another word was spoken.

I do not know what Millet called this picture. He usually gave very simple titles to his works, leaving it for those who might appreciate them to find out a deeper meaning than the name implied. One of his friends christened it *Le Bonheur Domestique*, and Millet did not disapprove. It is not impossible that, in painting it, Millet was thinking of that holy child who long ago, in Judea, was born of a peasant mother and slept in a peasant's cradle. The extraordinary effects of light, though explained by perfectly natural causes, give some color to the supposition, and the picture may have been intended to have a biblical character in a more literal sense than occurred to me, and perhaps to the others, at the time. The picture was, how-

ever, chiefly suggestive to me of that "Sabbath stillness" so dear to the descendants of the Puritans; and I could not avoid connecting it in my mind with a conversation I had lately had with Millet. He had been speaking of Milton and his accurate and beautiful descriptions of natural objects; he had been especially impressed with a passage of the *Paradise Lost*, in which, he said, the poet represents silence as listening. He had forgotten the connection, and remembered only the words, "*le silence écoute*." "What a silence must that be," he added, "a silence that hushes itself to listen! a silence more silent than silence itself!" I felt sure that Millet had had the image in his mind when he was painting that picture. On looking for the passage afterward, on my return to America, I was surprised that I could not find it. At last it occurred to me that Millet had of course read it in a translation; and in the French version of *Paradise Lost* by J. Delille, I finally discovered it. It occurs in the well-known description of the approach of night, in the Fourth Book, beginning, —

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad," etc

In the verses describing the song of the nightingale there is in the French translation this line: —

"Il chante, l'air répond, et le silence écoute."

The act of listening is not mentioned in the original, though implied in the words, "Silence was pleased."

Millet was not in the habit of repeating his pictures, though in his later years he repainted many of his early subjects on a larger scale and in the endeavor to develop more fully his original conception, often making important changes. The only instance, as I have learned from his brother Pierre, in which he ever painted two pictures absolutely alike, was that of a repetition he made for me during my residence at Barbison. I had been much pleased with a small canvas upon which I had occasionally found him working — a peasant girl, wearing the distinctive white cloak peculiar to Barbison, reclining against a rock overshadowed by

trees, and engaged in knitting, while a flock of sheep under her charge was feeding around her. In the distance was a glimpse of the Plain and men at work in the fields. The picture attracted me by its fresh, cool tone, suggestive of spring, the very season in which we then were, while the landscape embraced several of the landmarks with which I had become familiar in my daily walks. I expressed to Millet my desire to take a work of his home with me, and suggested that a subject similar to this would be what I should most like. The picture, he said, was already disposed of; but, since I liked it so much, he would willingly repeat it for me. I was for a moment disturbed at this proposal; I should have preferred a new subject, of which I should be the sole possessor; but reflecting that, even in that case, I should have no power to prevent Millet's making a repetition of it for some one else, and that an entirely new picture might not please me so well as this, with which I was thoroughly satisfied, I agreed to the proposition.

Millet immediately set to work, and in a few days the repetition, identical in size, was nearly as far advanced as the original. He now worked upon the two pictures alternately, carrying first one and then the other a little in advance of its competitor, and in this way making both, as he himself thought, better than either would have been without this rivalry, as it were, between them.

In a fortnight's time both had reached a stage where Millet said it would be desirable to have a frame. He attached much importance to this. A picture, he said, ought always to be finished in its frame. One could never know beforehand what effect the gold border would have; the picture might have to be painted up to it, and a picture should always be in harmony with its frame as well as with itself. He did, in this case, lighten the whole sky, besides making other changes, after the frame arrived.

About two months after I had first spoken to him on the subject, both pict-

ures were signed and pronounced finished. It was very difficult to distinguish them apart, and still harder to say which was the better of the two. In several instances a touch, that might at first look like an accident, a slip of the brush, would be found to be identically the same in both, showing it to be the result, not of carelessness, but of deliberate intention. Millet gave me my choice of the two pictures, but would afford me no assistance in making the selection. One, he thought, "was just as good as the other." I was long in coming to a decision, but finally my choice fell, without my being aware of it at the time, upon the one that had been first begun.

It has sometimes been claimed that Millet was consciously guided in his choice of subjects by philanthropic, reformatory, or even political motives. Under the republic of 1848, he was hailed by some and decried by others as the advocate, through his paintings, of the principles professed by the democratic and socialistic party. And later, it has been the fashion among some of his friends to speak of him as the painter of suffering humanity, and to regard him as the poor man's advocate in the great cause, ever on trial, of the poor against the rich.

In all his conversations with me he never, so far as I remember, touched upon political questions; nor do I think he ever proposed to himself, of set purpose, the task of benefiting the laboring classes; least of all by means of any arbitrary change in their outward condition. In exhibiting the poverty-stricken and toil-worn peasant with a truthfulness and a pathetic power never surpassed, he intended no protest against the unequal distribution of this world's goods, no accusation against those seemingly more favored by fortune. He had no envy of the rich and powerful; his feeling toward them was rather one of compassion. In one of my visits to Paris I had seen some of the ceremonies which took place at the baptism of the Prince Imperial. As I described to him the pomp and splendor of the scene,

Millet's only comment was, "Pauvre petit Prince!"

Millet was first of all an artist, a poet who wrote with colors upon canvas instead of with ink upon paper. He painted peasants and their occupations because these were what he knew thoroughly; and he held that a man should write about or paint only those subjects of which he had thorough practical knowledge. A peasant and the son of a peasant, he could paint the peasant life from the peasant's point of view; not indeed that of the ordinary peasant, but that of a peasant who happened to be both poet and painter. Like all who have sung "the short and simple annals of the poor," he was strongly attracted to the pathetic side of their story; not merely because he saw that it was the more effective for the purposes of art, but because it touched him as a man. His pictures are not all sad, though all are serious, thoughtful, austere.

So far as regards the people of Barbison, from whom he so often took suggestions for his pictures, he repeatedly told me that he did not consider them at all "malheureux." Barbison was, in fact, a prosperous place; there was no real poverty there.

He was not an indiscriminating panygyrist of the poor and ignorant. He did not believe there was no virtue possible except to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. It is true that with a noble consistency and true self-respect, he preferred to live, as he had been born and bred, in outward appearance a peasant. There was no affectation in this; he wore his blouse and his sabots when at home and about his work, because he was used to them and found them comfortable; but when occasion called him to Paris, he laid aside his rustic dress. But it was not among the peasants, his neighbors, that he found his friends and associates. These came to him from the world outside. They were people of taste and culture, artists and men of letters.

The peasant was, to Millet, no ideal being clothed in imaginary virtues. He knew him as he was and so painted him,

though he avoided his more ignoble aspects as unworthy the dignity of art and because they were repulsive to him as a man. More than once he spoke to me of the utter want of appreciation of the charms of nature shown by the peasant population of Barbison, of their often discontented and repining spirit, their low aims, their sordid views, their petty jealousies. But at the same time he knew that there might be, that there was, a peasant life free from these degrading faults. Such a life he had known in his own peasant home in Normandy, and in the traditions and memories of that early home he found the ideal of the peasant life he has drawn in his pictures—an ideal which was in fact a reality.

His peasants, it will be observed by those who examine attentively the long series of his works, are always of the orderly and industrious class, never the *vauriens*, the ne'er-do-weels. They may be poor, but they do not therefore complain; there is in them no trace of repining or discontent. They do not consider themselves objects of charity, nor are they conscious of exciting our pity. They are not beggars, and never wear the beggar's livery; their garments may be patched, testifying to the thrifty care of wife or mother, but they are never ragged. There is no levity, no wantonness in Millet's pictures; nothing low or mean. Seriousness, earnestness, freedom from passion and excitement, order, sobriety, industry, contentment with one's lot, a modest self-respect, the love of parents and children, of husband and wife, good-will toward man and piety toward God,—these are the virtues Millet saw practiced in the home of his childhood, and which he has celebrated in the songs, or rather the hymns, he has written upon canvas. The family,—a subject he has so often painted, was above all others his favorite theme, an echo of which runs like an undertone through all his works. There seems to be always a suggestion of the wife and child at home, even when we see only the man at work alone in the field; while the husband and father, an invis-

ble presence, haunts the room where the mother watches her sleeping child.

June, 1856, was drawing to a close when I bade adieu to Millet to return to America. Fourteen years elapsed before I saw him again. Toward the end of June, 1870, almost on the anniversary of my departure, I trod once more the familiar street and knocked at the door of Millet's atelier. I had with me a companion to whom I wished to give a glimpse of the famous village and the famous painter. Millet himself answered our knock, and we found him alone in his atelier, which had much the same look as in the old days, except that it seemed more crowded with furniture and the varied litter that naturally collects in an artist's work-room. The number of books especially had greatly increased; heaps of them were lying about. Millet himself appeared very little changed; he was perhaps a little stouter, and his beard had a few more silver threads, but it was the same man in apparently the same dress as when I had seen him last.

On an easel stood a picture upon which he had been working when interrupted by our visit, and which was sold after his death for twenty-four thousand francs, under the title *Les Tueurs de Cochons*. The scene was laid in the court-yard of a house, and a large hog was the central figure. A man was trying, by means of a rope attached to the poor animal's neck, to drag him from his sty, while a woman tempted him forth with a platter of vegetables. The purpose of their endeavors was made painfully evident by a large knife which lay ready at hand. The poor creature, with an evident presentiment of his impending fate, had planted his feet firmly on the ground, and would be neither dragged nor enticed. But, in spite of his resistance, he felt that he was only delaying, not averting, the fatal moment. Despair as well as obstinacy was plainly depicted in his whole attitude and expression. In the background a child, distracted between curiosity and dread, had climbed upon the wall, while the family cat, with arched back, as

though she too scented danger, watched the proceedings half in terror, half in anger. There was a leaden sky overhead, and the whole picture had a sombre tone in keeping with the tragic nature of the subject. My companion spoke of its deep pathos. "Madame," replied Millet, "c'est un drame."

Edward Wheelwright.

IF YOU LOVE ME.

If you love me, tell me not:
Let me read it in your thought;
Let me feel it in the way
That you say me yea and nay;

Let me see it in your eye
When you greet or pass me by;
Let me hear it in the tone
Meant for me and me alone.

If you love me, there will be
Something only I shall see;
Meet or miss me, stay or go,
If you love me, I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell,
"Dear, I love you, love you well."
Something in your eyes will shine
Fairer than they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,
Some swift smile upon your face
While you speak not, will betray
What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word,
Tuning into sweet accord
All your bluntness, will reveal,
Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me, then, I pray,
Tell me not, but, day by day,
Let love silent on me rise,
Like the sun in summer skies.

Luella Clark.

DEEPHAVEN EXCURSIONS.

KATE LANCASTER and I spent the greater part of that summer at the Shore House, out-of-doors. We often made long expeditions out into the suburbs of Deephaven, sometimes being gone all day and sometimes taking a long afternoon stroll and coming home early in the evening, hungry as hunters and laden with treasure, whether we had been through the pine woods inland or along shore, whether we had met old friends or made some desirable new acquaintances. We had a fashion of calling at the farm-houses, and by the end of the season we knew as many people as if we had lived in Deephaven all our days. We used to ask for a drink of water; this was our unfailing introduction, and afterward there were many interesting subjects which one could introduce, and we could always give the latest news at the shore. It was amusing to see the curiosity which we aroused. Many of the people came into Deephaven only on special occasions, and I must confess that at first we were often naughty enough to wait until we had been severely cross-questioned before we gave a definite account of ourselves. Kate was very clever at making unsatisfactory answers, when she cared to do so. We did not understand, for some time, with what a keen sense of enjoyment many of those people made the acquaintance of an entirely new person who cordially gave the full particulars about herself; but we soon learned to call this by another name than impertinence.

I think there were no points of interest in that region which we did not visit with conscientious faithfulness. There were cliffs and pebble-beaches, the long sands and the short sands; there were Black Rock and Roaring Rock, High Point and East Point, and Spouting Rock; we went to see where a ship had been driven ashore in the night, all hands being lost and not a piece of her left larger than an ax-handle; we visited the

spot where a ship had come ashore in the fog, and been left high and dry on the edge of the marsh when the tide went out; we saw where the brig Methuselah had been wrecked, and the shore had been golden with her cargo of lemons and oranges, which one might carry away by the wherry-full.

Inland there were not many noted localities, but we used to enjoy the woods, and our explorations among the farms, immensely. To the westward the land was better and the people well-to-do; but we went oftenest toward the hills and among the poorer people. The land was uneven and full of ledges, and the people worked hard for their living, at most laying aside only a few dollars each year. Some of the more enterprising young people went away to work in shops and factories; but the custom was by no means universal, and the people had a hungry, discouraged look. It is all very well to say that they knew nothing better, that it was the only life of which they knew anything; there was too often a look of disappointment in their faces, and sooner or later we heard or guessed many stories: that this young man had wished for an education, but there had been no money to spare for books or schooling; and that one had meant to learn a trade, but there must be some one to help his father with the farm work, and there was no money to hire a man to work in his place if he went away. The older people had a hard look, as if they had always to be on the alert, and must fight hard for their place in the world. One could only forgive and pity their petty sharpness, which showed itself in trifling bargains, when one understood how much a single dollar seemed where dollars came so rarely. We used to pity the young girls so much. It was plain that those who knew how much easier and pleasanter our lives were could not help envying us. ❀

There was a high hill half a dozen

miles from Deephaven which was known in its region as "the mountain." It was the highest land anywhere near us, and having been told that there was a fine view from the top, one day we went there with Tommy Dockum for escort. We overtook Mr. Lorimer, the minister, on his way to make parochial visitations on some members of his parish who lived far from church, and to our delight he proposed to go with us instead. It was a great satisfaction to have him for a guide, for he knew both the country and the people more intimately than any one else. It was a long climb to the top of the hill, but not a hard one. The sky was clear and there was a fresh wind, though we had left none at all at the sea-level. After lunch, Kate and I spread our shawls over a fine cushion of mountain-cranberry, and had a long talk with Mr. Lorimer about ancient and modern Deephaven. He always seemed as much pleased with our enthusiasm for the town as if it had been a personal favor and compliment to himself. I remember how far we could see, that day, and how we looked toward the far-away blue mountains, and then out over the ocean. Deephaven looked insignificant from that height and distance, and indeed the country seemed to be mostly covered with the pointed tops of pines and spruces, and there were long tracts of maple and beech woods with their coloring of lighter, fresher green.

"Suppose we go down, now," said Mr. Lorimer, long before Kate and I had meant to propose such a thing; and our feeling was that of dismay. "I should like to take you to make a call with me. Did you ever hear of old Mrs. Bonny?"

"No," said we, and cheerfully gathered our wraps and baskets; and when Tommy finally came panting up the hill after we had begun to think that our shoutings and whistling were useless, we sent him down to the horses, and went down ourselves by another path. It led us a long distance through a grove of young beeches; the last year's whitish leaves lay thick on the ground, and the new leaves made so close a roof overhead that the light was strangely

purple, as if it had come through a great church window of stained glass. After this we went through some hemlock growth, where, on the lower branches, the pale green of the new shoots and the dark green of the old made an exquisite contrast each to the other. Finally we came out at Mrs. Bonny's. Mr. Lorimer had told us something about her on the way down, saying in the first place that she was one of the queerest characters he knew. Her husband used to be a charcoal-burner and basket-maker, and she used to sell butter and berries and eggs and choke-pears preserved in molasses. She always came down to Deephaven on a little black horse, with her goods in baskets and bags which were fastened to the saddle in a mysterious way. She had the reputation of not being a neat housekeeper, and none of the wise women of the town would touch her butter especially, so it was always a joke when she coaxed a new resident or a strange shipmaster into buying her wares; but the old woman always managed to jog home without the freight she had brought. "She must be very old, now," said Mr. Lorimer; "I have not seen her in a long time. It cannot be possible that her horse is still alive!" And we all laughed when we saw Mrs. Bonny's steed at a little distance, for the shaggy old creature was covered with mud, pine-needles, and dead leaves, with half the last year's burdock-burs in all Deephaven snarled into his mane and tail and sprinkled over his fur, which looked nearly as long as a buffalo's. He had hurt his leg, and his kind mistress had tied it up with a piece of faded red calico and an end of ragged rope. He gave us a civil neigh, and looked at us curiously. Then an impertinent little yellow and white dog, with one ear standing up straight and the other flopping over, began to bark with all his might; but he retreated when he saw Kate's great dog, which was walking solemnly by her side and did not deign to notice him. Just now Mrs. Bonny appeared at the door of the house, shading her eyes with her hand, to see who was coming. "Landy!" said she,

"if it an't old Parson Lorimer! And who be these with ye?"

"This is Miss Kate Lancaster, of Boston, Miss Katherine Brandon's niece, and her friend, Miss Denis."

"Pleased to see ye," said the old woman; "walk in, and lay off your things;" and we followed her into the house. I wish you could have seen her: she wore a man's coat, cut off so that it made an odd short jacket, and a pair of men's boots, much the worse for wear; also, some short skirts, beside two or three aprons, the inner one being a dress apron, as she took off the outer ones and threw them into a corner; and on her head was a tight cap with strings to tie under her chin. I thought it was a night-cap and that she had forgotten to take it off, and dreaded her mortification if she should suddenly become conscious of it; but I need not have troubled myself, for while we were with her she pulled it on and tied it tighter, as if she considered it ornamental.

There were only two rooms in the house; we went into the kitchen, which was occupied by a flock of hens and one turkey. The latter was evidently undergoing a course of medical treatment behind the stove, and was allowed to stay with us, while the hens were remorselessly hustled out with a hemlock broom. They all congregated on the door-step, apparently wishing to hear everything that was said.

"Ben up on the mountain?" asked our hostess. "Real sightly place. Goin' to be a master lot o' rosbries; get any down to the shore sence I quit comin'?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Lorimer, "but we miss seeing you."

"I s'pose so," said Mrs. Bonny, smoothing her apron complacently, "but I'm getting old, and I tell 'em I'm goin' to take my comfort; sence 'he' died, I don't put myself out no great; I've got money enough to keep me long's I live. Beckett's folks goes down often, and I sends by them for what store stuff I want."

"How are you now?" asked the minister; "I think I heard you were sick in the spring."

"Stirrin', I'm obliged to ye. I was n't laid up long, and I was so 's I could get about, most of the time. I've got the best bitters ye ever see, good for the spring of the year. S'pose yer sister, Miss Lorimer, would n't like some? she used to be weakly lookin'." But her brother refused the offer, saying that she had not been so well for many years.

"Do you often get out to church nowadays, Mrs. Bonny? I believe Mr. Reid preaches in the school-house sometimes, down by the great ledge; does n't he?"

"Well, yes, he does; but I don't know as I get much of any good. Parson Reid, he 's a worthy creatur', but he never seems to have nothin' to say about fore-ordination and them p'int's. Old Parson Padelford was the man! I used to set under his preachin' a good deal; I had an aunt living down to East Parish. He'd get worked up, and he'd shut up the Bible and preach the hair off your head, 'long at the end of the sermon. Could n't understand more nor a quarter part what he said," said Mrs. Bonny admiringly. "Well, we were a-speaking about the meeting over to the ledge; I don't know 's I like them people any to speak of. They had a great revival over there in the fall, and one Sunday I thought 's how I'd go; and when I got there, who should be a-prayin' but old Ben Patey, — he always lays out to get converted, — and he kep' it up diligent till I could n't stand it no longer; and by and by says he, 'I've been a wanderer;' and I up and says, 'Yes, you have, I'll back ye up on that, Ben; ye 've wandered around my wood-lot and spoilt half the likely young oaks and ashes I've got, a-stealing your basket-stuff;' and the folks laughed out loud, and up he got and cleared. He 's an awful old thief, and he 's no idea of ever being anything else. I wa' n't a-goin' to set there and hear him makin' b'lieve to the Lord. If anybody's heart is in it, I an't a-goin' to hender 'em; I'm a professor, and I an't ashamed of it, week-days nor Sundays neither. I can't bear to see folks so pious to meeting, and cheat yer eye-teeth out Monday morning. Well there! we an't none of us perfect;

even old Parson Moody was round-shouldered, they say."

"You were speaking of the Becketts just now," said Mr. Lorimer (after we had stopped laughing, and Mrs. Bonny had settled her big steel-bowed spectacles, and sat looking at him with an expression of extreme wisdom. One might have ventured to call her "pearl," I think). "How do they get on? I am seldom in this region nowadays, since Mr. Reid has taken it under his charge."

"They get along, somehow or 'nother," replied Mrs. Bonny; "they've got the best farm this side of the ledge, but they're dreadful lazy and shiftless, them young folks. Old Mis' Hate-evil Beckett was tellin' me the other day — she that was Samantha Barnes, you know — that one of the boys got fighting, the other side of the mountain, and come home with his nose broke and a piece o' one ear bit off. I forget which ear it was. Their mother is a real clever, willin' woman, and she takes it to heart, but it's no use for her to say anything. Mis' Hate-evil Beckett, says she, 'It does make my man feel dreadful to see his brother's folks carry on so.' 'But there,' says I, 'Mis' Beckett, it's just such things as we read of; Scriptur' is fulfilled: In the latter days there shall be disobedient children.'"

This application of the text was too much for us, but Mrs. Bonny looked serious, and we did not like to laugh. Two or three of the exiled fowls had crept slyly in, dodging underneath our chairs, and had perched themselves behind the stove. They were long-legged, half-grown creatures, and just at this minute one rash young rooster made a manful attempt to crow. "Do tell!" said his mistress, who rose in great wrath, "you need n't be so forth-putting, as I knows on!" After this we were urged to stay and have some supper. Mrs. Bonny assured us she could pick a likely young hen in no time, fry her with a bit of pork, and get us up "a good meat tea;" but we had to disappoint her, as we had some distance to walk to the house where we had left our horses, and a long drive home.

Kate asked if she would be kind enough to lend us a tumbler (for ours was in the basket, which was given into Tommy's charge). We were thirsty, and would like to go back to the spring and get some water.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Bonny, "I've got a glass, if it's so's I can find it;" and she pulled a chair under the little cupboard over the fire-place, mounted it, and opened the door. Several things fell out at her, and after taking a careful survey she went in, head and shoulders, until I thought that she would disappear altogether; but soon she came back, and reaching in took out one treasure after another, putting them on the mantel-piece or dropping them on the floor. There were some bunches of dried herbs, a tin horn, a lump of tallow in a broken plate, a newspaper, and an old boot, with a number of turkey wings tied together, several bottles, and a steel trap, and finally, such a tumbler! which she produced with triumph, before stepping down. She poured out of it on the table a mixture of old buttons and squash-seeds, besides a lump of beeswax which she said she had lost, and now pocketed with satisfaction. She wiped the tumbler on her apron and handed it to Kate, but we were not so thirsty as we had been, though we thanked her and went down to the spring, coming back as soon as possible, for we could not lose a bit of the conversation.

There was a beautiful view from the door-step and we stopped a minute there. "Real sightly, an't it?" said Mrs. Bonny. "But you ought to be here and look across the woods some morning just at sun-up. Why, the sky is all yaller and red, and them low lands topped with fog! Yes, it's nice weather, good growin' weather, this week. Corn and all the rest of the trade looks first-rate. I call it a forrard season. It's just such weather as we read of, an't it?"

"I don't remember where, just at this moment," said Mr. Lorimer.

"Why, in the almanac, bless ye!" said she with a tone of pity in her grum voice; could it be possible he did n't know — the Deephaven minister!

We asked her to come and see us. She said she had always thought she'd get a chance sometime to see Miss Katherine Brandon's house. She should be pleased to call, and she didn't know but she should be down to the shore before very long. She was 'shamed to look so shif'less that day, but she had some good clothes in a chest in the bedroom, and a boughten bonnet with a nice cypress veil, which she had when "he" died. She calculated they would do, though they might be old-fashioned, some. She seemed greatly pleased at Mr. Lorimer's having taken the trouble to come to see her. All those people had a great reverence for "the minister." We were urged to come again in "rosbry" time, which was near at hand, and she gave us messages for some of her old customers and acquaintances. "I believe some of those old creaturs will never die," said she; "why, they're getting to be ter'ble old, an't they, Mr. Lorimer? There! ye've done me a sight of good, and I wish I could ha' found the Bible, to hear ye read a psalm." When Mr. Lorimer shook hands with her, at leaving, she made him a most reverential courtesy. He was the greatest man she knew; and once during the call, when he was speaking of serious things in his simple, earnest way, she had so devout a look, and seemed so interested, that Kate and I, and Mr. Lorimer himself, caught a new, fresh meaning in the familiar words he spoke.

Living there in the lonely clearing, deep in the woods and far from any neighbor, she knew herbs and trees and the harmless wild creatures who lived among them, by heart; and she had an amazing store of tradition and superstition, which made her so entertaining to us that we went to see her many times before we came away in the autumn. We went with her to find some pitcher-plants, one day, and it was wonderful how much she knew about the woods, what keen observation she had. There was something so wild and unconventional about Mrs. Bonny that it was like taking an afternoon walk with a good-natured Indian. We used to carry her

offerings of tobacco, for she was a great smoker, and advised us to try it, if ever we should be troubled with nerves, or narves, as she pronounced the name of that affliction.

When we had first come to Deephaven we drove one day to "the great cliff," which was seven or eight miles distant from the town. The coast for several miles was rocky, and there were few places where a boat could put in, so there were no fishermen in the region, and the farms were scattered wide apart. The place where we left our horse was a lonely little farm-house, looking more like a small, unpainted country school-house than anything else, and seeing us seemed to be a perfect godsend to the people, with whom we had a long talk before we started for the cliff, which was beyond a half-mile or more of rocks and bayberry bushes which they called the pasture. The house was nearer the sea than this; the cliff was farther down the shore; a bold, craggy place it was, the land rising higher and higher, and finally we stood at the edge of the rocks and looked down nearly a hundred feet at the sea, dashing its white spray high over the ledges that quiet day. What could it be in winter, when there was a storm and the great waves came thundering in?

When we came back early in the afternoon to the house, we succeeded in making friends with the children, and gave them some candy and the rest of our lunch, which luckily had been even more abundant than usual. They looked thin and pitiful, but even in that lonely place, where they so seldom saw a stranger or even a neighbor, they showed that there was an evident effort to make them look like other children, and they were neatly dressed, though there could be no mistake about their being very poor. One forlorn little soul, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, shy smile, showed us a string of beads which she wore round her neck; there were perhaps two dozen of them, blue and white, on a bit of twine, and they were the dearest things in all her world. When we came away we were very glad that we could give the man more than he asked us for taking care of

the horse while we had been gone; and his thanks touched us.

"I hope ye may never know what it is to earn every dollar as hard as I have: I never earned any money as easy as this before. I don't feel as if I ought to take it. I've done the best I could," said the man, with the tears coming into his eyes and a huskiness in his voice, "I've done the best I could, and I'm willin' and my woman is, but everything seems to have been ag'in us; we never seem to get forehanded. It looks sometimes as if the Lord had forgot us, but my woman, she never wants me to say that; she says he 'ain't, and that we might be worse off, but I do' know. I have n't had my health; that's hendered me most. But my oldest boy, he's getting ahead some. He pushed off this spring, and he works in a box-shop to Boston; he sent me ten dollars a spell ago, and his mother a shawl. I don't see how he done it, but he's smart, if he only keeps his chance." This seemed to be the only bright spot in their lives; and we admired the shawl, and sat down in the house a while with the mother, who seemed patient and tired, and evidently took great delight in talking about what one should wear. Kate and I thought and spoke often of these people afterward, and when one day we met the man in Deephaven we sent some things to the children and his wife, and begged him to come to the house whenever he came to town; but we never saw him again.

Our second excursion was made just before we left Deephaven, late in October. We knew the coast-road would be bad, after the fall rains, and took Leander, the eldest of the Dockum boys, with us. We enjoyed the drive that morning, in spite of the rough road. The air was warm, and sweet with the smell of bayberry bushes and pitch-pines and the delicious saltness of the sea, which was not far from us all the way. It was a perfect autumn day. Sometimes we crossed pebble beaches, and then went farther inland, through woods, and up and down steep little hills, and over shaky bridges which crossed narrow salt

creeks in the marsh lands. There was a little excitement about the drive and an exhilaration in the air; we laughed at jokes forgotten the next minute, and sang, and were jolly enough. Leander, who had never happened to see us in exactly this hilarious state of mind before, seemed surprised and interested, and became unusually talkative, telling us a great many edifying particulars about the people whose houses we passed, and who owned every wood-lot along the road. "Do you see that house over on the p'int?" he asked; "an old fellow lives there that's part lost his mind. He had a son who was drowned off Cod Rock, fishing, much as twenty-five years ago, and he's worn a deep path out to the end of the p'int, where he goes out every hand's turn o' the day to see if he can't see the boat coming in;" and Leander looked round to see if we were not amused, and seemed puzzled because we did n't laugh. Happily, his next story was funny.

When we reached the house, to our surprise there was no one in sight and the place looked deserted. We left the wagon, and while Leander went toward the barn, which stood at a little distance, Kate and I went to the house and knocked. I opened the door a little way and said "Hallo!" Nobody answered. The people could not have moved away, for there were some chairs standing outside the door, and as I looked in I saw the bunches of herbs hanging up and a trace of corn, and the furniture was all there. It was a great disappointment, for we had counted upon seeing the children again. Leander said there was nobody at the barn, and that they must have gone to a funeral; he could n't think of anything else. Just then we saw some people coming up the road, and we thought at first that they were the man and his wife coming back, but they proved to be strangers, and we eagerly asked what had become of the family.

"They're dead, both on 'em. His wife, she died about nine weeks ago last Sunday, and he died day before yesterday. Funeral's going to be this afternoon. Thought ye were some of her

folks from up-country, when we were coming along," said the man.

"Guess they won't come nigh," said the woman, scornfully; "'fraid they'd have to help provide for the children. I was sister to him, and I've got to take the three least ones."

"Did you say he was going to be buried this afternoon?" asked Kate slowly: we were both more startled than I can tell.

"Yes," said the man, who seemed much better-natured than his wife; she appeared like a person whose only aim in life was to have things over with; "yes, we're going to bury him at two o'clock. They had a master sight o' trouble, first and last."

Leander had said not a word all this time. He had known the man, and had expected to spend the day with him and get him to go on two miles farther, to help bargain for a dory. He asked, in a disappointed way, "what had carried him off so sudden."

"Drink," said the woman, reluctantly. "He 'ain't ben good for nothing sence his wife died; she was took with a fever along in the first of August, and never got up from it—poor, shif'less thing, any way!"

"Now don't be hard on the dead, Marthy," said her husband; "I guess they done the best they could."

And Kate said, "Did you say he was your brother?"

"Yes, I was sister to him," said the woman promptly, with perfect unconsciousness of Kate's meaning.

"And what will become of those poor children?"

"I've got the three youngest over to my place to take care on, and the two next them has been put out to some folks over toward the cove. I dare say like 's not they'll be sent back."

"They're clever child'n, I guess," said the man, who spoke as if this were the first time he had dared take their part. "Don't be ha'sh, Marthy;" and then she turned round and looked at him with utter contempt.

"I can't stand it to hear men folks talking on what they don't know noth-

ing about," said she. "The ways of Providence is dreadful myster'ous," she went on, with a whine, instead of the sharp tone of voice which we had heard before. "We've had a hard row, and we've just got our own children off our hands and able to do for themselves, and now here are these three to be fetched up."

"But perhaps they'll be a help to you; they seemed to be nice little things," said Kate. "I saw them in the summer, and they seemed to be good children, and it is dreadfully hard for them to be left alone. It's not their fault, you know. We brought over something for them; will you be kind enough to take the basket when you go home?"

"Thank ye, I'm sure," said the aunt, relenting slightly. "You can speak to my man about it, and he'll give it to somebody that's going by. I've got to walk in the procession. They'll be obliged, I'm sure. I s'pose you're the young ladies that come to the cliff right after the Fourth o' July, an't you? I should be pleased to have you call and see the child'n, if you're over this way again. I heard 'em talk about you last time I was over here. Won't ye step into the house and see him? He looks real nateral," she added; but we said "No, thank you."

Leander told us he believed he would n't bother about the dory that day, and that he should be there at the house, whenever we were ready. He evidently meant to help at the funeral, and considered it a piece of good luck that he had happened to arrive in time. We spoke to the man about the things we had brought for the children, which seemed to delight him, poor soul, and we felt sure he would be kind to them. His wife shouted to him from a window of the house that he'd better not loiter round or they would n't be half ready when the folks began to come. And we said good-by to him, and went away.

"What a pitiful ending it is to those humble lives!" said Kate.

We supposed the funeral would be all over with when we returned to the house from a stroll over the pastures, but found

we were mistaken. There were several men standing around the door, looking solemn and important, and by and by one of them came over to where we had seated ourselves on a low rock, and we found out a little more of the sad story. We liked this man, there was so much pity in his face and voice. "He was a real willin', honest man," said our new friend, "but he used to be sickly, and seemed to have no luck, though for a year or two he got along some better. When his wife died he was sore afflicted, and could n't get over it, and he did n't know what to do or what was goin' to become of 'em, with winter comin' on, and — well — I may 's well tell ye: he took to drink, and it killed him right off. I came over two or three times and made some gruel and fixed him up 's well 's I could, and the little gals done the best they could, but he faded right out, and did n't know anything the last time I see him; and he died Sunday mornin' when the tide began to ebb. I always set a good deal by John; we used to play together down to the cove; that 's where he was raised, and my folks lived there too. I 've got one o' the little gals. I always knowed him and his wife."

We heard the people in the house singing China, the Deephaven funeral hymn, and the tune suited well that day, with its wailing rise and fall; it was strangely plaintive. Then the funeral exercises were over, and the man with whom we had just been speaking led to the door a horse and a rickety wagon from which the seat had been taken, and when the coffin had been put in, he led the horse down the road a little way, and we watched the mourners come out of the house two by two. We heard some one scold in a whisper because the wagon was twice as far off as it need have been; they evidently had a rigid funeral etiquette, and felt it important that everything should be carried out according to rule. We saw a forlorn-looking kitten with a bit of faded braid around its neck run across the road in terror, and presently appear again on the stone wall, where she sat looking at the people. We saw the dead man's

eldest son, of whom he had told us in the summer with such pride. He had shown his respect for his father as best he could, by a black band on his hat and a pair of black cotton gloves a world too large for him. He looked very sad, and cried bitterly as he stood alone at the head of the people. His aunt was next, with a handkerchief at her eyes, fully equal to the proprieties of the occasion, though I fear her grief was not so heart-felt as her husband's, who dried his eyes with his coat-sleeve again and again. There were, perhaps, twenty of the mourners, and there was much whispering among those who walked last. The minister and some others fell into line, and the procession went slowly down the slope. A strange shadow had fallen over everything; it was like a November day, for the air felt cold and bleak. There were some great sea-fowl high in the air, fighting their way toward the sea against the wind, and giving now and then a wild, far-off, ringing cry. We could hear the dull sound of the sea, and at a little distance from the land the waves were leaping high and breaking in white foam over the isolated ledges.

The rest of the people began to walk or drive away, but Kate and I stood watching the funeral as it crept along the narrow, crooked road. We had never seen what the people called "walking funerals" until we came to Deephaven, and there was something piteous about this one; the mourners looked so few, and we could hear the rattle of the wagon-wheels. "He 's gone, an't he?" said some one near us. That was it — *gone*.

Before the people had entered the house there had been, I am sure, an indifferent, business-like look; but when they came out all that was changed: their faces were awed by the presence of death, and the indifference had given place to uncertainty. Their neighbor was immeasurably their superior now. Living, he had been a failure by their own low standards, but now, if he could come back, he would know secrets and be wise beyond anything they could imagine; and who could know the riches of

which he might have come into possession?

We stayed a little while longer, until we had seen the last funeral-guest go away, and the door had been shut and fastened with a queer old padlock and some links of rusty chain. The door fitted loosely, and the man gave it a vindictive shake, as if he thought that the poor house had somehow been to blame, and that after a long, desperate struggle for life under its roof and among the stony fields, the family must go away defeated. It is not likely that any one else will ever go to live there. The man to whom the farm was mortgaged will add the few forlorn acres to his pasture-land, and the thistles which the man who is dead had fought so many years will march in next summer, and take unmo-lestled possession.

I think, to-day, of that fireless, empty, forsaken house, where the winter sun shines in and creeps slowly along the floor; the bitter cold is in and around the house, and the snow has sifted in at every crack; outside it is untrodden by any living creature's footstep. The wind blows and rushes, and shakes the loose window-sashes in their frames, while the padlock knocks, knocks against the door.

The Deephaven people used to say, sometimes complacently, that certain things or certain people were "as dull as East Parish." Kate and I grew curious to see that part of the world which was considered duller than Deephaven itself; and, as upon inquiry we found that it was not out of reach, one day we went there.

It was like Deephaven, only on a smaller scale. The village, though it is a question whether that is not an exaggerated term to apply, had evidently seen better days. It was on the bank of a river, and perhaps half a mile from the sea. There were a few old houses there, some with mossy roofs and a great deal of yellow lichen on the sides of the walls next the sea; a few newer houses, belonging to fishermen; some dilapidated fish-houses, and a row of fish-flakes. Every house seemed to have a lane of its

own, and all faced different ways except two fish-houses which stood amiably side by side. There was a church which we had been told was the oldest in the region. Through the windows we saw the high pulpit and sounding-board, and finally found the keys at a house near by; so we went in and looked around at our leisure. A rusty foot-stove stood in one of the old square pews, and in the gallery there was a majestic bass-viol with all its strings snapped but the largest, which gave out a doleful sound when we touched it.

After we left the church we walked along the road a little way, and came in sight of a fine old house which had apparently fallen into ruin years before. The front entrance was a fine specimen of old-fashioned workmanship, with its columns and carvings, and the fence had been a grand affair in its day, though now it could scarcely stand alone. The long range of out-buildings were falling piece by piece; one shed had been blown down entirely by a late high wind. The large windows had many panes of glass, and the great chimneys were built of the bright red bricks which used to be brought from over-seas in the days of the colonies. We noticed the gnarled lilacs in the yard, the wrinkled cinnamon roses, and a flourishing company of French pinks or "Bouncing Bets," as Kate called them.

"Suppose we go in," said I; "the door is open a little way. There surely must be some stories about its being haunted. We will ask Miss Honora." And we climbed over the boards which were put up like pasture-bars across the wide front gateway.

"We shall certainly meet a ghost," said Kate.

Just as we stood on the steps the door was pulled wide open; we started back, and, well-grown young women as we are, we have confessed since that our first impulse was to run away. On the threshold there stood a stately old woman who looked surprised at first sight of us, then quickly recovered herself and stood waiting for us to speak. She was dressed in a rusty black satin gown, with

seant, short skirt and huge sleeves; on her head was a great black bonnet with a high crown and a close brim, which came far out over her face. "What is your pleasure?" said she; and we felt like two awkward children. Kate partially recovered her wits, and asked which was the nearer way to Deephaven.

"There is but one road, past the church and over the hill. It cannot be missed," and she bowed gravely when we thanked her and begged her pardon, we hardly knew why, and came away.

We looked back to see her still standing in the doorway. "Who in the world can she be?" said Kate; and we wondered and puzzled and talked over "the ghost" until we saw Miss Honora Carew, who told us that it was Miss Sally Chauncey.

"Indeed, I know her, poor old soul!" said Miss Honora; "she has the saddest story I know. She is the last survivor of one of the most aristocratic old colonial families. The Chaunceys were of great renown until early in the present century, and then their fortunes changed. They had always been rich and well-educated, and I suppose nobody ever had a gayer, happier time than Miss Sally did in her girlhood, for they entertained a great deal of company and lived in fine style; but her father was unfortunate in business, and at last was utterly ruined at the time of the embargo; then he became partially insane, and died after many years of poverty. I have often heard a tradition that a sailor to whom he had broken a promise had cursed him, and that none of the family had died in their beds or had any good luck since. The East Parish people seem to believe in it, and it is certainly strange what terrible sorrow has come to the Chaunceys. One of Miss Sally's brothers, a fine young navy officer, who was at home on leave, asked her one day if she could get on without him, and she said yes, thinking he meant to go back to sea; but in a few minutes she heard the noise of a pistol in his room, and hurried in to find him lying dead on the floor. Then there was another brother who was insane, and who be-

came so violent that he was chained for years in one of the upper chambers, a dangerous prisoner. I have heard his horrid cries myself, when I was a young girl," said Miss Honora, with a shiver.

"Miss Sally is insane, and has been for many years, and this seems to me the saddest part of the story. When she first lost her reason she was sent to a hospital, for there was no one who could take care of her. The mania was so acute that no one had the slightest thought that she would recover or even live long. Her guardian sold the furniture and pictures and china, almost everything but clothing, to pay the bills at the hospital, until the house was fairly empty; and then one spring day, I remember it well, she came home in her right mind, and, without a thought of what was awaiting her, ran eagerly into her home. It was a terrible shock, and she never has recovered from it, though after a long illness her insanity took a mild form, and she has always been perfectly harmless. She has been alone many years, and no one can persuade her to leave the old house, where she seems to be contented and does not realize her troubles; though she lives mostly in the past, and has little idea of the present, except in her house affairs, which seem pitiful to me, for I remember the house-keeping of the Chaunceys when I was a child. I have always been to see her, and she usually knows me, though I have been but seldom of late years. She is several years older than I. The town makes her an allowance every year, and she has some friends who take care that she does not suffer, though her wants are few. She is an elegant woman still, and some day, if you like, I will give you something to carry to her, and a message, if I can think of one, and you must go to make her a call. I hope she will happen to be talkative, for I am sure you would enjoy her. For many years she did not like to see strangers, but some one has told me lately that she seems to be pleased if people go to see her."

You may be sure it was not many days before Kate and I claimed the bas-

ket and the message, and went again to East Parish. We boldly lifted the great brass knocker, and were dismayed because nobody answered. While we waited, a girl came up the walk and said that Miss Sally lived up-stairs, and she would speak to her if we liked. "Sometimes she don't have sense enough to know what the knocker means," we were told. There was evidently no romance about Miss Sally to our new acquaintance.

"Do you think," said I, "that we might go in and look around the lower rooms? Perhaps she will refuse to see us."

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, "only run the minute I speak; you'll have time enough, for she walks slow and is a little deaf."

So we went into the great hall with its wide staircase and handsome cornices and paneling, and then into the large parlor on the right, and through it to a smaller room looking out on the garden, which sloped down to the river. Both rooms had fine carved mantels, with Dutch-tiled fire-places, and in the cornices we saw the fastenings where pictures had hung — old portraits, perhaps. And what had become of them? The girl did not know: the house had been the same ever since she could remember, only it would all fall through into the cellar soon. But the old lady was proud as Lucifer, and would n't hear of moving out.

The floor in the room toward the river was so broken that it was not safe, and we came back through the hall and opened the door at the foot of the stairs. "Guess you won't want to stop long there," said the girl. Three old hens and a rooster marched toward us with great solemnity when we looked in. The cobwebs hung in the room, as they often do in old barns, in long, gray festoons; the lilacs outside grew close against the two windows where the shutters were not drawn, and the light in the room was greenish and dim.

Then we took our places on the threshold and the girl went up-stairs and announced us to Miss Sally, and in a few

minutes we heard her come along the hall.

"Sophia," said she, "where are the gentry waiting?" and just then she came in sight round the turn of the staircase. She wore the same great black bonnet and satin gown, and looked more old-fashioned and ghostly than before. She was not tall, but very erect, in spite of her great age, and her eyes seemed to "look through you" in an uncanny way. She slowly descended the stairs and came toward us with a courteous greeting, and when we had introduced ourselves as Miss Carew's friends she gave us each her hand in a most cordial way and said she was pleased to see us. She bowed us into the parlor and brought us two rickety, straight-backed chairs, which with an old table were all the furniture there was in the room. "Sit ye down," said she, herself taking a place in the window-seat. I have seen few more elegant women than Miss Chauncey. Thoroughly at her ease, she had the manner of a lady of the olden times, using the quaint fashion of speech which she had been taught in her girlhood. The long words and ceremonious phrases suited her extremely well. Her hands were delicately shaped, and she folded them in her lap as no doubt she had learned to do at boarding-school so many years before. She asked Kate and me if we knew any young ladies at that school in Boston, saying that most of her intimate friends had left when she did, but some of the younger ones were there still.

She asked for the Carews and Mr. Lorimer, and when Kate told her that she was Miss Brandon's niece and asked if she had not known her, she said, "Certainly, my dear; we were intimate friends at one time, but I have seen her little of late."

"Do you not know that she is dead?" asked Kate.

"Ah, they say every one is 'dead' nowadays. I do not comprehend the silly idea!" said the old lady impatiently. "It is an excuse, I suppose; she could come to see me if she chose, but she was always a ceremonious body, and

I go abroad but seldom now; so perhaps she waits my visit. I will not speak uncourteously, and you must remember me to her kindly."

Then she asked us about other old people in Deephaven, and about families in Boston whom she had known in her early days. I think every one of whom she spoke was dead, but we assured her that they were all well and prosperous, and we hoped we told the truth. She asked about the love-affairs of men and women who had died old and gray-headed within our remembrance; and finally she said we must pardon her for these tiresome questions, but it was so rarely she saw any one direct from Boston, of whom she could inquire concerning these old friends and relatives of her family.

Something happened after this which touched us both inexpressibly: she sat for some time watching Kate with a bewildered look, which at last faded away, a smile coming in its place. "I think you are like my mother," she said; "did any one ever say to you that you are like my mother? Will you let me see your forehead? Yes; and your hair is only a little darker." Kate had risen when Miss Chauncey did, and they stood side by side. There was a tone in the old lady's voice which brought the tears to my eyes. She stood there some minutes looking at Kate. I wonder what her thoughts were? There was a kinship, it seemed to me, not of blood, only that they both were of the same stamp and rank: Miss Chauncey of the old generation and Kate Lancaster of the new. Miss Chauncey turned to me, saying, "Look up at the portrait and you will see the likeness too, I think." But when she turned and saw the bare wainscoting of the room, she looked puzzled, and the bright flash which had lighted up her face was gone in an instant, and she sat down again in the window-seat; but we were glad that she had forgotten. Presently she said, "Pardon me, but I forgot your question."

Miss Carew had told us to ask her about her school-days, as she nearly always spoke of that time to her; and, to our delight, Miss Sally told us a long

story about her friends and about her "coming-out party," when boat-loads of gay young guests came down from Rivermouth, and all the gentry from Deephaven. The band from the fort played for the dancing, the garden was lighted, the card-tables were in this room, and a grand supper was served. She also remembered what some of her friends wore, and her own dress was a silver-gray brocade with rose-buds of three colors. She told us how she watched the boats go off up river in the middle of the summer night; how sweet the music sounded; how bright the moonlight was; how she wished we had been there at her party.

"I can't believe I am an old woman. It seems only yesterday," said she, thoughtfully; and then she lost the idea and talked about Kate's great-grandmother, whom she had known, and asked us how she had been this summer.

She asked us if we would like to go up-stairs where she had a fire, and we eagerly accepted, though we were not in the least cold. Ah, what a sorry place it was! She had gathered together some few pieces of her old furniture, which half filled one fine room, and here she lived. There was a tall, handsome chest of drawers, which I should have liked much to ransack. Miss Carew had told us that Miss Chauncey had large claims against the government, dating back sixty or seventy years, but nobody could ever find the papers; and I felt sure that they must be hidden away in some secret drawer. The brass handles and trimmings were blackened, and the wood looked like ebony. I wanted to climb up and look into the upper part of this antique piece of furniture, and it seemed to me I could at once put my hand on a package of "papers relating to the embargo."

On a stand near the window was an old Bible, fairly worn out with constant use. Miss Chauncey was religious; in fact, it was the only subject about which she was perfectly sane. We saw almost nothing of her insanity that day, though afterward she was different. There were days when her mind seemed clear;

but sometimes she was silent, and often she would confuse Kate with old Miss Brandon, and talk to her of long-forgotten plans and people. She would rarely speak of anything more than a minute or two, and then would drift into an entirely foreign subject.

She urged us that afternoon to stay to luncheon with her; she said she could not offer us dinner, but she would give us tea and biscuit, and no doubt we should find something in Miss Carew's basket, as she was always kind in remembering her fancies. Miss Honora had told us to decline, if she asked us to stay; but I should have liked to see her sit at the head of her table, and to be a guest at such a lunch-party.

Poor creature! it was a blessed thing that her shattered reason made her unconscious of the change in her fortunes, and incapable of comparing the end of her life with its beginning. To herself she was still Miss Chauncey, a gentlewoman of high family, possessed of unusual worldly advantages. The remembrance of her cruel trials and sorrows had faded from her mind. She had no idea of the poverty of her surroundings when she paced back and forth, with stately steps, on the ruined terraces of her garden; the ranks of lilies and the conserve-roses were still in bloom for her, and the box-borders were as trimly kept as ever; and when she pointed out to us the distant steeples of Rivermouth, it was plain to see that it was still the Rivermouth of her girlhood. If the boat landing at the foot of the garden had long ago dropped into the river and gone out with the tide; if the maids and men who used to do her bidding were all out of hearing; if there had been no dinner company that day and no guests were expected for the evening, — what did it matter? The twilight had closed around her gradually, and she was alone in her house, but she did not heed the ruin of it or the absence of her friends. On the morrow, life would again go on.

We always used to ask her to read the Bible to us, after Mr. Lorimer had told us how grand and beautiful it was to listen to her. I shall never hear some

of the Psalms or some chapters of Isaiah again without being reminded of her; and I remember just now, as I write, one summer afternoon when Kate and I had lingered later than usual, and we sat in an upper room looking out on the river and the shore beyond, where the light had begun to grow golden as the day drew near sunset. Miss Sally had opened the great book at random and read slowly, "In my Father's house are many mansions;" and then, looking off for a moment at a leaf which had drifted into the window-recess, she repeated it: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." Then she went on slowly to the end of the chapter, and with her hands clasped together on the Bible she fell into a reverie, and the tears came into our eyes as we watched her look of perfect content. Through all her clouded years the promises of God had been her only certainty.

Miss Chauncey died early in the winter after we left Deephaven, and one day when I was visiting Kate in Boston, Mr. Lorimer came to see us, and told us about her.

It seems that after much persuasion she was induced to go to spend the winter with a neighbor, her house having become uninhabitable, and she was, besides, too feeble to live alone. But her fondness for her old home was too strong, and one day she stole away from the people who took care of her, and crept in through the cellar, where she had to wade through half-frozen water, and then went up-stairs, where she seated herself at a front window and called joyfully to the people who went by, asking them to come in to see her, as she had got home again. After this she was very ill, and one day, when she was half delirious, they missed her, and found her at last sitting on her hall stairway, which she was too feeble to climb. She lived but a short time afterwards, and in her last days her mind seemed perfectly clear. She said over and over again how good God had always been to her, and she was gentle, and unwilling to be a trouble to those who had the care of her.

Mr. Lorimer spoke of her simple good-

ness, and told us that though she had no other sense of time, and hardly knew if it were summer or winter, she was always sure when Sunday came, and always came to church when he preached at East Parish, her greatest pleasure seeming to be to give money, if there was a contribution. "She may be a

lesson to us," added the old minister, reverently; "for, though bewildered in mind, bereft of riches and friends and all that makes this world dear to many of us, she was still steadfast in her simple faith, and was never heard to complain of any of the burdens which God had given her."

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE PARLOR CAR.

FARCE.

SCENE: A Parlor Car on the New York Central Railroad. It is late afternoon in the early autumn, with a cloudy sunset threatening rain. The car is unoccupied save by a gentleman, who sits fronting one of the windows, with his feet in another chair; a newspaper lies across his lap; his hat is drawn down over his eyes, and he is apparently asleep. The rear door of the car opens, and the conductor enters with a young lady, heavily veiled, the porter coming after with her wraps and traveling bags. The lady's air is of mingled anxiety and desperation, with a certain fierceness of movement. She casts a careless glance over the empty chairs.

Conductor. "Here 's your ticket, madam. You can have any of the places you like here, or," — glancing at the unconscious gentleman, and then at the young lady, — "if you prefer, you can go and take that seat in the forward car."

Miss Lucy Galbraith. "Oh, I can't ride backwards. I'll stay here, please. Thank you." The porter places her things in a chair by a window, across the car from the sleeping gentleman, and she throws herself wearily into the next seat, wheels round in it, and lifting her veil gazes absently out at the landscape. Her face, which is very pretty, with a low forehead shadowed by thick, blonde hair, shows the traces of tears. She

makes search in her pocket for her handkerchief, which she presses to her eyes. The conductor, lingering a moment, goes out.

Porter. "I'll be right here, at de end of de cah, if you should happen to want anything, miss," — making a feint of arranging the shawls and satchels. "Should you like some dese things hung up? Well, they 'll be jus' as well in de chair. We 's pretty late dis afternoon; more 'n four hours behin' time. Ought to been into Albany 'fore dis. Freight train off the track jus' dis side o' Rochester, an' had to wait. Was you goin' to stop at Schenectady, miss?"

Miss G., absently. "At Schenectady?" After a pause, "Yes."

Porter. "Well, that 's de next station, and den de cahs don't stop ag'in till dey git to Albany. Anything else I can do for you now, miss?"

Miss G. "No, no, thank you, nothing." The porter hesitates, takes off his cap, and scratches his head with a murmur of embarrassment. Miss Galbraith looks up at him inquiringly, and then suddenly takes out her porte-monnaie and fees him.

Porter. "Thank you, miss, thank you. If you want anything at all, miss, I 'm right dere at de end of de cah." He goes out by the narrow passage-way beside the smaller inclosed parlor. Miss Galbraith looks askance at the sleeping

gentleman, and then, rising, goes to the large mirror, to pin her veil, which has become loosened from her hat. She gives a little start at sight of the gentleman in the mirror but arranges her head-gear, and returning to her place looks out of the window again. After a little while she moves about uneasily in her chair, then leans forward and tries to raise her window; she lifts it partly up, when the catch slips from her fingers and the window falls shut again with a crash.

Miss G. "Oh dear, how provoking! I suppose I must call the porter." She rises from her seat, but on attempting to move away she finds that the skirt of her polonaise has been caught in the falling window. She pulls at it, and then tries to lift the window again, but the cloth has wedged it in, and she cannot stir it. "Well, I certainly think this is beyond endurance! Porter! Ah—porter! Oh, he'll never hear me in the racket that these wheels are making! I wish they'd stop—I"—

The gentleman stirs in his chair, lifts his head, listens, takes his feet down from the other seat, rises abruptly, and comes to Miss Galbraith's side.

Mr. Allen Richards. "Will you allow me to open the window for you?" Starting back, "Miss Galbraith!"

Miss G. "Al— Mr. Richards!" There is a silence for some moments, in which they remain looking at each other; then,

Mr. Richards. "Lucy"—

Miss G. "I forbid you to address me in that way, Mr. Richards."

Mr. R. "Why, you were just going to call me Allen!"

Miss G. "That was an accident, you know very well—an impulse"—

Mr. R. "Well, so is this."

Miss G. —"Of which you ought to be ashamed to take advantage. I wonder at your presumption in speaking to me at all. It's quite idle, I can assure you. Everything is at an end between us. It seems that I bore with you too long; but I'm thankful that I had the spirit to act at last, and to act in time. And now that chance has thrown us together, I trust that you will not force your conversation

upon me. No gentleman would, and I have always given you credit for thinking yourself a gentleman. I request that you will not speak to me."

Mr. R. "You've spoken ten words to me for every one of mine to you. But I won't annoy you. I can't believe it, Lucy; I can *not* believe it. It seems like some rascally dream, and if I had had any sleep since it happened, I should think I *had* dreamed it."

Miss G. "Oh! You were sleeping soundly enough when I got into the car!"

Mr. R. "I own it; I was perfectly used up, and I *had* dropped off."

Miss G., scornfully: "Then perhaps you *have* dreamed it."

Mr. R. "I'll think so till you tell me again that our engagement is broken; that the faithful love of years is to go for nothing; that you dismiss me with cruel insult, without one word of explanation, without a word of intelligible accusation, even. It's too much! I've been thinking it all over and over, and I can't make head or tail of it. I meant to see you again as soon as we got to town, and implore you to hear me. Come, it's a mighty serious matter, Lucy. I'm not a man to put on heroics and that; but I believe it'll play the very deuce with me, Lucy,—that is to say, Miss Galbraith,—I do indeed. It'll give me a low opinion of woman."

Miss G., averting her face: "Oh, a very high opinion of woman you have had!"

Mr. R., with sentiment. "Well, there was one woman whom I thought a perfect angel."

Miss G. "Indeed! May I ask her name?"

Mr. R., with a forlorn smile: "I shall be obliged to describe her somewhat formally as—Miss Galbraith."

Miss G. "Mr. Richards!"

Mr. R. "Why, you've just forbidden me to say *Lucy*! You must tell me, dearest, what I have done to offend you. The worst criminals are not condemned unheard, and I've always thought you were merciful if not just. And now I only ask you to be just."

Miss G., looking out of the win-

dow: "You know very well what you've done. You can't expect me to humiliate myself by putting your offense into words."

Mr. R. "Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean! I *don't* know what I've done. When you came at me, last night, with my ring and presents and other little traps, you might have knocked me down with the lightest of the lot. I was perfectly dazed; I could n't say anything before you were off, and all I could do was to hope that you'd be more like yourself in the morning. And in the morning, when I came round to Mrs. Phillips's, I found you were gone, and I came after you by the next train."

Miss G. "Mr. Richards, your personal history for the last twenty-four hours is a matter of perfect indifference to me, as it shall be for the next twenty-four hundred years. I see that you are resolved to annoy me, and since *you* will not leave the car, *I* must do so." She rises haughtily from her seat, but the imprisoned skirt of her polonaise twitches her abruptly back into her chair. She bursts into tears. "Oh! what *shall* I do?"

Mr. R., dryly: "You shall do whatever you like, Miss Galbraith, when I've set you free; for I see your dress is caught in the window. When it's once out, I'll shut the window, and you can call the porter to raise it." He leans forward over her chair, and while she shrinks back the length of her tether, he tugs at the window-fastening. "I can't get at it. Would you be so good as to stand up,—all you can?" Miss Galbraith stands up, drooping, and Mr. Richards makes a movement towards her, and then falls back. "No, that won't do. Please sit down again." He goes round her chair and tries to get at the window from that side. "I can't get any purchase on it. Why don't you cut out that piece?" Miss Galbraith stares at him in dumb amazement. "Well, I don't see what we're to do. I'll go and get the porter." He goes to the end of the car, and returns. "I can't find the porter—he must be in one of the other cars. But"—brightening with the fort-

unate conception—"I've just thought of something. Will it unbutton?"

Miss G. "Unbutton?"

Mr. R. "Yes; this garment of yours."

Miss G. "My polonaise?" Inquiringly: "Yes."

Mr. R. "Well, then, it's a very simple matter. If you will just take it off I can easily"—

Miss G., faintly: "I can't. A polonaise is n't like an *overcoat*"—

Mr. R., with dismay: "Oh! Well, then"—He remains thinking a moment in hopeless perplexity.

Miss G., with polite ceremony: "The porter will be back soon. Don't trouble yourself any further about it, please. I shall do very well."

Mr. R., without heeding her: "If you could kneel on that foot-cushion and face the window"—

Miss G., kneeling promptly: "So?"

Mr. R. "Yes, and now"—kneeling beside her—"if you'll allow me to—to get at the window catch,"—he stretches both arms forward; she shrinks from his right into his left, and then back again,—“and pull, while I raise the window”—

Miss G. "Yes, yes; but do hurry, please. If any one saw us, I don't know what they would think. It's perfectly ridiculous!"—pulling. "It's caught in the corner of the window, between the frame and the sash, and it won't come! Is my hair troubling you? Is it in your eyes?"

Mr. R. "It's in my eyes, but it is n't troubling me. Am I inconveniencing you?"

Miss G. "Oh, not at all."

Mr. R. "Well, now then, pull hard!" He lifts the window with a great effort; the polonaise comes free with a start, and she strikes violently against him. In supporting the shock he cannot forbear catching her for an instant to his heart. She frees herself, and starts indignantly to her feet.

Miss G. "Oh what a cowardly—subterfuge!"

Mr. R. "Cowardly? You've no idea how much courage it took." Miss Galbraith puts her handkerchief to her face,

and sobs. "Oh, don't cry! Bless my heart—I'm sorry I did it! But you know how dearly I love you, Lucy, though I do think you've been cruelly unjust. I told you I never should love any one else, and I never shall. I could n't help it, upon my soul I could n't. Nobody could. Don't let it vex you, my"—He approaches her.

Miss G. "Please not touch me, sir! You have no longer any right whatever to do so."

Mr. R. "You misinterpret a very inoffensive gesture. I have no idea of touching you, but I hope I may be allowed, as a special favor, to—pick up my hat, which you are in the act of stepping on." Miss Galbraith hastily turns, and strikes the hat with her whirling skirts; it rolls to the other side of the parlor, and Mr. Richards, who goes after it, utters an ironical "Thanks!" He brushes it and puts it on, looking at her where she has again seated herself at the window with her back to him, and continues, "As for any further molestation from me"—

Miss G. "If you will talk to me"—

Mr. R. "Excuse me, I am not talking to you."

Miss G. "What were you doing?"

Mr. R. "I was beginning to think aloud. I—I was soliloquizing. I suppose I may be allowed to soliloquize?"

Miss G., very coldly: "You can do what you like."

Mr. R. "Unfortunately that's just what I can't do. If I could do as I liked, I should ask you a single question."

Miss G., after a moment: "Well, sir, you may ask your question." She remains as before, with her chin in her hand, looking tearfully out of the window; her face is turned from Mr. Richards, who hesitates a moment, before he speaks.

Mr. R. "I wish to ask you just this, Miss Galbraith: if you could n't ride backwards in the other car, why do you ride backwards in this?"

Miss G., burying her face in her handkerchief, and sobbing: "Oh, oh, oh! This is too bad!"

Mr. R. "Oh, come now, Lucy. It

breaks my heart to hear you going on so, and all for nothing. Be a little merciful to both of us, and listen to me. I've no doubt I can explain everything if I once understand it, but it's pretty hard explaining a thing if you don't understand it yourself. Do turn round. I know it makes you sick to ride in that way, and if you don't want to face me—there!"—wheeling in his chair so as to turn his back upon her—"you need n't. Though it's rather trying to a fellow's politeness, not to mention his other feelings. Now, what in the name"—

Porter, who at this moment enters with his step-ladder, and begins to light the lamps: "Going pretty slow ag'in, sah."

Mr. R. "Yes; what's the trouble?"

Porter. "Well, I don't know exactly, sah. Something de matter with de locomotive. We shan't be into Albany much 'fore eight o'clock."

Mr. R. "What's the next station?"

Porter. "Schenectady."

Mr. R. "Is the whole train as empty as this car?"

Porter, laughing: "Well, no, sah. Fact is, *dis* cah don't belong on *dis* train. It's a Pullman that we hitched on when you got in, and we's taking it along for one of de Eastern roads. We let you in 'cause de Drawing-rooms was all full. Same with de lady"—looking sympathetically at her, as he takes up his steps to go out. "Can I do anything for you now, miss?"

Miss G., plaintively: "No, thank you; nothing whatever." She has turned while Mr. Richards and the porter have been speaking, and now faces the back of the former, but her veil is drawn closely. The porter goes out.

Mr. R., wheeling round so as to confront her: "I wish you would speak to me half as kindly as you do to that ducky, Lucy."

Miss G. "He is a gentleman!"

Mr. R. "He is an urbane and well-informed nobleman. At any rate, he's a man and a brother. But so am I." Miss Galbraith does not reply, and after a pause Mr. Richards resumes. "Talking of gentlemen: I recollect, once, com-

ing up on the day-boat to Poughkeepsie, there was a poor devil of a tipsy man kept following a young fellow about, and annoying him to death—trying to fight him, as a tipsy man will, and insisting that the young fellow had insulted him. By and by he lost his balance, and went overboard, and the other jumped after him and fished him out.” Sensation on the part of Miss Galbraith, who stirs uneasily in her chair, looks out of the window, then looks at Mr. Richards, and drops her head. “There was a young lady on board, who had seen the whole thing—a very charming young lady indeed, with pale blonde hair growing very thick over her forehead, and dark eyelashes to the sweetest blue eyes in the world. Well, this young lady’s papa was amongst those who came up to say civil things to the young fellow when he got aboard again, and to ask the honor—he said the *honor*—of his acquaintance. And when he came out of his state-room in dry clothes, this infatuated old gentleman was waiting for him, and took him and introduced him to his wife and daughter. And the daughter said, with tears in her eyes, and a perfectly intoxicating impulsiveness, that it was the grandest and the most heroic and the noblest thing that she had ever seen, and she should always be a better girl for having seen it. Excuse me, Miss Galbraith, for troubling you with these facts of a personal history which, as you say, is a matter of perfect indifference to you. The young fellow did n’t think at the time he had done anything extraordinary; but I don’t suppose he *did* expect to live to have the same girl tell him he was no gentleman.”

Miss G., wildly: “Oh, Allen, Allen! You *know* I think you are a gentleman, and I always did!”

Mr. R., languidly: “Oh! I merely had your word for it, just now, that you did n’t.” Tenderly: “Will you hear me, Lucy?”

Miss G., faintly: “Yes.”

Mr. R. “Well, what is it I’ve done? Will you tell me if I guess right?”

Miss G., with dignity: “I am in no

humor for jesting, Allen. And I can assure you that though I consent to hear what you have to say, or ask, *nothing* will change my determination. All is over between us.”

Mr. R. “Yes, I understand that perfectly. I am now asking merely for general information. I do not expect you to relent, and in fact I should consider it rather frivolous if you did. No. What I have always admired in your character, Lucy, is a firm, logical consistency; a clearness of mental vision that leaves no side of a subject unsearched; and an unwavering constancy of purpose. You may say that these traits are characteristic of *all* women; but they are preëminently characteristic of you, Lucy.” Miss Galbraith looks askance at him, to make out whether he is in earnest or not; he continues, with a perfectly serious air. “And I know now that if you’re offended with me, it’s for no trivial cause.” She stirs uncomfortably in her chair. “What I have done I can’t imagine, but it must be something monstrous, since it has made life with me appear so impossible that you are ready to fling away your own happiness—for I know you *did* love me, Lucy—and destroy mine. I will begin with the worst thing I can think of. Was it because I danced so much with Fanny Watervliet?”

Miss G., indignantly: “How can you insult me by supposing that I could be jealous of such a *perfect* little goose as that? No, Allen! Whatever I think of you, I *still* respect you too much for *that*.”

Mr. R. “I’m glad to hear that there are yet depths to which you think me incapable of descending, and that Miss Watervliet is one of them. I will now take a little higher ground. Perhaps you think I flirted with Mrs. Dawes. I thought, myself, that the thing might begin to have that appearance, but I give you my word of honor that as soon as the idea occurred to me, I dropped her,—rather rudely, too. The trouble was, don’t you know, that I felt so perfectly safe with a *married* friend of yours. I could n’t be hanging about you all the

time, and I was afraid I might vex you if I went with the other girls; and I did n't know what to do."

Miss G. "I think you behaved rather silly, giggling so much with her. But"—

Mr. R. "I own it, I know it was silly. But"—

Miss G. "It was n't that; it wasn't that!"

Mr. R. "Was it my forgetting to bring you those things from your mother?"

Miss G. "No!"

Mr. R. "Was it because I had n't given up smoking yet?"

Miss G. "You *know* I never asked you to give up smoking. It was entirely your own proposition."

Mr. R. "That's true. That's what made me so easy about it. I knew I could leave it off *any* time. Well, I will not disturb you any longer, Miss Galbraith." He throws his overcoat across his arm, and takes up his traveling-bag. "I have failed to guess your fatal—conundrum; and I have no longer any excuse for remaining. I am going into the smoking-car. Shall I send the porter to you for anything?"

Miss G. "No, thanks." She puts up her handkerchief to her face.

Mr. R. "Lucy, do you send me away?"

Miss G., behind her handkerchief: "You were going, yourself."

Mr. R., over his shoulder: "Shall I come back?"

Miss G. "I have no right to drive you from the car."

Mr. R., coming back, and sitting down in the chair nearest her: "Lucy, dearest, tell me what's the matter."

Miss G. "Oh, Allen, your not *knowing* makes it all the more hopeless and killing. It shows me that we *must* part; that you would go on, breaking my heart, and grinding me into the dust as long as we lived." She sobs. "It shows me that you never understood me, and you never will. I know you're good and kind and all that, but that only makes your not understanding me so much the worse. I do it quite as much for your sake as my own, Allen."

Mr. R. "I'd much rather you would n't put yourself out on my account."

Miss G., without regarding him: "If you could mortify me before a whole roomful of people as you did last night, what could I expect after marriage but continual insult?"

Mr. R., in amazement: "*How* did I mortify you? I thought that I treated you with all the tenderness and affection that a decent regard for the feelings of others would allow. I was ashamed to find I could n't keep away from you."

Miss G. "Oh, you were *attentive* enough, Allen; nobody denies that. Attentive enough in non-essentials. Oh yes!"

Mr. R. "Well, what vital matters did I fail in? I'm sure I can't remember."

Miss G. "I dare say! I dare say they won't appear vital to you, Allen. Nothing does. And if I had told you, I should have been met with ridicule, I suppose. But I knew *better* than to tell; I respected myself *too much*."

Mr. R. "But now you must n't respect yourself *quite* so much, dearest. And I promise you I won't laugh at the most serious thing. I'm in no humor for it. If it were a matter of life and death, even, I can assure you that it would n't bring a smile to my countenance. No, indeed! If you expect me to laugh, *now*, you must say something particularly funny."

Miss G. "I was not going to say anything *funny*, as you call it, and I will say nothing at all, if you talk in that way."

Mr. R. "Well, I won't, then. But do you know what I suspect, Lucy? I would n't mention it to everybody, but I will to you—in strict confidence: I suspect that you're rather ashamed of your grievance, if you have any. I suspect it's nothing at all."

Miss G., very sternly at first, with a rising hysterical inflection. "Nothing, Allen! Do you call it *nothing*, to have Mrs. Dawes come out with all that about your accident on your way up the river, and ask me if it did n't frighten me terribly to hear of it, even after it was all over; and I had to say you had n't told

me a word of it? 'Why, Lucy!'" — angrily mimicking Mrs. Dawes — "'you must teach him better than that. I make Mr. Dawes tell me everything.' Little simpleton! And then to have them all laugh — oh dear, it's too much!"

Mr. R. "Why, my dear Lucy" —

Miss G., interrupting him: "I saw just how it was going to be, and I'm thankful, *thankful* that it happened. I saw that you did n't care enough for me to take me into your whole life; that you despised and distrusted me, and that it would get worse and worse to the end of our days; that we should grow further and further apart, and I should be left moping at home, while you ran about making confidantes of other women whom you considered *worthy* of your confidence. It all *flashed* upon me in an *instant*; and I resolved to break with you, then and there; and I did, just as soon as ever I could go to my room for your things, and I'm glad, — yes, — oh hu, hu, hu, hu, hu! — *so* glad I did it!"

Mr. R., grimly: "Your joy is obvious. May I ask?" —

Miss G. "Oh, it was n't the *first* proof you had given me how little you really cared for me, but I was determined it should be the last. I dare say you've forgotten them! I dare say you don't remember telling Mamie Morris that you did n't like crocheted cigar-cases, when you'd just *told* me that you did, and let me be such a fool as to commence one for you; but I'm thankful to say that went into the fire, — oh, yes, *instantly*! And I dare say you've forgotten that you did n't tell me your brother's engagement was to be kept, and let me come out with it that night at the Rudges' and then looked perfectly aghast, so that everybody thought I had been blabbing! Time and again, Allen, you have made me suffer agonies, yes, *agonies*; but your power to do so is at an end. I am free and happy at last." She weeps bitterly.

Mr. R., quietly: "Yes, I *had* forgotten those crimes, and I suppose many similar atrocities. I own it, I *am* forgetful and careless. I was wrong about

those things. I ought to have told you why I said that to Miss Morris; I was afraid she was going to work me one. As to that accident I told Mrs. Dawes of, it was n't worth mentioning. Our boat simply walked over a sloop in the night, and nobody was hurt. I should n't have thought twice about it, if she had n't happened to brag of their passing close to an iceberg on their way home from Europe: then I trotted out *my* pretty-near disaster as a match for hers — confound her! I wish the iceberg had sunk them! Only it would n't have sunk her — she's so light; she'd have gone bobbing about all over the Atlantic Ocean, like a cork; she's got a perfect life-preserver in that mind of hers." Miss Galbraith gives a little laugh, and then a little moan. "But since you are happy, I will not repine, Miss Galbraith. I don't pretend to be very happy myself, but then, I don't deserve it. Since you are ready to let an absolutely unconscious offense on my part cancel all the past; since you let my devoted love weigh as nothing against the momentary pique that a malicious little rattle-pate — she was vexed at my leaving her — could make you feel, and choose to gratify a wicked resentment at the cost of any suffering to me, why, I can be glad and happy, too." With rising anger: "Yes, Miss Galbraith. All is over between us. You can go! I renounce you!"

Miss G., springing fiercely to her feet: "Go, indeed! Renounce me! Be so good as to remember that you have n't got me to renounce!"

Mr. R. "Well, it's all the same thing. I'd renounce you if I had. Good evening, Miss Galbraith. I will send back your presents as soon as I get to town; it won't be necessary to acknowledge them. I hope we may never meet again." He goes out of the door towards the front of the car, but returns directly, and glances uneasily at Miss Galbraith, who remains with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. "Ah — a — that is — I shall be obliged to intrude upon you again. The fact is" —

Miss G., anxiously: "Why, the cars

have stopped! Are we at Schenectady?"

Mr. R. "Well, no; not *exactly*; not exactly at *Schenectady*" —

Miss G. "Then what station is this? Have they carried me by?" Observing his embarrassment: "Allen, what is the matter? What has happened? Tell me instantly! Are we off the track? Have we run into another train? Have we broken through a bridge? Shall we be burnt alive? Tell me, Allen, tell me — I can bear it! — are we telescoped?" She wrings her hands in terror.

Mr. R., unsympathetically: "Nothing of the kind has happened. This car has simply come uncoupled, and the rest of the train has gone on ahead, and left us standing on the track, nowhere in particular." He leans back in his chair, and wheels it round from her.

Miss G., mortified, yet anxious: "Well?"

Mr. R. "Well, until they miss us, and run back to pick us up, I shall be obliged to ask your indulgence. I will try not to disturb you; I would go out and stand on the platform, but it's raining."

Miss G., listening to the rain-fall on the roof: "Why, so it is!" Timidly: "Did you notice when the car stopped?"

Mr. R. "No." He rises and goes out at the rear door, comes back, and sits down again.

Miss G. rises and goes to the large mirror to wipe away her tears. She glances at Mr. Richards, who does not move. She sits down in a seat nearer him than the chair she has left. After some faint murmurs and hesitations, she asks, "Will you please tell me why you went out just now?"

Mr. R., with indifference: "Yes. I went to see if the rear signal was out."

Miss G., after another hesitation: "Why?"

Mr. R. "Because if it was n't out, some train might run into us from that direction."

Miss G., tremulously: "Oh! And was it?"

Mr. R., dryly: "Yes."

Miss G. returns to her former place,

with a wounded air, and for a moment neither speaks. Finally she asks very meekly, "And there's no danger from the front?"

Mr. R., coldly: "No."

Miss G., after some little noises and movements meant to catch Mr. R.'s attention: "Of course, I never meant to imply that you were *intentionally* careless or forgetful."

Mr. R., still very coldly: "Thank you."

Miss G. "I always did justice to your good-heartedness, Allen; you're perfectly lovely that way; and I know that you would be sorry if you *knew* you had wounded my feelings, however accidentally." She droops her head so as to catch a sidelong glimpse of his face, and sighs, while she nervously pinches the top of her parasol, resting the point on the floor. Mr. R. makes no answer. "That about the cigar-case might have been a mistake; I saw that myself, and, as you explain it, why, it was certainly very kind and very creditable to — to your thoughtfulness. It was thoughtful!"

Mr. R. "I am grateful for your good opinion."

Miss G. "But do you think it was exactly — it was quite — nice, not to tell me that your brother's engagement was to be kept, when you know, Allen, I can't bear to blunder in such things?" Tenderly: "Do you? You *can't* say it was?"

Mr. R. "I never said it was."

Miss G., plaintively: "No, Allen. That's what I always admired in your character. You always owned up. Don't you think it's easier for men to own up than it is for women?"

Mr. R. "I don't know. I never knew any woman to do it."

Miss G. "Oh yes, Allen! You know I often own up."

Mr. R. "No, I don't."

Miss G. "Oh, how can you bear to say so? When I'm rash, or anything of that kind, you know I acknowledge it."

Mr. R. "Do you acknowledge it now?"

Miss G. "Why, how can I, when I

have n't been rash? What have I been rash about?"

Mr. R. "About the cigar-case, for example."

Miss G. "Oh! That! That was a great while ago! I thought you meant something quite recent." A sound as of the approaching train is heard in the distance. She gives a start, and then leaves her chair again for one a little nearer his. "I thought perhaps you meant about — last night."

Mr. R. "Well?"

Miss G., very judicially: "I don't think it was *rash*, exactly. No, not *rash*. It might not have been very *kind* not to — to — trust you more, when I knew that you did n't mean anything; but — No, I took the only course I could. Nobody could have done differently under the circumstances. But if I caused you any pain, I'm very sorry; oh yes, very sorry indeed. But I was not precipitate, and I know I did right. At least I *tried* to act for the best. Don't you believe I did?"

Mr. R. "Why, if you have no doubt upon the subject, my opinion is of no consequence."

Miss G. "Yes. But what do you think? If you think differently, and can make me see it differently, ought n't you to do so?"

Mr. R. "I don't see why. As you say, all is over between us."

Miss G. "Yes." After a pause: "I should suppose you would care enough for *yourself* to wish me to look at the matter from the right point of view."

Mr. R. "I don't."

Miss G., becoming more and more uneasy as the noise of the approaching train grows louder: "I think *you* have been very quick with *me* at times; quite as quick as I could have been with you last night." The noise is more distinctly heard. "I'm sure that if I could once see it as you do, *no* one would be more willing to do anything in their power to atone for their rashness. Of course I know that everything is over."

Mr. R. "As to that, I have your word; and, in view of the fact, perhaps this analysis of motive, of character,

however interesting on general grounds, is a little" —

Miss G., with sudden violence: "Say it, and take your revenge! I have put myself at your feet, and you do right to trample on me! Oh, this is what women may expect when they trust to men's generosity! Well, it *is* over now, and I'm thankful, thankful! Cruel, suspicious, vindictive, you're all alike, and I'm glad that I'm no longer subject to your heartless caprices. And I don't care what happens after this, I shall always — Oh! You're sure it's from the front, Allen? Are you sure the rear signal is out?"

Mr. R., relenting: "Yes, but if it will ease your mind, I'll go and look again." He rises and starts towards the rear door.

Miss G., quickly: "Oh no! Don't go! I can't bear to be left alone!" The sound of the approaching train continually increases in volume. "Oh, is n't it coming very, very, *very* fast?"

Mr. R. "No, no! Don't be frightened."

Miss G., running towards the rear door: "Oh, I *must* get out! It will kill me, I know it will. Come with me! Do, do!" He runs after her, and her voice is heard at the rear of the car. "Oh, the outside door is locked, and we are trapped, trapped, trapped! Oh, quick! Let's try the door at the other end." They reënter the parlor, and the roar of the train announces that it is upon them. "No, no! It's too late, it's too late! I'm a wicked, wicked girl, and this is all to punish me! Oh, it's coming, it's coming at full speed!" He remains bewildered, confronting her. She utters a wild cry, and, as the train strikes the car with a violent concussion, she flings herself into his arms. "There, there! Forgive me, Allen! Let us die together, my own, own love!" She hangs fainting on his breast. Voices are heard without, and after a little delay the porter comes in with a lantern.

Porter. "Rather more of a jah than we meant to give you, sah! We had to run down pretty quick after we missed you, and the rain made the track a little slippery. Lady much frightened?"

Miss G., disengaging herself: "Oh, not at all! Not in the least. We thought it was a train coming from behind, and going to run into us, and so — we — I" —

Porter. "Not quite so bad as that. We'll be into Schenectady in a few minutes, miss. I'll come for your things." He goes out at the other door.

Miss G., in a fearful whisper: "Allen! What will he ever think of us? I'm sure he saw us!"

Mr. R. "I don't know what he'll think now. He *did* think you were frightened; but you told him you were not. However, it is n't important what he thinks. Probably he thinks I'm your long-lost brother. It had a kind of familiar look."

Miss G. "Ridiculous!"

Mr. R. "Why, he'd never suppose that I was a jilted lover of yours!"

Miss G., ruefully: "No."

Mr. R. "Come, Lucy," — taking her hand, — "you wished to die with me, a moment ago. Don't you think you can make one more effort to live with me? I won't take advantage of words spoken in mortal peril, but I suppose you were in earnest when you called me your own — own" — Her head droops; he folds her in his arms, a moment, then she starts away from him, as if something had suddenly occurred to her.

Miss G. "Allen, where are you going?"

Mr. R. "Going? Upon my soul, I have n't the least idea."

Miss G. "Where *were* you going?"

Mr. R. "Oh, I *was* going to Albany."

Miss G. "Well, don't! Aunt Mary is expecting me here at Schenectady, — I telegraphed her, — and I want you to stop here, too, and we'll refer the whole matter to her. She's such a wise old head. I'm not sure" —

Mr. R. "What?"

Miss G., demurely: "That I'm good enough for you."

Mr. R., starting, in burlesque of her movement, as if a thought had struck him: "Lucy! How came you on this train when you left Syracuse on the morning express?"

Miss G., faintly: "I waited over a

train at Utica." She sinks into a chair and averts her face.

Mr. R. "May I ask why?"

Miss G., more faintly still: "I don't like to tell. I" —

Mr. R., coming and standing in front of her, with his hands in his pockets: "Look me in the eye, Lucy!" She drops her veil over her face, and looks up at him. "Did you — did you expect to find me on this train?"

Miss G. "I was afraid it never *would* get along, — it was so late!"

Mr. R. "Don't — *tergiversate*."

Miss G. "Don't *what*?"

Mr. R. "Fib."

Miss G. "Not for worlds!"

Mr. R. "How did you know I was in this car?"

Miss G. "Must I? I thought I saw you through the window; and then I made sure it was you when I went to pin my veil on — I saw you in the mirror."

Mr. R., after a little silence: "Miss Galbraith, do you want to know what *you* are?"

Miss G., softly: "Yes, Allen."

Mr. R. "You're a humbug!"

Miss G., springing from her seat, and confronting him: "So are you! You pretended to be asleep!"

Mr. R. "I — I — I was taken by surprise. I had to take time to think."

Miss G. "So did I."

Mr. R. "And you thought it would be a good plan to get your polonaise caught in the window?"

Miss G., hiding her face on his shoulder. "No, no, Allen! That I never will admit. *No woman would!*"

Mr. R. "Oh, I dare say!" After a pause: "Well, I am a poor, weak, helpless man, with no one to advise me or counsel me, and I have been cruelly deceived. How could you, Lucy, how could you? I can never get over this." He drops his head upon her shoulder.

Miss G., starting away again and looking about the car: "Allen, I have an idea! Do you suppose Mr. Pullman could be induced to *sell* this car?"

Mr. R. "Why?"

Miss G. "Why, because I think it's

perfectly lovely, and I should like to live in it always. It could be fitted up for a sort of summer-house, don't you know, and we could have it in the garden, and you could smoke in it."

Mr. R. "Admirable! It would look just like a traveling photographic saloon. No, Lucy, we won't buy it; we will simply keep it as a precious souvenir, a sacred memory, a beautiful dream,—and let it go on fulfilling its destiny all the same."

Porter, entering and gathering up *Miss Galbraith's* things: "Be at Sche-nectady in half a minute, miss. Won't have much time."

Miss G., rising and adjusting her dress, and then looking about the car, while she passes her hand through her lover's arm: "Oh, I do *hate* to leave it. Farewell, you dear, kind, good, lovely car! May you never have another accident!" She kisses her hand to the car, upon which they both look back as they slowly leave it.

Mr. R., kissing his hand in like manner: "Good-by, sweet chariot! May you never carry any but bridal couples!"

Miss G. "Or engaged ones!"

Mr. R. "Or husbands going home to their wives!"

Miss G. "Or wives hastening to their husbands."

Mr. R. "Or young ladies who have waited one train over, so as to be with the young men they hate."

Miss G. "Or young men who are so indifferent that they pretend to be asleep when the young ladies come in!" They pause at the door, and look back again. "And must I leave thee, Paradise?" They both kiss their hands to the car again, and, their faces being very close together, they impulsively kiss each other. Then *Miss Galbraith* throws back her head, and solemnly confronts him. "Only think, Allen! If this car had n't broken its engagement, we might never have mended ours."

W. D. Howells.

SEPTEMBER.

O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!
 The yellow birch-leaves shine like bright coins strung
 On wands; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue
 To every wind its harvest challenge. Steeped
 In yellow still lie fields where wheat was reaped;
 And yellow still the corn sheaves stacked among
 The yellow gourds, which from the earth have wrung
 Her utmost gold. To highest boughs hath leaped
 The purple grape,—last thing to ripen,—late
 By very reason of its precious cost.
 Oh, Heart, remember, vintages are lost
 If grapes do not for freezing night-dews wait;
 Think, while thou sun'st thyself in Joy's estate,
 Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost!

H. H.

HOLY PLACES OF THE HOLY CITY.

THE sojourner in Jerusalem falls into the habit of dropping in at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre nearly every afternoon. It is the centre of attraction. There the pilgrims all resort; there one sees, in a day, many races, and the costumes of strange and distant peoples; there one sees the various worship of the many Christian sects. There are always processions making the round of the holy places, sect following sect, with swinging censers, each fumigating away the effect of its predecessor.

The central body of the church, answering to the nave, as the rotunda, which contains the Holy Sepulchre, answers to choir and apse, is the Greek chapel, and the most magnificent in the building. The portion of the church set apart to the Latins, opening also out of the rotunda, is merely a small chapel. The Armenians have still more contracted accommodations, and the poor Copts enjoy a mere closet, but it is in a sacred spot, being attached to the west end of the sepulchre itself.

On the western side of the rotunda we passed through the bare and apparently uncared-for chapel of the Syrians, and entered, through a low door, into a small grotto hewn in the rock. Lighted candles revealed to us some tombs, little pits cut in the rock, two in the side-wall and two in the floor. We had a guide who knew every sacred spot in the city, a man who never failed to satisfy the curiosity of the most credulous tourist.

"Whose tombs are these?" we asked.

"That is the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and that beside it is the tomb of Nicodemus."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? You ask me how I know. Haven't I always lived in Jerusalem? I was born here."

"Then perhaps you can tell us, if this tomb belonged to Joseph of Arimathea and this to Nicodemus, whose is this third one?"

"Oh yes, that other," replied the guide, with only a moment's paralysis of his invention, "that is the tomb of Arimathea himself."

One afternoon at four, service was going on in the Greek chapel, which shone with silver and blazed with tapers, and was crowded with pilgrims, principally Russians of both sexes, many of whom had made a painful pilgrimage of more than two thousand miles on foot merely to prostrate themselves in this revered place. A Russian bishop and a priest, in the resplendent robes of their office, were intoning the service responsively. In the very centre of this chapel is a round hole covered with a grating, and tapers are generally burning about it. All the pilgrims kneeled there, and kissed the grating and adored the hole. I had the curiosity to push my way through the throng in order to see the object of devotion, but I could discover nothing. It is, however, an important spot: it is *the centre of the earth*; though why Christians should worship the centre of the earth I do not know. The Armenians have in their chapel also a spot that they say is the real centre; that makes three that we know of, for everybody understands that there is one in the Kaaba at Mecca.

We sat down upon a stone bench near the entrance of the chapel, where we could observe the passing streams of people, and were greatly diverted by a blithe and comical beggar who had stationed himself on the pavement there to intercept the Greek charity of the worshipers when they passed into the rotunda. He was a diminutive man with distorted limbs; he wore a peaked red cap, and dragged himself over the pavement, or rather skipped and flopped about on it like a devil-fish on land. Never was seen in a beggar such vivacity and imperturbable good-humor, with so much devilry in his dancing eyes.

As we appeared to him to occupy a

neutral position as to him and his victims, he soon took us into his confidence and let us see his mode of operations. He said (to our guide) that he was a Greek from Damascus, — oh, yes, a Christian, a pilgrim, who always came down here at this season, which was his harvest-time. He hoped (with a wicked wink) that his devotion would be rewarded.

It was very entertaining to see him watch the people coming out, and select his victims, whom he would indicate to us by a motion of his head as he flopped towards them. He appeared to rely more upon the poor and simple than upon the rich, and he was more successful with the former. But he rarely, such was his insight, made a mistake. Whoever gave him anything he thanked with the utmost *empressment* of manner; then he crossed himself, and turned around and winked at us, his confederates. When an elegantly dressed lady dropped the smallest of copper coins into his cap, he let us know his opinion of her by a significant gesture and a shrug of his shoulders. But no matter from whom he received it, whenever he added a penny to his store the rascal chirped and laughed and caressed himself. He was in the way of being trodden under foot by the crowd; but his agility was extraordinary, and I should not have been surprised at any moment if he had vaulted over the heads of the throng and disappeared. If he failed to attract the attention of an eligible pilgrim, he did not hesitate to give the skirt of his elect a jerk, for which rudeness he would at once apologize with an indescribable grimace and a joke.

When the crowd had passed, he slid himself into a corner, by a motion such as that with which a fish suddenly darts to one side, and set himself to empty his pockets into his cap and count his plunder, tossing the pieces into the air and catching them with a chuckle, crossing himself and hugging himself by turns. He had four francs and a half. When he had finished counting his money he put it in a bag, and for a moment his face assumed a grave and business-like

expression. We thought he would depart without demanding anything of us. But we were mistaken; he had something in view that he no doubt felt would insure him a liberal backsheesh. Wriggling near to us, he set his face into an expression of demure humility, held out his cap, and said, in English, each word falling from his lips as distinctly and unnaturally as if he had been a wooden articulating machine, —

“Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

The rascal's impiety lessened the charity which our intimacy with him had intended, but he appeared entirely content, chirped, saluted with gravity, and, with a flop, was gone from our sight.

At the moment, a procession of Franciscan monks swept by, chanting in rich bass voices, and followed, as usual, by Latin pilgrims, making the daily round of the holy places; after they had disappeared we could still hear their voices and catch now and again the glimmer of their tapers in the vast dark spaces.

Opposite the place where we were sitting is the Chapel of the Apparition, a room not much more than twenty feet square; it is the Latin chapel, and besides its contiguity to the sepulchre has some specialties of its own. The chapel is probably eight hundred years old. In the centre of the pavement is the spot upon which our Lord stood when he appeared to the Virgin after the resurrection; near it a slab marks the place where the three crosses were laid after they were dug up by Helena, and where the one on which our Lord was crucified was identified by the miracle that it worked in healing a sick man. South of the altar is a niche in the wall, now covered over, but a round hole is left in the covering. I saw pilgrims thrust a long stick into this hole, withdraw it, and kiss the end. The stick had touched a fragment of the porphyry column to which the Saviour was bound when he was scourged.

In the semicircle at the east end of the nave are several interesting places: the prison where Christ was confined

before his execution, a chapel dedicated to the centurion who pierced the side of our Lord, and the spot on which the vestments were divided. From thence we descend, by a long flight of steps partly hewn in the rock, to a rude, crypt-like chapel, in the heavy early Byzantine style, a damp, cheerless place, called the Chapel of Helena. At the east end of it another flight of steps leads down into what was formerly a cistern, but is now called the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. Here the cross was found, and at one side of the steps stands the marble chair in which the mother of Constantine sat while she superintended the digging. Nothing is wanting that the most credulous pilgrim could wish to see; that is, nothing is wanting in *spots* where things were. This chapel belongs to the Latins; that of Helena to the Greeks; the Abyssinian convent is above both of them.

On the south side of the church, near the entrance, is a dark room called the Chapel of Adam, in which there is never more light than a feeble taper can give. I groped my way into it often, in the hope of finding something; perhaps it is purposely involved in an obscurity typical of the origin of mankind. There is a tradition that Adam was buried on Golgotha, but the only tomb in this chapel is that of Melchizedek! The chapel formerly contained that of Godfrey de Bouillon, elected the first king of Jerusalem in 1099, and of Baldwin, his brother. We were shown the two-handed sword of Godfrey, with which he clove a Saracen lengthwise into two equal parts, a genuine relic of a heroic and barbarous age. At the end of this chapel a glimmering light lets us see through a grating a crack in the rock made by the earthquake at the crucifixion.

The gloom of this mysterious chapel, which is haunted by the spectre of that dim shadow of unreality, Melchizedek, prepared us to ascend to Golgotha, above it. The chapels of Golgotha are supported partly upon a rock which rises fifteen feet above the pavement of the church. The first is that of the Elevation of the Cross, and belongs to the Greeks. Un-

der the altar at the east end is a hole in the marble which is over the hole in the rock in which the cross stood; on either side of it are the holes of the crosses of the two thieves. The altar is rich with silver and gold and jewels. The chamber, when we entered it, was blazing with light, and Latin monks were performing their adorations, with chanting and swinging of incense, before the altar. A Greek priest stood at one side, watching them, and there was plain contempt in his face. The Greek priests are not wanting in fanaticism, but they never seem to me to possess the faith of the Latin branch of the Catholic church. When the Latins had gone, the Greek took us behind the altar and showed us another earthquake-rent in the rock.

Adjoining this chapel is the Latin Chapel of the Crucifixion, marking the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross; from that we looked through a window into an exterior room dedicated to the Sorrowing Virgin, where she stood and beheld the crucifixion. Both these latter rooms do not rest upon the rock, but upon artificial vaults, and of course can mark the spots commemorated by them only in *space*.

Perhaps this sensation of being in the air, and of having no standing-place even for tradition, added something to the strange feeling that took possession of me; a mingled feeling that was no more terror than is the apprehension that one experiences at a theatre from the manufactured thunder behind the scenes. I suppose it arose from cross currents meeting in the mind, the thought of the awful significance of the events here represented and the sight of this theatrical representation. The dreadful name, Golgotha, the gloom of this part of the building, — a sort of mount of darkness, with its rent rock and preternatural shadow, — the blazing contrast of the chapel where the cross stood with the dark passages about it, the chanting and flashing lights of pilgrims ever coming and going, the neighborhood of the sepulchre itself, were well calculated to awaken an imagination the least sensitive. And, so susceptible is the mind

to the influence of that mental electricity — if there is no better name for it — which proceeds from a mass of minds having one thought (and is sometimes called public opinion), be it true or false, that whatever one may believe about the real location of the Holy Sepulchre, he cannot witness, unmoved, the vast throng of pilgrims to these shrines, representing as they do every section of the civilized and of the uncivilized world into which a belief in the cross has penetrated. The undoubted sincerity of the majority of the pilgrims who worship here makes us for the time forget the hundred inventions which so often allure and as often misdirect that worship.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre offers at all times a great spectacle, and one always novel, in the striking ceremonies and the people who assist at them. One of the most extraordinary, that of the Holy Fire, at the Greek Easter, which is three weeks later than the Roman, and which has been so often described, we did not see. I am not sure that we saw even all the thirty-seven holy places and objects in the church. It may not be unprofitable to set down those I can recall. They are, —

The Stone of Unction.

The spot where the Virgin Mary stood when the body of our Lord was anointed.

The Holy Sepulchre.

The stone on which the angel sat.

The tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus.

The well of Helena.

The stone marking the spot where Christ in the form of a gardener appeared to Mary Magdalene.

The spot where Mary Magdalene stood.

The spot where our Lord appeared to the Virgin after his resurrection.

The place where the true cross, discovered by Helena, was laid, and identified by a miracle.

The fragment of the Column of Flagellation.

The prison of our Lord.

The "Bonds of Christ," a stone with two holes in it.

The place where the *tile* on the cross was preserved.

The place of the division of the vestments.

The centre of the earth (Greek).

The centre of the earth (Armenian).

The altar of the centurion who pierced the body of Christ.

The altar of the penitent thief.

The Chapel of Helena.

The chair in which Helena sat when the cross was found.

The spot where the cross was found.

The Chapel of the Mocking, with a fragment of the column upon which Jesus sat when they crowned him with thorns.

The Chapel of the Elevation of the Cross.

The spot where the cross stood.

The spots where the crosses of the thieves stood.

The rent rock near the cross.

The spot where Christ was nailed to the cross.

The spot where the Virgin stood during the crucifixion.

The Chapel of Adam.

The tomb of Melchizedek.

The rent rock in the Chapel of Adam.

The spots where the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin stood.

No, we did not see them all. Besides, there used to be a piece of the cross in the Latin chapel; but the Armenians are accused of purloining it. All travelers, I suppose, have seen the celebrated Iron Crown of Lombardy, which is kept in the church at Monza, near Milan. It is all of gold except the inner band, which is made of a nail of the cross brought from Jerusalem by Helena. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has not all the relics it might have, but it is as rich in them as any church of its age.

A place in Jerusalem almost as interesting to Christians as the Holy Sepulchre, and more interesting to antiquarians, is the Haram, or Temple area, with its ancient substructions and its splendid Saracenic architecture. It is largely an open place, green with grass; it is clean and wholesome, and the sun lies lovingly on it. There is no part of

the city where the traveler would so like to wander at will, to sit and muse, to dream away the day on the walls overhanging the valley of the Kidron, to recall at leisure all the wonderful story of its splendor and its disaster. But admission to the area is had only by special permit. Therefore the ordinary tourist goes not so much as he desires to the site of the Temple that Solomon built, and of the porch where Jesus walked and talked with his disciples. When he does go, he feels that he treads upon firm historical ground.

We walked down the gutter (called street) of David; we did not enter the Haram area by the Bâb es-Silsileh (Gate of the Chain), but turned northward and went in by the Bâb el-Katanîn (Gate of the Cotton-Merchants), which is identified with the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. Both these gates have twisted columns and are graceful examples of Saracenic architecture. As soon as we entered the gate the splendor of the area burst upon us; we passed instantly out of the sordid city into a green plain, out of which — it could have been by a magic wand only — had sprung the most charming creations in stone: minarets, domes, colonnades, cloisters, pavilions, columns of all orders, horse-shoe arches and pointed arches, every joyous architectural thought expressed in shining marble and brilliant color.

Our dragoman, Abd-el-Atti, did the honors of the place with the air of proprietorship. For the first time in the Holy City he felt quite at home, and appeared to be on the same terms with the Temple area that he is with the tombs of the Pharaohs. The Christian antiquities are too much for him, but his elastic mind expands readily to all the marvels of the Moslem situation. The Moslems, indeed, consider that they have a much better right to the Temple than the Christians, and Abd-el-Atti acted as our cicerone in the precincts with all the delight of a boy and with the enthusiasm of faith. It was not unpleasant to him, either, to have us see that he was treated with consideration by the mosque attendants and ulemas, and that he was

well known and could pass readily into the most reserved places. He had said his prayers that morning, at twelve, in this mosque, a privilege only second to that of praying in the mosque at Mecca, and was in high spirits, as one who had (if the expression is allowable) got a little ahead in the matter of devotions.

Let me give in a few words, without any qualifications of doubt, what seem to be the well-ascertained facts about this area. It is at present a level piece of ground (in the nature of a platform, since it is sustained on all sides by walls), a quadrilateral with its sides not quite parallel, about fifteen hundred feet long by one thousand feet broad. The northern third of it was covered by the Fortress of Antonia, an ancient palace and fortress, rebuilt with great splendor by Herod. The small remains of it in the northeast corner are now barracks.

This level piece of ground is nearly all artificial, either filled in or built up on arches. The original ground (Mount Moriah) was a rocky hill, the summit of which was the rock about which there has been so much controversy. Near the centre of this ground, and upon a broad raised platform, paved with marble, stands the celebrated mosque Kubbet es-Sukhrâh, "The Dome of the Rock." It is built over the Sacred Rock.

This rock marks the site of the threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, which David bought, purchasing at the same time the whole of Mount Moriah. Solomon built the Temple over this rock, and it was probably the "stone of sacrifice." At the time Solomon built the Temple, the level place on Moriah was scarcely large enough for the *naos* of that building, and Solomon extended the ground to the east and south by erecting arches and filling in on top of them, and constructing a heavy retaining-wall outside. On the east side also he built a porch, or magnificent colonnade, which must have produced a fine effect of Oriental grandeur when seen from the deep valley below or from the Mount of Olives opposite.

To this rock the Jews used to come,

in the fourth century, and anoint it with oil, and wall over it, as the site of the Temple. On it once stood a statue of Hadrian. When the Moslems captured Jerusalem, it became, what it has ever since been, one of their most venerated places. The Khalif Omar cleared away the rubbish from it, and built over it a mosque. The Khalif Abd-el-Melek began to rebuild it in A. D. 686. During the Crusades it was used as a Christian church. Allowing for decay and repairs, the present mosque is probably substantially that built by Abd-el-Melek.

At the extreme south of the area is the vast Mosque of Aksa, a splendid basilica with seven aisles, which may or may not be the Church of St. Mary built by Justinian in the sixth century; architects differ about it. This question it seems to me very difficult to decide from the architecture of the building, because of the habit that Christians and Moslems both had of appropriating columns and capitals of ancient structures in their buildings; and because the Moslems at that time used both the round and the pointed arch.

This platform is beyond all comparison the most beautiful place in Jerusalem, and its fairy-like buildings, when seen from the hill opposite, give to the city its chief claim to Oriental picturesqueness.

The dome of the mosque Kubbet-es-Sukhrah is perhaps the most beautiful in the world; it seems to float in the air like a blown bubble; this effect is produced by a slight drawing in of the base. This contraction of the dome is not sufficient to give the spectator any feeling of insecurity, or to belittle this architectural marvel to the likeness of a big toy; the builder hit the exact mean between massiveness and expanding lightness. The mosque is octagonal in form, and although its just proportions make it appear small, it is a hundred and fifty feet in diameter; outside and in, it is a blaze of color in brilliant marbles, fine mosaics, stained glass, and beautiful Saracenic tiles. The lower part of the exterior wall is covered with colored marbles in intricate patterns; above are

pointed windows with stained glass; and the spaces between the windows are covered by glazed tiles, with arabesque designs and very rich in color. In the interior, which has all the soft warmth and richness of Persian needle-work, are two corridors, with rows of columns and pillars; within the inner row is the Sacred Rock.

This rock, which is the most remarkable stone in the world, if half we hear of it be true, and which by a singular fortune is sacred to three religions, is an irregular boulder, standing some five feet above the pavement, and is something like sixty feet long. In places it has been chiseled, steps are cut on one side, and various niches are hewn in it; a round hole pierces it from top to bottom. The rock is limestone, a little colored with iron, and beautiful in spots where it has been polished. One would think that by this time it ought to be worn smooth all over.

If we may believe the Moslems and doubt our own senses, this rock is suspended in the air, having no support on any side. It was to this rock that Mohammed made his midnight journey on El Burāk; it was from here that he ascended into Paradise, an excursion that occupied him altogether only forty minutes. It is, I am inclined to think, the miraculous suspension of this stone that is the basis of the Christian fable of the suspension of Mohammed's coffin — a miracle unknown to all Moslems of whom I have inquired concerning it.

"Abd-el-Atti," I said, "does this rock rest on nothing?"

"So I have hunderstood; him say so."

"But do you believe it?"

"When I read him, I believe; when I come and see him, I can't help what I see."

At the south end of the rock we descended a flight of steps and stood under the rock in what is called the Noble Cave, a small room about six feet high, plastered and whitewashed. This is supposed to be the sink into which the blood of the Jewish sacrifices drained. The plaster and whitewash hide the original rock, and give the Moslems the

opportunity to assert that there is no rock foundation under the big stone.

"But," we said to Abd-el-Atti, "if this rock hangs in the air, why cannot we see all around it? Why these plaster walls that seem to support it?"

"So him used to be. This done so, I hear, on account of de women. Thim come here, see this rock, thim berry much frightened. Der little shild, what you call it, get born in de world before him wanted. So thim make this wall under it."

There are four altars in this cave, one of them dedicated to David; here the Moslem prophets, Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus, used to pray. In the rock is a round indentation made by Mohammed's head when he first attempted to rise to heaven; near it is the hole through which he rose. On the upper southeast corner of the rock is the print of the prophet's foot, and close to it the print of the hand of the angel Michael, who held the rock down from following Mohammed into the skies.

In the mosque above, Abd-el-Atti led us, with much solemnity, to a small stone set in the pavement near the north entrance. It was perforated with holes, in some of which were brass nails.

"How many holes you make 'em there?"

"Thirteen."

"How many got nails?"

"Four."

"Not so many. Only three and a half nails. Used to be thirteen nails. Now only three and a half. When these gone, then the world come to an end. I t'ink it not berry long."

"I should think the Moslems would watch this stone very carefully."

"What difference? You not t'ink it come when de time come?"

We noticed some pieces of money on the stone, and asked why that was.

"Whoever he lay backsheesh on this stone, he certain to go into Paradise, and be took by our prophet in his bosom."

We wandered for some time about the green esplanade, dotted with cypress-trees, and admired the little domes: the Dome of the Spirits, the dome that marks

the spot where David sat in judgment, etc.; some of them cover cisterns and reservoirs in the rock, as old as the foundations of the Temple.

In the corridor of the Mosque of Aksa are two columns standing close together, and like those at the Mosque of Omar, in Cairo, they are a test of character; it is said that whoever can squeeze between them is certain of Paradise, and must, of course, be a good Moslem. I suppose that when this test was established the Moslems were all lean. A black stone is set in the wall of the porch; whoever can walk, with closed eyes, across the porch pavement and put his finger on this stone may be sure of entering Paradise. According to this criterion, the writer of this is one of the elect of the Mohammedan Paradise and his dragoon is shut out. We were shown in this mosque the print of Christ's foot in a stone; and it is said that with faith one can feel in it, as he can in that of Mohammed's in the rock, the real flesh. Opening from this mosque is the small Mosque of Omar, on the spot where that zealous khalif prayed.

The massive pillared substructions under Aksa are supposed by Moslems to be of Solomon's time. That wise monarch had dealings with the invisible, and no doubt controlled the genii, who went and came and built and dived at his bidding. Abd-el-Atti, with haste and an air of mystery, drew me along under the arches to the window in the south end, and showed me the opening of a passage under the wall, now half choked up with stones. This is the beginning of a subterranean passage made by the prophet Solomon, that extends all the way to Hebron, and has an issue in the mosque over the tomb of Abraham. This fact is known only to Moslems, and to very few of them, and is considered one of the great secrets. Before I was admitted to share it, I am glad that I passed between the two columns, and touched, with my eyes shut, the black stone.

In the southeast corner of the Haram is a little building called the Mosque of Jesus. We passed through it, and descended the stairway into what is called

Solomon's Stables, being shown on our way a stone trough which is said to be the cradle of the infant Jesus. These so-called stables are subterranean vaults, built, no doubt, to sustain the south end of the Temple platform. We saw fifteen rows of massive square pillars of unequal sizes and at unequal distances apart (as if intended for supports that would not be seen), and some forty feet high, connected by round arches. We were glad to re-ascend from this wet and unpleasant cavern to the sunshine and the green-sward.

I forgot to mention the Well of the Leaf, near the entrance, in the Mosque of Aksa, and the pretty Moslem legend that gave it a name, which Abd-el-Atti relates, though not in the words of the hand-book:—

“This well berry old; call him Well of the Leaf; water same as Pool of Solomon, healthy water; I like him very much. Not so deep as Bir el-Arwāh; that small well, you see it under the rock; they say it goes down in Gehenna.”

“Why is this called the Well of the Leaf?”

“Once, time of Suleiman [it was Omar], a friend of our prophet come here to pray, and when he draw water to wash he drop the bucket in the bottom of the well. No way to get it up, but he must go down. When he was on the bottom, there he much surprised by a door open in the ground, and him berry cur'ous to see what it is. Nobody there, so he look in, and then walk through berry fast, and look over him shoulder to the bucket left in the well. The place where he was come was the most beautiful garden ever was, and he walk long time and find no end, always more garden, so cool, and water run in little streams, and sweet smell of roses and jasmine, and little birds that sing, and big trees and dates and oranges and palms, more kind, I t'ink, than you see in the garden of his vice-royal. When the man have been long time in the garden he begin to have fright, and pick a green leaf off a tree, and run back and come up to his friends. He show 'em

the green leaf, but nobody have believe what he say. Then they tell him story to the kadi, and the kadi send men to see the garden in the bottom of the well. They not find any, not find any door. Then the kadi he make him a letter to the Sultan — berry wise man — and he say (so I read it in our history), ‘Our prophet say, One of my friends shall walk in Paradise while he is alive. If this is come true, you shall see the leaf, if it still keep green.’ Then the kadi make examine of the leaf, and find him green. So it is believe the man has been in Paradise.”

“And do you believe it?”

“I cannot say edzactly where him been. Where you t'ink he done got that leaf?”

Along the east wall of the Haram there are no remains of the long colonnade called Solomon's Porch, not a column of that resplendent marble pavilion which caught the first rays of the sun over the mountains of Moab, and which, with the shining temple towering behind it, must have presented a more magnificent appearance than Babylon, and have rivaled the architectural glories of Baalbec. The only thing in this wall worthy of note now is the Golden Gate, an entrance no longer used. We descended into its archways, and found some fine columns with composite capitals, and other florid stone-work of a rather tasteless and debased Roman style.

We climbed the wall by means of the steps, a series of which are placed at intervals, and sat a long time looking upon a landscape every foot of which is historical. Merely to look upon it is to recall a great portion of the Jewish history and the momentous events in the brief life of the Saviour, which, brief as it was, sufficed to newly create the earth. There is the Mount of Olives, with its commemorative chapels, heaps of stone, and scattered trees; there is the ancient foot-path up which David fled as a fugitive by night from the conspiracy of Absalom, what time Shimei, the relative of Saul, stoned him and cursed him; and down that Way of

Triumph, the old road sweeping round its base, came the procession of the Son of David, in whose path the multitude cast their garments and branches of trees, and cried, "Hosanna in the highest." There on those hills, Mount Scopus and Olivet, were once encamped the Assyrians, and again the Persians; there shone the eagles of Rome, borne by her conquering legions; and there, in turn, Crusaders and Saracens pitched their tents. How many times has the air been darkened with missiles hurled thence upon this shining prize, and how many armies have closed in about this spot and swarmed to its destruction! There the Valley of Jehoshaphat curves down until it is merged in the Valley of the Brook Kidron. There, at the junction of the roads that run over and around Olivet, is a clump of trees surrounded by a white wall; that is the Garden of Gethsemane. Near it is the tomb of Mary. Farther down you see the tomb of Absalom, the tomb of St. James, the monolith pyramid-tipped tomb of Zacharias (none of them apparently as old as they claim to be), and the remains of a little temple, the model of which came from the banks of the Nile, that Solomon built for his Egyptian wife, the daughter of Pharaoh, wherein they worshiped the gods of her country. It is tradition also that near here were some of the temples he built for others of his strange wives: a temple to Chemosh, the Moabite god, and the image of Moloch, the devourer of children. Solomon was wiser than all men, wiser than Heman, and Chalcol, and Darda, the sons of Mahol; his friend Hiram of Tyre used to send riddles to him which no one in the world but Solomon could guess; but his wisdom failed him with the other sex, and there probably never was another Oriental court so completely ruled and ruined by women as his.

This valley below us is perhaps the most melancholy on earth; nowhere else is death so visibly master of the scene; nature is worn out, man tired out; a gray despair has settled down upon the

landscape. Down there is the village of Siloam, a village of huts and holes in the rocks, opposite the cave of that name. If it were the abode of wolves it would have a better character than it has now. There is the grim cast of sin and exhaustion upon the scene. I do not know exactly how much of this is owing to the Jewish burying-ground, which occupies so much of the opposite hill. The slope is thickly shingled with gray stones, that lie in a sort of regularity which suggests their purpose. You fall to computing how many Jews there may be in that bill, layer upon layer; for the most part they are dissolved away into the earth, but you think that if they were to put on their mortal bodies and come forth, the valley itself would be filled with them almost to the height of the wall. Out of these gates, giving upon this valley of death, six hundred thousand bodies of those who had starved were thrown during the siege, and long before Titus stormed the city. I do not wonder that the Moslems think of this frightful vale as Gehenna itself.

From an orifice in the battlemented wall where we sat projects a round column, mounted there like a cannon, and perhaps intended to deceive an enemy into the belief that the wall is fortified. It is astride this column, overhanging this dreadful valley, that Mohammed will sit at the last, the judgment day. A line finer than a hair and sharper than a razor will reach from it to the tower on the Mount of Olives, stretching over the valley of the dead. This is the line Es-Serat. Mohammed will superintend the passage over it. For in that day all who ever lived, risen to judgment, must walk this razor line; the good will cross in safety; the bad will fall into hell, that is, into Gehenna, this blasted gulf and side-hill below, thickly sown with departed Jews. It is in view of this perilous passage that the Moslem every day, during the ablution of his feet, prays: "Oh, make my feet not to slip on Es-Serat, on that day when feet shall slip."

Charles Dudley Warner.

SONNET.

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,
 Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.
 Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
 Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time:
 Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days;
 But most beware of those who come to praise.
 O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
 And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all:
 Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
 Build as thou wilt, and as the gods have given:
 Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
 Dissolve, and vanish, — take thyself no shame.
 They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE AMERICAN.

VIII.

"TELL me something about your sister," said Newman abruptly.

Bellegarde turned and gave him a quick look. "Now that I think of it, you have never yet asked me a question about her."

"I know that very well."

"If it is because you don't trust me, you are very right," said Bellegarde. "I can't talk of her rationally. I admire her too much."

"Talk of her as you can," said Newman. "Let yourself go."

"Well, we are very good friends; we are such a brother and sister as have not been seen since Orestes and Electra. You have seen her; you know what she is: tall, thin, light, imposing, and gentle, half a *grande dame* and half an angel; a mixture of pride and humility, of the eagle and the dove. She looks like a statue which had failed as stone, re-

signed itself to its grave defects, and come to life as flesh and blood, to wear white capes and long trains. All I can say is that she really possesses every merit that her face, her glance, her smile, the tone of her voice, lead you to expect; it is saying a great deal. As a general thing, when a woman seems very charming, I should say 'Beware!' But in proportion as Claire seems charming you may fold your arms and let yourself float with the current; you are safe. She is so good! I have never seen a woman half so perfect or so complete. She has everything; that is all I can say about her. There!" Bellegarde concluded; "I told you I would rhapsodize."

Newman was silent a while, as if he were turning over his companion's words. "She is very good, eh?" he repeated at last.

"Divinely good!"

"Kind, charitable, gentle, generous?"

"Generosity itself; kindness double-distilled!"

"Is she clever?"

"She is the most intelligent woman I know. Try her, some day, with something difficult, and you will see."

"Is she fond of admiration?"

"*Parbleu!*" cried Bellegarde; "what woman is not?"

"Ah, when they are too fond of admiration they commit all kinds of follies to get it."

"I did not say she was too fond!" Bellegarde exclaimed. "Heaven forbid I should say anything so idiotic. She is not too anything! If I were to say she was ugly, I should not mean she was too ugly. She is fond of pleasing, and if you are pleased she is grateful. If you are not pleased, she lets it pass and thinks the worse neither of you nor of herself. I imagine, though, she hopes the saints in heaven are, for I am sure she is incapable of trying to please by any means of which they would disapprove."

"Is she grave or gay?" asked Newman.

"She is both; not alternately, for she is always the same. There is gravity in her gayety, and gayety in her gravity. But there is no reason why she should be particularly gay."

"Is she unhappy?"

"I won't say that, for unhappiness is according as one takes things, and Claire takes them according to some receipt communicated to her by the Blessed Virgin in a vision. To be unhappy is to be disagreeable, which, for her, is out of the question. So she has arranged her circumstances so as to be happy in them."

"She is a philosopher," said Newman. "No, she is simply a very nice woman."

"Her circumstances, at any rate, have been disagreeable?"

Bellegarde hesitated a moment—a thing he very rarely did. "Oh, my dear fellow, if I go into the history of my family I shall give you more than you bargain for."

"No, on the contrary, I bargain for that," said Newman.

"We shall have to appoint a special *séance*, then, beginning early. Suffice it for the present that Claire has not slept upon roses. She made at eighteen a marriage that was expected to be brilliant, but that turned out like a lamp that goes out; all smoke and bad smell. M. de Cintré was sixty years old, and an odious old gentleman. He lived, however, but a short time, and after his death his family pounced upon his money, brought a lawsuit against his widow, and pushed things very hard. Their case was a good one, for M. de Cintré, who had been trustee for some of his relatives, appeared to have been guilty of some very irregular practices. In the course of the suit some revelations were made as to his private history which my sister found so displeasing that she ceased to defend herself and washed her hands of the property. This required some pluck, for she was between two fires, her husband's family opposing her and her own family forcing her. My mother and my brother wished her to cleave to what they regarded as her rights. But she resisted firmly, and at last bought her freedom,—obtained my mother's assent to dropping the suit at the price of a promise."

"What was the promise?"

"To do anything else, for the next ten years, that was asked of her—anything, that is, but marry."

"She had disliked her husband very much?"

"No one knows how much!"

"The marriage had been made in your horrible French way," Newman continued, "made by the two families, without her having any voice?"

"It was a chapter for a novel. She saw M. de Cintré for the first time a month before the wedding, after everything, to the minutest detail, had been arranged. She turned white when she looked at him, and white she remained till her wedding-day. The evening before the ceremony she swooned away, and she spent the whole night in sobs. My mother sat holding her two hands, and my brother walked up and down the room. I declared it was revolting and

told my sister publicly that if she would refuse, downright, I would stand by her. I was told to go about my business, and she became Comtesse de Cintré."

"Your brother," said Newman, reflectively, "must be a very nice young man."

"He is very nice, though he is not young. He is upward of fifty; fifteen years my senior. He has been a father to my sister and me. He is a very remarkable man; he has the best manners in France. He is extremely clever; indeed, he is very learned. He is writing a history of The Princesses of France that Never Married." This was said by Bellegarde with extreme gravity, looking straight at Newman, and with an eye that betokened no mental reservation; or that, at least, almost betokened none.

Newman perhaps discovered there a gleam of irony, for he presently said, "You don't love your brother."

"I beg your pardon," said Bellegarde ceremoniously; "well-bred people always love their brothers."

"Well, I don't love him, then!" Newman answered.

"Wait till you know him!" rejoined Bellegarde, and this time he smiled.

"Is your mother also very remarkable?" Newman asked, after a pause.

"For my mother," said Bellegarde, now with intense gravity, "I have the highest admiration. She is a very extraordinary woman. You cannot approach her without perceiving it."

"She is the daughter, I believe, of an English earl."

"Of the Earl of St. Dunstan's."

"Has the Earl of St. Dunstan's a very old family?"

"So-so; the sixteenth century. It is on my father's side that we go back—back, back, back. The family antiquaries themselves lose breath. At last they stop, panting and fanning themselves, somewhere in the ninth century, under Charlemagne. That is where we begin."

"There is no mistake about it?" said Newman.

"I'm sure I hope not. We have been mistaken at least for several centuries."

"And you have always married into old families?"

"As a rule; though in so long a stretch of time there have been some exceptions. Three or four Bellegardes, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, took wives out of the *bourgeoisie*—married lawyers' daughters."

"A lawyer's daughter; that's very bad, is it?" asked Newman.

"Horrible! one of us, in the middle ages, did better: he married a beggar-maid, like King Cophetua. That was really better; it was like marrying a bird or a monkey; one did n't have to think about her family at all. Our women have always done well; they have never even gone into the *petite noblesse*. There is, I believe, not a case on record of a misalliance among the women."

Newman turned this over a while, and then at last he said, "You offered, the first time you came to see me, to render me any service you could. I told you that some time I would mention something you might do. Do you remember?"

"Remember? I have been counting the hours."

"Very well; here's your chance. Do what you can to make your sister think well of me."

Bellegarde stared, with a smile. "Why, I'm sure she thinks as well of you as possible, already."

"An opinion founded on seeing me three or four times? That is putting me off with very little. I want something more. I have been thinking of it a good deal, and at last I have decided to tell you. I should like very much to marry Madame de Cintré."

Bellegarde had been looking at him with quickened expectancy, and with the smile with which he had greeted Newman's allusion to his promised request. At this last announcement he continued to gaze; but his smile went through two or three curious phases. It felt, apparently, a momentary impulse to broaden; but this it immediately checked. Then it remained for some instants taking counsel with itself, at the end of which it decreed a retreat. It slowly effaced itself and left a look of

seriousness modified by the desire not to be rude. Extreme surprise had come into the Count Valentin's face; but he had reflected that it would be uncivil to leave it there. And yet, what the deuce was he to do with it? He got up, in his agitation, and stood before the chimney-piece, still looking at Newman. He was a longer time thinking what to say than one would have expected.

"If you can't render me the service I ask," said Newman, "say it out!"

"Let me hear it again, distinctly," said Bellegarde. "It's very important, you know. I shall plead your cause with my sister, because you want — you want to marry her? That's it, eh?"

"Oh, I don't say plead my cause, exactly; I shall try and do that myself. But say a good word for me, now and then — let her know that you think well of me."

At this, Bellegarde gave a little light laugh.

"What I want chiefly, after all," Newman went on, "is just to let you know what I have in mind. I suppose that is what you expect, isn't it? I want to do what is customary, over here. If there is anything particular to be done, let me know and I will do it. I would n't for the world approach Madame de Cintré without all the proper forms. If I ought to go and tell your mother, why I will go and tell her. I will go and tell your brother, even. I will go and tell any one you please. As I don't know any one else, I begin by telling you. But that, if it is a social obligation, is a pleasure as well."

"Yes, I see — I see," said Bellegarde, lightly stroking his chin. "You have a very right feeling about it, but I'm glad you have begun with me." He paused, hesitated, and then turned away and walked slowly the length of the room. Newman got up and stood leaning against the mantel-shelf, with his hands in his pockets, watching Bellegarde's promenade. The young Frenchman came back and stopped in front of him. "I give it up," he said; "I will not pretend I am not surprised. I am — hugely! *Ouf!* It's a relief."

"That sort of news is always a surprise," said Newman. "No matter what you have done, people are never prepared. But if you are so surprised, I hope at least you are pleased."

"Come!" said Bellegarde. "I am going to be tremendously frank. I don't know whether I am pleased or horrified."

"If you are pleased, I shall be glad," said Newman, "and I shall be — encouraged. If you are horrified, I shall be sorry, but I shall not be discouraged. You must make the best of it."

"That is quite right — that is your only possible attitude. You are perfectly serious?"

"Am I a Frenchman, that I should not be?" asked Newman. "But why is it, by the bye, that you should be horrified?"

Bellegarde raised his hand to the back of his head and rubbed his hair quickly up and down, thrusting out the tip of his tongue as he did so. "Why, you are not noble, for instance," he said.

"The devil I am not!" exclaimed Newman.

"Oh," said Bellegarde a little more seriously, "I did not know you had a title."

"A title? What do you mean by a title?" asked Newman. "A count, a duke, a marquis, I don't know anything about that, I don't know who is and who is not. But I say I am noble. I don't exactly know what you mean by it, but it's a fine word and a fine idea; I put in a claim to it."

"But what have you to show, my dear fellow; what proofs?"

"Anything you please! But you don't suppose I am going to undertake to prove that I am noble. It is for you to prove the contrary."

"That's easily done. You have manufactured wash-tubs."

Newman stared a moment. "Therefore I am not noble? I don't see it. Tell me something I have n't done — something I can't do."

"You cannot marry a woman like Madame de Cintré for the asking."

"I believe you mean," said Newman slowly, "that I am not good enough."

"Brutally speaking — yes!"

Bellegarde had hesitated a moment, and while he hesitated Newman's attentive glance had grown somewhat eager. In answer to these last words he for a moment said nothing. He simply blushed a little. Then he raised his eyes to the ceiling and stood looking at one of the rosy cherubs that was painted upon it. "Of course I don't expect to marry any woman for the asking," he said at last; "I expect first to make myself acceptable to her. She must like me, to begin with. But that I am not good enough to make a trial is rather a surprise."

Bellegarde wore a look of mingled perplexity, sympathy, and amusement. "You would not hesitate, then, to go up to-morrow and ask a duchess to marry you?"

"Not if I thought she would suit me. But I am very fastidious; she might not, at all."

Bellegarde's amusement began to prevail. "And you would be surprised if she refused you?"

Newman hesitated a moment. "It sounds conceited to say yes, but nevertheless I think I should. For I should make a very handsome offer."

"What would it be?"

"Everything she wishes. If I get hold of a woman that comes up to my standard, I shall think nothing too good for her. I have been a long time looking, and I find such women are rare. To combine the qualities I require seems to be difficult, but when the difficulty is vanquished it deserves a reward. My wife shall have a good position, and I am not afraid to say that I shall be a good husband."

"And these qualities that you require — what are they?"

"Goodness, beauty, intelligence, a fine education, personal elegance — everything, in a word, that makes a splendid woman."

"And noble birth, evidently," said Bellegarde.

"Oh, throw that in, by all means, if it's there. The more the better!"

"And my sister seems to you to have all these things?"

"She is exactly what I have been looking for. She is my dream realized."

"And you would make her a very good husband?"

"That is what I wanted you to tell her."

Bellegarde laid his hand on his companion's arm a moment, looked at him with his head on one side, from head to foot, and then, with a loud laugh, and shaking the other hand in the air, turned away. He walked again the length of the room, and again he came back and stationed himself in front of Newman. "All this is very interesting — it is very curious. In what I said just now I was speaking, not for myself, but for my traditions, my superstitions. For myself, really, your proposal tickles me. It startled me at first, but the more I think of it the more I see in it. It's no use attempting to explain anything; you won't understand me. After all, I don't see why you need; it's no great loss."

"Oh, if there is anything more to explain, try it! I want to proceed with my eyes open. I will do my best to understand."

"No," said Bellegarde, "it's disagreeable to me; I give it up. I liked you the first time I saw you, and I will abide by that. It would be quite odious for me to come talking to you as if I could patronize you. I have told you before that I envy you; *vous m'imposez*, as we say. I did n't know you much until within five minutes. So we will let things go, and I will say nothing to you that, if our positions were reversed, you would not say to me."

I do not know whether, in renouncing the mysterious opportunity to which he alluded, Bellegarde felt that he was doing something very generous. If so, he was not rewarded; his generosity was not appreciated. Newman quite failed to recognize the young Frenchman's power to wound his feelings, and he had now no sense of escaping or coming off easily. He did not thank his companion even with a glance. "My eyes are open, though," he said, "so far as that you have practically told me that your family and your friends will turn

up their noses at me. I have never thought much about the reasons that make it proper for people to turn up their noses, and so I can only decide the question off-hand. Looking at it in that way I can't see anything in it. I simply think, if you want to know, that I'm as good as the best. Who the best are, I don't pretend to say. I have never thought much about that, either. To tell the truth, I have always had rather a good opinion of myself; a man who is successful can't help it. But I will admit that I was conceited. What I don't say yes to is that I don't stand high — as high as any one else. This is a line of speculation I should not have chosen, but you must remember you began it yourself. I should never have dreamed that I was on the defensive, or that I had to justify myself; but if your people will have it so, I will do my best."

"But you offered, a while ago, to make your court, as we say, to my mother and my brother."

"Damn it!" cried Newman, "I want to be polite."

"Good!" rejoined Bellegarde; "this will go far, it will be very entertaining. Excuse my speaking of it in that cold-blooded fashion, but the matter must, of necessity, be for me something of a spectacle. It's positively exciting. But apart from that I sympathize with you, and I shall be actor, so far as I can, as well as spectator. You are a capital fellow; I believe in you and I back you. The simple fact that you appreciate my sister will serve as the proof I was asking for. All men are equal — especially men of taste!"

"Do you think," asked Newman presently, "that Madame de Cintré is determined not to marry?"

"That is my impression. But that is not against you; it's for you to make her change her mind."

"I am afraid it will be hard," said Newman, gravely.

"I don't think it will be easy. In a general way I don't see why a widow should ever marry again. She has gained the benefits of matrimony — freedom and consideration — and she has

got rid of the drawbacks. Why should she put her head into the noose again? Her usual motive is ambition: if a man can offer her a great position, make her a princess or an ambassadress, she may think the compensation sufficient."

"And — in that way — is Madame de Cintré ambitious?"

"Who knows?" said Bellegarde, with a profound shrug. "I don't pretend to say all that she is or all that she is not. I think she might be touched by the prospect of becoming the wife of a great man. But in a certain way, I believe, whatever she does will be the *improbable*. Don't be too confident, but don't absolutely doubt. Your best chance for success will be precisely in being, to her mind, unusual, unexpected, original. Don't try to be any one else; be simply yourself, out and out. Something or other can't fail to come of it; I am very curious to see what."

"I am much obliged to you for your advice," said Newman. "And," he added with a smile, "I am glad, for your sake, I am going to be so amusing."

"It will be more than amusing," said Bellegarde; "it will be inspiring. I look at it from my point of view, and you from yours. After all, anything for a change! And only yesterday I was groaning so as to dislocate my jaw, and declaring that there was nothing new under the sun! If it is n't new to have you come into the family as a suitor, I am very much mistaken. Let me say that, my dear fellow; I won't call it anything else, bad or good; I will simply call it new." And overcome with a sense of the novelty thus foreshadowed, Valentin de Bellegarde threw himself into a deep arm-chair before the fire, and, with a fixed, intense smile, seemed to read a vision of it in the flame of the logs. After a while he looked up. "Go ahead, my boy; you have my good wishes," he said. "But it is really a pity you don't understand me, that you don't know just what I am doing."

"Oh," said Newman, laughing, "don't do anything wrong. Leave me to myself, rather, or defy me, out and out."

I would n't lay any load on your conscience."

Bellegarde sprang up again; he was evidently excited; there was a warmer spark even than usual in his eye. "You never will understand—you never will know," he said; "and if you succeed, and I turn out to have helped you, you will never be grateful, not as I shall deserve you should be. You will be an excellent fellow always, but you will not be grateful. But it does n't matter, for I shall get my own fun out of it." And he broke into an extravagant laugh. "You look puzzled," he added; "you look almost frightened."

"It is a pity," said Newman, "that I don't understand you. I shall lose some very good jokes."

"I told you, you remember, that we were very strange people," Bellegarde went on. "I give you warning again. We are! My mother is strange, my brother is strange, and I verily believe that I am stranger than either. You will even find my sister a little strange. Old trees have crooked branches, old houses have queer cracks, old races have odd secrets. Remember that we are eight hundred years old!"

"Very good," said Newman; "that's the sort of thing I came to Europe for. You come into my programme."

"*Touchez-là*, then," said Bellegarde, putting out his hand. "It's a bargain: I accept you; I espouse your cause. It's because I like you, in a great measure; but that is not the only reason!" And he stood holding Newman's hand and looking at him askance.

"What is the other one?"

"I am in the opposition. I dislike some one else."

"Your brother?" asked Newman, in his modulated voice.

Bellegarde laid his finger upon his lips with a whispered *hush*! "Old races have strange secrets!" he said. "Put yourself into motion, come and see my sister, and be assured of my sympathy!" And on this he took his leave.

Newman dropped into a chair before his fire, and sat staring into the blaze for a long time.

IX.

He went to see Madame de Cintré the next day, and was informed by the servant that she was at home. He passed as usual up the large, cold staircase and through a spacious vestibule above, where the walls seemed all composed of small door panels, touched with long-faded gilding, and was ushered into the sitting-room in which he had already been received. It was empty, and the servant told him that Madame la Comtesse would presently appear. He had time, while he waited, to wonder whether Bellegarde had seen his sister since the evening before, and whether, if he had, he had spoken to her of their talk. In this case Madame de Cintré's receiving him was an encouragement. As he reflected that she might come in with the knowledge of his supreme admiration, and of the project he had built upon it, in her eyes, he felt a certain trepidation; but the feeling was not disagreeable. Her face could wear no look that would make it less beautiful, and he was sure beforehand that however she might take the proposal he had in reserve, she would not take it in scorn or in irony. He had a feeling that if she could only read the bottom of his heart and measure the extent of his good will toward her, she would be entirely kind.

She came in at last, after so long an interval that he wondered whether she had been hesitating. She smiled with her usual frankness, and held out her hand; she looked at him straight with her soft and luminous eyes, and said, without a tremor in her voice, that she was glad to see him and that she hoped he was well. He found in her what he had found before—that faint perfume of a personal shyness, worn away by contact with the world, but the more perceptible the more closely you approached her. This lingering diffidence seemed to give a peculiar value to what was definite and assured in her manner; it made it seem like an accomplishment, a beautiful talent, some-

thing that one might compare to an exquisite touch in a pianist. It was, in fact, Madame de Cintré's "authority," as they say of artists, that especially impressed and fascinated Newman; he always came back to the feeling that when he should complete himself by taking a wife, that was the way he would like his wife to interpret him to the world. The only trouble, indeed, was that when the instrument was so perfect it seemed to interpose too much between you and the genius that used it. Madame de Cintré gave Newman the sense of an elaborate education, of her having passed through mysterious ceremonies and processes of culture in her youth, of her having been fashioned and made flexible to certain exalted social needs. All this, as I have affirmed, made her seem rare and precious — a very expensive article, as he would have said, and one which a man with an ambition to have everything about him of the best would find it highly agreeable to possess. But looking at the matter with an eye to private felicity, Newman wondered where, in so exquisite a compound, nature and art showed their dividing line. Where did the special intention separate from the habit of good manners? Where did urbanity end and sincerity begin? Newman asked himself these questions even while he stood ready to accept the admired object in all its complexity; he felt that he could do so in profound security, and examine its mechanism afterwards, at leisure.

"I am very glad to find you alone," he said. "You know I have never had such good luck before."

"But you have seemed before very well contented with your luck," said Madame de Cintré. "You have sat and watched my visitors with an air of quiet amusement. What have you thought of them?"

"Oh, I have thought the ladies were very elegant and very graceful, and wonderfully quick at repartee. But what I have chiefly thought has been that they only helped me to admire you." This was not gallantry on Newman's part

— an art in which he was quite unversed. It was simply the instinct of the practical man, who had quite made up his mind what he wanted, and was now beginning to take active steps to obtain it.

Madame de Cintré started slightly, and raised her eyebrows; she had evidently not expected so fervid a compliment. "Oh, in that case," she said with a laugh, "your finding me alone is not good luck for me. I hope some one will come in quickly."

"I hope not," said Newman. "I have something particular to say to you. Have you seen your brother?"

"Yes; I saw him an hour ago."

"Did he tell you that he had seen me last night?"

"He said so."

"And did he tell you what we had talked about?"

Madame de Cintré hesitated a moment. As Newman asked these questions she had grown a little pale, as if she regarded what was coming as necessary, but not as agreeable. "Did you give him a message to me?" she asked.

"It was not exactly a message — I asked him to render me a service."

"The service was to sing your praises, was it not?" And she accompanied this question with a little smile, as if to make it easier to herself.

"Yes, that is what it really amounts to," said Newman. "Did he sing my praises?"

"He spoke very well of you. But when I know that it was by your special request, of course I must take his eulogy with a grain of salt."

"Oh, that makes no difference," said Newman. "Your brother would not have spoken well of me unless he believed what he was saying. He is too honest for that."

"Are you very deep?" said Madame de Cintré. "Are you trying to please me by praising my brother? I confess it is a good way."

"For me, any way that succeeds will be good. I will praise your brother all day, if that will help me. He is a noble little fellow. He has made me feel, in

promising to do what he can to help me, that I can depend upon him."

"Don't make too much of that," said Madame de Cintré. "He can help you very little."

"Of course I must work my way myself. I know that very well; I only want a chance. In consenting to see me, after what he told you, you almost seem to be giving me a chance."

"I am seeing you," said Madame de Cintré, slowly and gravely, "because I promised my brother I would."

"Blessings on your brother's head!" cried Newman. "What I told him last evening was this: that I admired you more than any woman I had ever seen, and that I should like immensely to make you my wife." He uttered these words with great directness and firmness, and without any sense of confusion. He was full of his idea, he had completely mastered it, and he seemed to look down on Madame de Cintré, with all her gathered elegance, from the height of his warm good conscience. It is probable that this particular tone and manner were the very best he could have hit upon. Yet the light, just visibly forced smile with which his companion had listened to him died away, and she sat looking at him with her lips parted and her face as solemn as a tragic mask. There was evidently something very painful to her in the scene to which he was subjecting her, and yet her impatience of it found no angry voice. Newman wondered whether he was hurting her, and could not imagine why the liberal devotion he meant to express should be disagreeable. He got up and stood before her, leaning one hand on the chimney-piece. "I know I have seen you very little to say this," he said, "so little that it may make what I say seem disrespectful. That is my misfortune! I could have said it the first time I saw you. Really, I had seen you before; I had seen you in imagination; you seemed almost an old friend. So what I say is not mere gallantry and compliments and nonsense — I can't talk that way, I don't know how, and I would n't, to you, if I could. It's as serious as such words can be. I

feel as if I knew you and knew what a beautiful, admirable woman you are. I shall know better, perhaps, some day, but I have a general notion now. You are just the woman I have been looking for, except that you are far more perfect. I won't make any protestations and vows, but you can trust me. It is very soon, I know, to say all this; it is almost offensive. But why not gain time if one can? And if you want time to reflect, — of course you do, — the sooner you begin, the better for me. I don't know what you think of me; but there is no great mystery about me: you see what I am. Your brother told me that my antecedents and occupations were against me; that your family stands, somehow, on a higher level than I do. That is an idea which of course I don't understand and don't accept. But you don't care anything about that. I can assure you that I am a very solid fellow, and that if I give my mind to it I can fix things so that in a very few years I shall not need to waste time in explaining who I am and what I am. You will decide for yourself whether you like me or not. What there is, you see before you. I honestly believe I have no hidden vices or nasty tricks. I am kind, kind, kind! Everything that a man can give a woman I will give you. I have a large fortune, a very large fortune; some day, if you will allow me, I will go into details. If you want brilliancy, everything in the way of brilliancy that money can give you, you shall have. And as regards anything you may give up, don't take for granted too much that its place cannot be filled. Leave that to me; I'll take care of you; I shall know what you need. Energy and ingenuity can arrange everything. I'm a strong man! There, I have said what I had on my heart! It was better to get it off. I am very sorry if it's disagreeable to you; but think how much better it is that things should be clear. Don't answer me now, if you don't wish to. Think about it; think about it as slowly as you please. Of course I haven't said, I can't say, half I mean, especially about my admiration for you. But take a

favorable view of me; it will only be just."

During this speech, the longest that Newman had ever made, Madame de Cintré kept her gaze fixed upon him, and it expanded at the last into a sort of fascinated stare. When he ceased speaking she lowered her eyes and sat for some moments looking down and straight before her. Then she slowly rose to her feet, and a pair of exceptionally keen eyes would have perceived that she was trembling a little in the movement. She still looked extremely serious. "I am very much obliged to you for your offer," she said. "It seems very strange, but I am glad you spoke without waiting any longer. It is better the subject should be dismissed. I appreciate all you say; you do me great honor. But I have decided not to marry."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried Newman, in a tone absolutely *naïf* from its pleading and caressing cadence. She had turned away, and it made her stop a moment with her back to him. "Think better of that. You are too young, too beautiful, too much made to be happy and to make others happy. If you are afraid of losing your freedom, I can assure you that this freedom here, this life you now lead, is a dreary bondage to what I will offer you. You shall do things that I don't think you have ever thought of. I will take you to live anywhere in the wide world that you propose. Are you unhappy? You give me a feeling that you *are* unhappy. You have no right to be, or to be made so. Let me come in and put an end to it."

Madame de Cintré stood there a moment longer, looking away from him. If she was touched by the way he spoke, the thing was conceivable. His voice, always very mild and interrogative, gradually became as soft and as tenderly argumentative as if he had been talking to a much-loved child. He stood watching her, and she presently turned round again, but this time she did not look at him, and she spoke with a quietness in which there was a visible trace of effort.

"There are a great many reasons why I should not marry," she said, "more than I can explain to you. As for my happiness, I am very happy. Your offer seems strange to me, for more reasons also than I can say. Of course you have a perfect right to make it. But I cannot accept it — it is impossible. Please never speak of this matter again. If you cannot promise me this, I must ask you not to come back."

"Why is it impossible?" Newman demanded. "You may think it is, at first, without it's really being so. I didn't expect you to be pleased at first, but I do believe that if you will think of it a good while, you may be satisfied."

"I don't know you," said Madame de Cintré. "Think how little I know you."

"Very little, of course, and therefore I don't ask for your *ultimatum* on the spot. I only ask you not to say no, and to let me hope. I will wait as long as you desire. Meanwhile you can see more of me and know me better, look at me as a possible husband, — as a candidate, — and make up your mind."

Something was going on, rapidly, in Madame de Cintré's thoughts; she was weighing a question there, beneath Newman's eyes, weighing it and deciding it. "From the moment I don't very respectfully beg you to leave the house and never return," she said, "I listen to you, I seem to give you hope. I *have* listened to you — against my judgment. It is because you are eloquent. If I had been told this morning that I would consent to consider you as a possible husband, I should have thought my informant a little crazy. I *am* listening to you, you see!" And she threw her hands out for a moment and let them drop with a gesture in which there was just the slightest expression of appealing weakness.

"Well, as far as saying goes, I have said everything," said Newman. "I believe in you, without restriction, and I think all the *good* of you that it is possible to think of a human creature. I firmly believe that in marrying me you will be *safe*. As I said just now," he

went on with a smile, "I have no bad habits. I offer you a large fortune. And if you are afraid that I am not what you have been accustomed to, not refined and delicate and punctilious, you may easily carry that too far. *I am* delicate! You will see!"

Madame de Cintré walked some distance away, and paused before a great plant, an azalea, which was flourishing in a porcelain tub before her window. She plucked off one of the flowers and, twisting it in her fingers, retraced her steps. Then she sat down in silence, and her attitude seemed to be a consent that Newman should say more.

"Why should you say it is impossible you should marry?" he continued. "The only thing that could make it really impossible would be your being already married. Is it because you have been unhappy in marriage? That is all the more reason! Is it because your family exert a pressure upon you, interfere with you, annoy you? That is still another reason; you ought to be perfectly free, and marriage will make you so. I don't say anything against your family — understand that!" added Newman, with an eagerness which might have made a perspicacious observer smile. "Whatever way you feel toward them is the right way, and anything that you should wish me to do to make myself agreeable to them I will do as well as I know how. Depend upon that!"

Madame de Cintré rose again and came toward the fire-place, near which Newman was standing. The expression of pain and embarrassment had passed out of her face, and it was illuminated with something which, this time at least, Newman need not have been perplexed whether to attribute to habit or to intention, to art or to nature. She had the air of a woman who has stepped across the frontier of friendship, and looked round her and found the region vast. A certain checked and controlled exaltation seemed mingled with the usual level radiance of her glance. "I will not refuse to see you again," she said,

"because much of what you have said has given me pleasure. But I will see you only on this condition: that you say nothing more, in the same way, for a long time."

"For how long?"

"For six months. It must be a solemn promise."

"Very well; I promise."

"Good-by, then," she said, and extended her hand.

He held it a moment, as if he were going to say something more. But he only looked at her; then he took his departure.

That evening, on the Boulevard, he met Valentin de Bellegarde. After they had exchanged greetings, Newman told him that he had seen Madame de Cintré a few hours before.

"I know it," said Bellegarde. "I dined in the Rue de l'Université." And then, for some moments, both men were silent. Newman wished to ask Bellegarde what visible impression his visit had made, and the Count Valentin had a question of his own. Bellegarde spoke first.

"It's none of my business, but what the deuce did you say to my sister?"

"I am willing to tell you," said Newman, "that I made her an offer of marriage."

"Already!" And the young man gave a whistle. "'Time is money!' Is that what you say in America? And Madame de Cintré?" he added, with an interrogative inflection.

"She did not accept my offer."

"She could n't, you know, in that way."

"But I am to see her again," said Newman.

"Oh, the strangeness of woman!" exclaimed Bellegarde. Then he stopped, and held Newman off at arms'-length. "I look at you with respect!" he exclaimed. "You have achieved what we call a personal success! Immediately, now, I must present you to my brother."

"Whenever you please!" said Newman.

X.

Newman continued to see his friends, the Tristrams, with a good deal of frequency, though if you had listened to Mrs. Tristram's account of the matter you would have supposed that they had been cynically repudiated for the sake of grander acquaintance. "We were all very well so long as we had no rivals — we were better than nothing. But now that you have become the fashion, and have your pick every day of three invitations to dinner, we are tossed into the corner. I am sure it is very good of you to come and see us once a month; I wonder you don't send us your cards in an envelope. When you do, pray have them with black edges; it will be for the death of my last illusion." It was in this incisive strain that Mrs. Tristram moralized over Newman's so-called neglect, which was in reality a most exemplary constancy. Of course she was joking, but there was always something ironical in her jokes, as there was always something jocular in her gravity.

"I know no better proof that I have treated you very well," Newman had said, "than the fact that you abuse me at such a rate. Familiarity breeds contempt; I have made myself too cheap. If I had a little proper pride I would stay away a while, and when you asked me to dinner say I was going to the Princess Borealska's. But I have not any pride where my pleasure is concerned, and to keep you in the humor to see me — if you must see me only to call me names — I will agree to anything you choose; I will admit that I am the biggest snob in Paris." Newman, in fact, had declined an invitation personally given by the Princess Borealska, an inquiring Polish lady to whom he had been presented, on the ground that on that particular day he always dined at Mrs. Tristram's; and it was only a tenderly perverse theory of his hostess of the Avenue d'Eylau that he was faithful to his early friendships. She needed the theory to explain a certain moral irritation by which she was often visited;

VOL. XXXVIII. — NO. 227. 21

though, if this explanation was unsound, a deeper analyst than I must give the right one. Having launched our hero upon the current which was bearing him so rapidly along, she appeared but half-pleased at its swiftness. She had succeeded too well; she had played her game too cleverly, and she wished to mix up the cards. Newman had told her, in due season, that her friend was "satisfactory." The epithet was not romantic, but Mrs. Tristram had no difficulty in perceiving that, in essentials, the feeling which lay beneath it was. Indeed, the mild, expansive brevity with which it was uttered, and a certain look, at once appealing and inscrutable, that issued from Newman's half-closed eyes as he leaned his head against the back of his chair, seemed to her the most elegant attestation of a mature sentiment that she had ever encountered. Newman was, according to the French phrase, only abounding in her own sense, but his temperate raptures exerted a singular effect upon that ardor which she herself had so freely manifested a few months before. She now seemed inclined to take a purely critical view of Madame de Cintré, and wished to have it understood that she did not in the least answer for her being a compendium of all the virtues. "No woman was ever so good as that woman seems," she said. "Remember what Shakespeare calls Desdemona, 'a supersubtle Venetian.' Madame de Cintré is a supersubtle Parisian. She is a charming woman, and she has five hundred merits; but you had better keep that in mind." Was Mrs. Tristram simply finding out that she was jealous of her dear friend on the other side of the Seine, and that in undertaking to provide Newman with an ideal wife she had counted too much on her own disinterestedness? We may be permitted to doubt it. The inconsistent little lady of the Avenue d'Eylau had an insuperable need of changing her place, intellectually. She had a lively imagination, and she was capable, at certain times, of imagining the direct reverse of her most cherished beliefs, with a vividness more intense than that

of conviction. She got tired of thinking aright; but there was no serious harm in it, as she got equally tired of thinking wrong. In the midst of her mysterious perversities she had admirable flashes of justice. One of these occurred when Newman related to her that he had made a formal proposal to Madame de Cintré. He repeated in a few words what he had said, and in a great many what she had answered. Mrs. Tristram listened with extreme interest.

"But after all," said Newman, "there is nothing to congratulate me upon. It is not a triumph."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Tristram; "it is a great triumph. It is a great triumph that she did not silence you at the first word, and request you never to speak to her again."

"I don't see that," observed Newman.

"Of course you don't; Heaven forbid you should! When I told you to go your own way and do what came into your head, I had no idea you would go over the ground so fast. I never dreamed you would offer yourself after five or six morning-calls. As yet, what had you done to make her like you? You had simply sat — not very straight — and stared at her. But she does like you."

"That remains to be seen."

"No, that is proved. What will come of it remains to be seen. That you should propose to marry her, without more ado, could never have come into her head. You can form very little idea of what passed through her mind as you spoke; if she ever really marries you, the affair will be characterized by the usual justice of all human things towards women. You will think you take generous views of her; but you will never begin to know through what a strange sea of feeling she passed before she accepted you. As she stood there in front of you the other day, she plunged into it. She said 'Why not?' to something which, a few hours earlier, had been inconceivable. She turned about on a thousand gathered prejudices and traditions as on a pivot, and looked where she had never looked hitherto.

When I think of it, — when I think of Claire de Cintré and all that she is, there seems to me something very fine in it. When I recommended you to try your fortune with her, I of course thought well of you, and in spite of your sins I think so still. But I confess I don't see quite what you are and what you have done, to make such a woman do this sort of thing for you."

"Oh, there is something very fine in it!" said Newman with a laugh, repeating her words. He took an extreme satisfaction in hearing that there was something fine in it. He had not the least doubt of it himself, but he had already begun to value the world's admiration of Madame de Cintré, as adding to the prospective glory of possession.

It was immediately after this conversation that Valentin de Bellegarde came to conduct his friend to the Rue de l'Université to present him to the other members of his family. "You are already introduced," he said, "and you have begun to be talked about. My sister has mentioned your successive visits to my mother, and it was an accident that my mother was present at none of them. I have spoken of you as an American of immense wealth, and the best fellow in the world, who is looking for something very superior in the way of a wife."

"Do you suppose," asked Newman, "that Madame de Cintré has related to your mother the last conversation I had with her?"

"I am very certain that she has not; she will keep her own counsel. Meanwhile you must make your way with the rest of the family. Thus much is known about you: you have made a great fortune in trade, you are a little eccentric, and you frankly admire our dear Claire. My sister-in-law, whom you remember seeing in Madame de Cintré's sitting-room, took, it appears, a fancy to you; she has described you as having *beaucoup de cachet*. My mother, therefore, is curious to see you."

"She expects to laugh at me, eh?" said Newman.

"She never laughs. If she does not

like you, don't hope to purchase favor by being amusing. Take warning by me!"

This conversation took place in the evening, and half an hour later Valentin ushered his companion into an apartment of the house of the Rue de l'Université into which he had not yet penetrated, the salon of the dowager Marquise de Bellegarde. It was a vast, high room, with elaborate and ponderous moldings, painted a whitish gray, along the upper portion of the walls and the ceiling; with a great deal of faded and carefully repaired tapestry in the doorways and chair-backs; a Turkey carpet in light colors, still soft and deep, in spite of great antiquity, on the floor; and portraits of each of Madame de Bellegarde's children, at the age of ten, suspended against an old screen of red silk. The room was illumined, exactly enough for conversation, by half a dozen candles, placed in odd corners, at a great distance apart. In a deep arm-chair, near the fire, sat an old lady in black; at the other end of the room another person was seated at the piano, playing a very expressive waltz. In this latter person Newman recognized the young Marquise de Bellegarde.

Valentin presented his friend, and Newman walked up to the old lady by the fire and shook hands with her. He received a rapid impression of a white, delicate, aged face, with a high forehead, a small mouth, and a pair of cold blue eyes which had kept much of the freshness of youth. Madame de Bellegarde looked hard at him, and returned his hand-shake with a sort of British positiveness which reminded him that she was the daughter of the Earl of St. Dunstan's. Her daughter-in-law stopped playing and gave him an agreeable smile. Newman sat down and looked about him, while Valentin went and kissed the hand of the young marquise.

"I ought to have seen you before," said Madame de Bellegarde. "You have paid several visits to my daughter."

"Oh, yes," said Newman, smiling; "Madame de Cintré and I are old friends by this time."

"You have gone fast," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"Not so fast as I should like," said Newman, bravely.

"Oh, you are very ambitious," answered the old lady.

"Yes, I confess I am," said Newman, smiling.

Madame de Bellegarde looked at him with her cold fine eyes, and he returned her gaze, reflecting that she was a possible adversary and trying to take her measure. Their eyes remained in contact for some moments. Then Madame de Bellegarde looked away, and without smiling, "I am very ambitious, too," she said.

Newman felt that taking her measure was not easy; she was a formidable, inscrutable little woman. She resembled her daughter, and yet she was utterly unlike her. The coloring in Madame de Cintré was the same, and the high delicacy of her brow and nose was hereditary. But her face was a larger and freer copy, and her mouth in especial a happy divergence from that conservative orifice, a little pair of lips at once plump and pinched, that looked, when closed, as if they could not open wider than to swallow a gooseberry or to emit an "Oh, dear, no!" which probably had been taught to give the finishing touch to the aristocratic prettiness of the Lady Emmeline Atheling as represented, forty years before, in several Books of Beauty. Madame de Cintré's face had, to Newman's eye, a range of expression as delightfully vast as the wind-streaked, cloud-flecked distance on a Western prairie. But her mother's white, intense, respectable countenance, with its formal gaze and its circumscribed smile, suggested a document signed and sealed; a thing of parchment, ink, and ruled lines. "She is a woman of conventions and proprieties," he said to himself as he looked at her; "her world is the world of things immutably decreed. But how she is at home in it, and what a paradise she finds it! She walks about in it as if it were a blooming park, a Garden of Eden; and when she sees 'This is genteel,' or 'This is improper,' written on

a mile-stone, she stops ecstatically, as if she were listening to a nightingale or smelling a rose." Madame de Bellegarde wore a little black velvet band tied under her chin, and she was wrapped in an old black cashmere shawl.

"You are an American?" she said presently. "I have seen several Americans."

"There are several in Paris," said Newman jocosely.

"Oh, really?" said Madame de Bellegarde. "It was in England I saw these, or somewhere else; not in Paris. I think it must have been in the Pyrenees, many years ago. I am told your ladies are very pretty. One of these ladies was very pretty! such a wonderful complexion! She presented me a note of introduction from some one, — I forget whom, — and she sent with it a note of her own. I kept her letter a long time afterwards, it was so strangely expressed. I used to know some of the phrases by heart. But I have forgotten them now, it is so many years ago. Since then I have seen no more Americans. I think my daughter-in-law has; she is a great gad-about; she sees every one."

At this the younger lady came rustling forward, pinching in a very slender waist, and casting idly preoccupied glances over the front of her dress, which was apparently designed for a ball. She was, in a singular way, at once ugly and pretty; she had protuberant eyes, and lips that were strangely red. She reminded Newman of his friend, Mademoiselle Nioche; this was what that much-obstructed young lady would have liked to be. Valentin de Bellegarde walked behind her at a distance, hopping about to keep off the far-spreading train of her dress.

"You ought to show more of your shoulders behind," he said very gravely. "You might as well wear a standing ruff outright as such a dress as that."

The young woman turned her back to the mirror over the chimney-piece, and glanced behind her, to verify Valentin's assertion. The mirror descended low, and yet it reflected nothing but a large, unclad flesh surface. The young

marquise put her hands behind her and gave a downward pull to the waist of her dress. "Like that, you mean?" she asked.

"That is a little better," said Bellegarde in the same tone, "but it leaves a good deal to be desired."

"Oh, I never go to extremes," said his sister-in-law. And then, turning to Madame de Bellegarde, "What were you calling me just now, madame?"

"I called you a gad-about," said the old lady. "But I might call you something else, too."

"A gad-about? What an ugly word! What does it mean?"

"A very beautiful person," Newman ventured to say, seeing that it was in French.

"That is a pretty compliment, but a bad translation," said the young marquise. And then, looking at him a moment, "Do you dance?"

"Not a step."

"You are very wrong," she said, simply. And with another look at her back in the mirror she turned away.

"Do you like Paris?" asked the old lady, who was apparently wondering what was the proper way to talk to an American.

"Yes, rather," said Newman. And then he added, with a friendly intonation, "Don't you?"

"I can't say I know it. I know my house—I know my friends—I don't know Paris."

"Oh, you lose a great deal," said Newman, sympathetically.

Madame de Bellegarde stared; it was presumably the first time she had been condoled with on her losses. "I am content with what I have," she said with dignity.

Newman's eyes, at this moment, were wandering round the room, which struck him as rather sad and shabby; passing from the high casements, with their small, thickly-framed panes, to the sallow tints of two or three portraits in pastel, of the last century, which hung between them. He ought, obviously, to have answered that the contentment of his hostess was quite natural — she had

a great deal; but the idea did not occur to him during the pause of some moments which followed.

"Well, my dear mother," said Valentin, coming and leaning against the chimney-piece, "what do you think of my dear friend Newman? Is he not the excellent fellow I told you?"

"My acquaintance with Mr. Newman has not gone very far," said Madame de Bellegarde. "I can as yet only appreciate his great politeness."

"My mother is a great judge of these matters," said Valentin to Newman. "If you have satisfied her, it is a triumph."

"I hope I shall satisfy you, some day," said Newman, looking at the old lady. "I have done nothing yet."

"You must not listen to my son; he will bring you into trouble. He is a sad scatterbrain."

"Oh, I like him — I like him," said Newman, genially.

"He amuses you, eh?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Do you hear that, Valentin?" said Madame de Bellegarde. "You amuse Mr. Newman."

"Perhaps we shall all come to that!" Valentin exclaimed.

"You must see my other son," said Madame de Bellegarde. "He is much better than this one. But he will not amuse you."

"I don't know — I don't know!" murmured Valentin, reflectively. "But we shall very soon see. Here comes the marquis!"

The door had just opened to give ingress to a gentleman who stepped forward and whose face Newman remembered. He had been the author of our hero's discomfiture the first time he tried to present himself to Madame de Cintre. Valentin de Bellegarde went to meet his brother, looked at him a moment, and then, taking him by the arm, led him up to Newman.

"This is my excellent friend, Mr. Newman," he said very blandly. "You must know him."

"I am delighted to know Mr. Newman," said the marquis with a low bow, but without offering his hand.

"He is the old woman at second-hand," Newman said to himself, as he returned M. de Bellegarde's greeting. And this was the starting-point of a speculative theory, in his mind, that the late marquis had been a very amiable foreigner, with an inclination to take life easily and a sense that it was difficult for the husband of the stilted little lady by the fire to do so. But if he had taken little comfort in his wife he had taken much in his two younger children, who were after his own heart, while Madame de Bellegarde had paired with her eldest-born.

"My brother has spoken to me of you," said M. de Bellegarde; "and as you are also acquainted with my sister, it was time we should meet." He turned to his mother and gallantly bent over her hand, touching it with his lips, and then he assumed an attitude before the chimney-piece. With his long, lean face, his high-bridged nose, and his small, opaque eye, he looked much like an Englishman. His whiskers were fair and glossy, and he had a large dimple, of unmistakably British origin, in the middle of his handsome chin. He was "distinguished" to the tips of his polished nails, and there was not a movement of his fine, perpendicular person that was not noble and majestic. Newman had never yet been confronted with such an incarnation of the art of taking one's self seriously; he felt a sort of impulse to step backward, as you do to get a view of a great façade.

"Urbain," said young Madame de Bellegarde, who had apparently been waiting for her husband to take her to her ball, "I call your attention to the fact that I am dressed."

"That is a good idea," murmured Valentin.

"I am at your orders, my dear friend," said M. de Bellegarde. "Only, you must allow me first the pleasure of a little conversation with Mr. Newman."

"Oh, if you are going to a party, don't let me keep you," objected Newman. "I am very sure we shall meet again. Indeed, if you would like to converse with me I will gladly name an

hour." He was eager to make it known that he would readily answer all questions and satisfy all exactions.

M. de Bellegarde stood in a well-balanced position before the fire, caressing one of his fair whiskers with one of his white hands, and looking at Newman, half askance, with eyes from which a particular ray of observation made its way through a general meaningless smile. "It is very kind of you to make such an offer," he said. "If I am not mistaken, your occupations are such as to make your time precious. You are in — a — as we say here, *dans les affaires*."

"In business, you mean? Oh no, I have thrown business overboard for the present. I am 'loafing,' as we say. My time is quite my own."

"Ah, you are taking a holiday," rejoined M. de Bellegarde. "'Loafing,' Yes, I have heard that expression."

"Mr. Newman is American," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"My brother is a great ethnologist," said Valentin.

"An ethnologist?" said Newman. "Ah, you collect negroes' skulls, and that sort of thing."

The marquis looked hard at his brother, and began to caress his other whisker. Then, turning to Newman, with sustained urbanity, "You are traveling for your pleasure?" he asked.

"Oh, I am knocking about to pick up one thing and another. Of course I get a good deal of pleasure out of it."

"What especially interests you?" inquired the marquis.

"Well, everything interests me," said Newman. "I am not particular. Manufactures are what I care most about."

"That has been your specialty?"

"I can't say I have had any specialty. My specialty has been to make the biggest possible fortune in the shortest possible time." Newman made this last remark very deliberately; he wished to open the way, if it were necessary, to an authoritative statement of his means.

M. de Bellegarde laughed agreeably. "I hope you have succeeded," he said.

"Yes, I have made a fortune in a reasonable time. I am not so old, you see."

"Paris is a very good place to spend a fortune. I wish you great enjoyment of yours." And M. de Bellegarde drew forth his gloves and began to put them on.

Newman for a few moments watched him sliding his white hands into the white kids, and as he did so his feelings took a singular turn. M. de Bellegarde's good wishes seemed to descend out of the white expanse of his sublime serenity with the soft, scattered movement of a shower of snow-flakes. Yet Newman was not irritated; he did not feel that he was being patronized; he was conscious of no especial impulse to introduce a discord into so noble a harmony. Only he felt himself suddenly in personal contact with the forces with which his friend Valentin had told him that he would have to contend, and he became sensible of their intensity. He wished to make some answering manifestation, to stretch himself out at his own length, to sound a note at the uttermost end of his scale. It must be added that if this impulse was not vicious or malicious, it was by no means void of humorous expectancy. Newman was quite as ready to give play to that loosely-adjusted smile of his, if his hosts should happen to be shocked, as he was far from deliberately planning to shock them.

"Paris is a very good place for idle people," he said, "or it is a very good place if your family has been settled here for a long time, and you have made acquaintances and got your relations round you; or if you have got a good big house like this, and a wife and children and mother and sister, and everything comfortable. I don't like that way of living all in rooms next door to each other. But I am not an idler. I try to be, but I can't manage it; it goes against the grain. My business habits are too deep-seated. Then, I have n't any house to call my own, or anything in the way of a family. My sisters are five thousand miles away, my mother died when I was a youngster, and I have n't any wife; I

wish I had! So, you see, I don't exactly know what to do with myself. I am not fond of books, as you are, sir, and I get tired of dining out and going to the opera. I miss my business activity. You see, I began to earn my living when I was almost a baby, and until a few months ago I have never had my hand off the plow. Elegant leisure comes hard."

This speech was followed by a profound silence of some moments, on the part of Newman's entertainers. Valentin stood looking at him fixedly, with his hands in his pockets, and then he slowly, with a half-sidling motion, went out of the room. The marquis continued to draw on his gloves and to smile benignantly.

"You began to earn your living when you were a mere baby?" said the marquis.

"Hardly more — a small boy."

"You say you are not fond of books," said M. de Bellegarde; "but you must do yourself the justice to remember that your studies were interrupted early."

"That is very true; on my tenth birthday I stopped going to school. I thought it was a grand way to keep it. But I picked up some information afterwards," said Newman, reassuringly.

"You have some sisters?" asked old Madame de Bellegarde.

"Yes, two sisters. Splendid women!"

"I hope that for them the hardships of life commenced less early."

"They married very early, if you call that a hardship, as girls do in our Western country. One of them is married to the owner of the largest india-rubber house in the West."

"Ah, you make houses also of india-rubber?" inquired the marquis.

"You can stretch them as your family increases," said young Madame de Bellegarde, who was muffling herself in a long white shawl.

Newman indulged in a burst of hilarity, and explained that the house in which his brother-in-law lived was a large wooden structure, but that he manufactured and sold india-rubber on a colossal scale.

"My children have some little india-

rubber shoes which they put on when they go to play in the Tuileries in damp weather," said the young marquise. "I wonder whether your brother-in-law made them."

"Very likely," said Newman; "if he did, you may be very sure they are well made."

"Well, you must not be discouraged," said M. de Bellegarde, with vague urbanity.

"Oh, I don't mean to be. I have a project which gives me plenty to think about, and that is an occupation." And then Newman was silent a moment, hesitating, yet thinking rapidly; he wished to make his point, and yet to do so forced him to speak out in a way that was disagreeable to him. Nevertheless he continued, addressing himself to old Madame de Bellegarde, "I will tell you my project; perhaps you can help me. I want to take a wife."

"It is a very good project, but I am no match-maker," said the old lady.

Newman looked at her an instant, and then, with perfect sincerity, "I should have thought you were," he declared.

Madame de Bellegarde appeared to think him too sincere. She murmured something sharply in French, and fixed her eyes on her son. At this moment the door of the room was thrown open, and with a rapid step Valentin reappeared.

"I have a message for you," he said to his sister-in-law. "Claire bids me to request you not to start for your ball. She will go with you."

"Claire will go with us!" cried the young marquise. "En voilà, du nouveau!"

"She has changed her mind; she decided half an hour ago, and she is sticking the last diamond into her hair," said Valentin.

"What has taken possession of my daughter?" demanded Madame de Bellegarde, sternly. "She has not been into the world these three years. Does she take such a step at half an hour's notice, and without consulting me?"

"She consulted me, dear mother, five minutes since," said Valentin, "and I

told her that such a beautiful woman — she is beautiful, you will see — had no right to bury herself alive.”

“You should have referred Claire to her mother, my brother,” said M. de Bellegarde, in French. “This is very strange.”

“I refer her to the whole company!” said Valentin. “Here she comes!” And he went to the open door, met Madame de Cintré on the threshold, took her by the hand, and led her into the room. She was dressed in white; but a long blue cloak, which hung almost to her feet, was fastened across her shoulders by a silver clasp. She had tossed it back, however, and her long, white arms were uncovered. In her dense, fair hair there glittered a dozen diamonds. She looked serious and, Newman thought, rather pale; but she glanced round her, and, when she saw him, smiled and put out her hand. He thought her tremendously handsome. He had a chance to look at her full in the face, for she stood a moment in the centre of the room, hesitating, apparently, what she should do, without meeting his eyes. Then she went up to her mother, who sat in her deep chair by the fire, looking at Madame de Cintré almost fiercely. With her back turned to the others, Madame de Cintré held her cloak apart to show her dress.

“What do you think of me?” she asked.

“I think you are audacious,” said the marquise. “It was but three days ago, when I asked you, as a particular favor to myself, to go to the Duchess de Lusignan’s, that you told me you were going nowhere and that one must be consistent. Is this your consistency? Why should you distinguish Madame Robineau? Who is it you wish to please to-night?”

“I wish to please myself, dear mother,” said Madame de Cintré. And she bent over and kissed the old lady.

“I don’t like surprises, my sister,” said Urbain de Bellegarde; “especially when one is on the point of entering a drawing-room.”

Newman at this juncture felt inspired

to speak. “Oh, if you are going into a room with Madame de Cintré, you need n’t be afraid of being noticed yourself!”

M. de Bellegarde turned to his sister with a smile too intense to be easy. “I hope you appreciate a compliment that is paid you at your brother’s expense,” he said. “Come, come, comtesse.” And offering Madame de Cintré his arm he led her rapidly out of the room. Valentin rendered the same service to young Madame de Bellegarde, who had apparently been reflecting on the fact that the ball dress of her sister-in-law was much less brilliant than her own, and yet had failed to derive absolute comfort from the reflection. With a farewell smile she sought the complement of her consolation in the eyes of the American visitor, and perceiving in them a certain mysterious brilliancy, it is not improbable that she may have flattered herself she had found it.

Newman, left alone with old Madame de Bellegarde, stood before her a few moments in silence. “Your daughter is very beautiful,” he said at last.

“She is very strange,” said Madame de Bellegarde.

“I am glad to hear it,” Newman rejoined, smiling. “It makes me hope.”

“Hope what?”

“That she will consent, some day, to marry me.”

The old lady slowly rose to her feet.

“That really is your project, then?”

“Yes; will you favor it?”

“Favor it?” Madame de Bellegarde looked at him a moment and then shook her head. “No!” she said, softly.

“Will you suffer it, then? Will you let it pass?”

“You don’t know what you ask. I am a very proud and meddlesome old woman.”

“Well, I am very rich,” said Newman.

Madame de Bellegarde fixed her eyes on the floor, and Newman thought it probable she was weighing the reasons in favor of resenting the brutality of this remark. But at last, looking up, she said simply, “How rich?”

Newman expressed his income in a

round number which had the magnificent sound that large aggregations of dollars put on when they are translated into francs. He added a few remarks of a financial character, which completed a sufficiently striking presentment of his resources.

Madame de Bellegarde listened in

silence. "You are very frank," she said, finally. "I will be the same. I would rather favor you, on the whole, than suffer you. It will be easier."

"I am thankful for any terms," said Newman. "But, for the present, you have suffered me long enough. Good night!" And he took his leave.

Henry James, Jr.

WHY?

WHY do I love you? I don't know!

They say Love never gives a reason;

But that he has one I don't doubt.

Do you? You do! That's downright treason.

Not always, let me tell you, sir,

Love practiced such excess of prudence;

'T was once his custom to explain

The why and wherefore to his students.

And how to solve each puzzling case

He taught by rule and illustrations;

But skeptics, such as you, have made

Love shy of giving demonstrations.

Why foolish mortals love at all,

Why we two hold each other dearest;

How long 't will last, and where 't will end,

You 'd like to know, you precious querist?

You never will! I 'll tell you that,

Yet still maintain my first assertion;

Love understands what he 's about,

And blinds you, first, for his diversion.

Ah, why I love you! If I knew,

I would not tell you, — no, no, never!

For souls like yours were made to seek,

And mine to hide, you see, forever.

There 's little, sir, you don't find out,

But since that little makes life pleasant,

I think I 'll keep it secret still,

And so keep you, too, for the present.

Mary Keeley Boutelle

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

XIV.

JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE, }
 May 2d. }

MY DEAREST H——: I received your kind letter the other night (that is, morning) on my return from a ball, and read your reflections on dissipation with an attention heightened by the appropriate *comment* of a bad headache and abject weariness from top to toe with dancing. The way in which people *prosecute* their pleasures in this good town of London is certainly amazing; and we are (perforce) models of moderation, compared with most of our acquaintance. I met at that very ball persons who had been to one and two parties previously, and were leaving that dance to hurry to another. Independently of the great fatigue of such a life, it seems to me so strange that when people are enjoying themselves to their hearts' content in one place, they cannot be satisfied to remain there until they wish to return home, but spend half the night in the streets, running from one house to another, working their horses to death, and wasting the precious time when they might be DANCING. You see my folly is not so great but that I have philosophy to spare for my neighbors. Let me tell you again, dear H——, how truly I rejoice in your niece's restored health. I cannot conceive anything more interesting than the sources of enjoyment which must at every moment present themselves in a young existence whose powers of pleasure have been suspended for so long a time. The spring, too, is the very time for such a resurrection, when every day and every hour, every cloud and every flower, offer inexhaustible matter for the capabilities of delight thus regained. Indeed, "the drops on the trees are the most beautiful of all!" [E—— T——'s exclamation during one of her first drives after the long imprisonment of her nervous malady.] A wonderful feeling of

renewed hope seems to fill the heart of all created things in the spring, and even here in this smoky town it finds its way to us, inclosed as we are by brick walls, dusty streets, and all things unlovely and unnatural. I stood yesterday in the little court behind our house, where two unhappy poplars and a sycamore-tree were shaking their leaves as if in surprise at the acquisition and to make sure they had them, and looked up to the small bit of blue sky above them with pleasurable spring tears in my eyes. How I wish I were rich and could afford to be out of town now! I always dislike London, and this lovely weather gives me a sort of *mal du pays* for the country. My dearest H——, you must not dream of leaving Ardgillan just when I am coming to see you; that would be indeed a disappointment. My father is not at home at this moment, but I shall ask him before I close this letter the exact time when we shall be in Dublin. I look forward with much pleasure to making my aunt Dall known to you. She is, I am happy to say, coming with me, for indeed she is in some sense my all the world. You have often heard me speak of her, but it is difficult for words to do justice to one whose whole life is an uninterrupted stream of usefulness, goodness, and patient devotion to others. I know but one term that, as the old writers say, "delivers" her fully, and though it is not unfrequently applied, I think she is the only person I know who really deserves it; she is *absolutely unselfish*. Old maids are vulgarly taxed with sourness and discontent. I know nothing of the justice of such a charge. It may be founded in more general observation than mine, but if it were true as a rule (of which I have only seen the exception), something of it must surely be attributed to a forlorn and isolated position; and the consciousness of the stigma absurdly affixed to their condition in itself must tend to make them

techy and nervously sensitive to the undeserved ridicule attaching to them. I wonder if this contempt for old maids is of Jewish extraction. You know they always speak of marrying and bearing children as a woman's *reproach being taken from her*; and the ladies who have children are invariably so impertinent to those who have not. The importance of the tribe depending upon its numbers, I suppose the mother of men was naturally held in honor; but among many nations vowed virginity has been honored above maternity. In any case, I do not see why we English are always to speak of old maids with a sneer; and when to the disconsolate prospect of an unaccompanied life and solitary age is added the melancholy retrospect of a disastrous early attachment (as is often the case), there is something in the name of "old maid" which seems to me to command both respect and commiseration. Perhaps it is a sort of presentiment that I shall one day be hailed by the title myself that inclines me to be civil to it; but my experience of the species, instead of suggesting the usual train of worries, fidgets, fusses, and unamiable peculiarities generally conjured up by the words "old maid," presents the image of the kindest soul and cheerfulest good human being that ever dedicated her life to the comfort and happiness of those around her. I am sure, dear H—, you will excuse this panegyric, though you do not know how well it is deserved; the proof of its being so is that there is not one of us but would say the same of aunt Dall.

My father's benefit took place last Wednesday, when I acted Isabella; the house was crowded and the play very successful; I think I played it well, and I take credit to myself for so doing, for I dislike both play and part extremely. The worst thing I do in it is the soliloquy when I am about to stab Biron, and the best, my death. My dresses were very beautiful, and I am exceedingly glad the whole thing is over. I suppose it will be my last new part this season. I am reading with great pleasure a purified edition, just published, of the old English dramatists; the work, as far as

my ignorance of the original plays will enable me to judge, seems very well executed, and I owe the editor many thanks for some happy hours spent with his book. I have just heard something which annoys me not a little: I am to prepare to act Mrs. Haller. I know very well that nobody was ever at liberty in this world to do what they liked and that only; but when I know with what task-like feeling I set about most of my work, I am both amused and provoked when people ask me if I do not delight in acting. I have not an idea what to do with that part; however, I must apply myself to it, and try; such mawkish sentiment and such prosaic, commonplace language seem to me alike difficult to feel and to deliver.

My dear H—, I shall be in Ireland the whole month of July. I am coming first to Dublin, and shall afterwards go to Cork. You really must not be away when I come, for if you are, I won't come, which is good Irish, is n't it? I do not feel as you do, at all, about the sea. Instead of depressing my spirits, it always raises them; it seems to me as if the vast power of the great element communicated itself to me. I feel *strong*, as I run by the side of the big waves, with something of their strength, and the same species of wild excitement which thunder and lightning produce in me always affects me by the sea-shore. I never saw the sea but once violently agitated, and then I was so well pleased with its appearance that I took a boat and went out into the bustle, singing with all my might, which was the only vent I could find for my high spirits; it is true that I returned in much humiliation, very seasick, after a very short "triumph of Galatea," indeed.

You ask me in one of your last why I do not send you verses any more, as I used to do, and whether I still write any. So here I send you some which I improvised the other day in your honor, and which, written hurriedly as they were, will not, I think, stand the test of any very severe criticism:—

Whene'er I recollect the happy time
When you and I held converse sweet together,

There come a thousand thoughts of sunny weather,
 Of early blossoms, and the young year's prime.
 Your memory lives forever in my mind,
 With all the fragrant freshness of the spring,
 With odorous lime and silver hawthorn twined,
 And mossy rest and woodland wandering.
 There's not a thought of you but brings along
 Some sunny glimpse of river, field, and sky;
 Your voice sets words to the sweet blackbird's song,
 And many a snatch of wild old melody
 And as I date it still our love arose
 'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.

I never go anywhere without a book wherein I may scratch my valuable ideas, and therefore when we meet I will show you my present receptacle. I take great delight in writing, and write less incorrectly than I used to do. I have not time now to go on with this letter, and as I am anxious you should know when to expect us, I shall not defer it in the hope of making it more amusing, though I fear it is rather dull. But you will not mind that, and will believe me ever your affectionate

FANNY KEMBLE.

The arrangement of Massinger for the family library by my friend the Reverend Alexander Dyce, the learned Shakespearean editor and commentator, was my first introduction to that mine of dramatic wealth which enriched the literature of England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, and culminated in the genius of Shakespeare. It is by comparison with them, his contemporaries, that we arrive at a just estimate of his supremacy; the extraordinary vigor and force and almost total absence of grace and beauty of their writings, viewed with reference to his, suggest the idea of the huge Titanic Torso compared with the divine humanity of the Apollo Belvedere. Some years ago, there appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (I rather think from the pen of M. Montegut) a very poetical and ingenious paper on the subject of Shakespeare, his predecessors and contemporaries. The whole article, more like a German than a French one in the thorough acquaintance it displayed with the early literature of the English stage, was full of fine and just discrimination and appreciation of the particular genius of the several members of the remarkable company of playwrights of which

Shakespeare was the preëminent head, and ended with a comparison of them all to the *dramatis personæ* of his Tempest and of himself to Prospero, which was full of critical judgment, taste, and imagination. I was so enchanted with these plays of Massinger's, but more especially with the one called *The Maid of Honor*, that I never rested till I had obtained from the management its revival on the stage. The part of Camiola is the only one that I ever selected for myself. *The Maid of Honor* succeeded on its first representation, but failed to attract audiences. Though less defective than most of the contemporaneous dramatic compositions, the play was still too deficient in interest to retain the favor of the public. The character of Camiola is extremely noble and striking, but that of her lover so unworthy of her that the interest she excites personally fails to inspire one with sympathy for her passion for him. The piece in this respect has a sort of moral incoherency, which appears to me, indeed, not an infrequent defect in the compositions of these great dramatic pre-Shakespearites. There is a want of psychical verisimilitude, a disjointed abruptness, in their conceptions, which, in spite of their grand treatment of separate characters and the striking force of particular passages, renders almost every one of their plays inharmonious as a whole, however fine and powerful in detached parts. Their selection of abnormal and detestable subjects is a distinct indication of intellectual weakness instead of vigor; supreme genius alone perceives the beauty and dignity of human nature and human life in their common conditions, and can bring to the surface of vulgar, every-day existence the hidden glory that lies beneath it.

The strictures contained in these girlish letters on the various plays in which I was called to perform the heroines, of course partake of the uncompromising nature of all youthful verdicts. Hard, sharp, and shallow, they never went lower than the obvious surface of things, and dealt easily, after the undoubting youthful fashion, with a main result, without

any misgiving as to conflicting causes or painful anxiety about contradictory component parts. At the beginning of life, the ignorant moral and intellectual standard alike have definite form and decided color; time, as it goes on, dissolves the outline into vague indistinctness, and reveals lights and shades so various and innumerable, that towards the end of life criticism grows diffident, opinion difficult, and positive judgment almost impossible.

My first London season was now drawing to an end, and preparations were begun for a summer tour in the provinces. There had been some talk of my beginning with Brighton, but for some reason or other this fell through. I do not suppose the fact of my father's hearing that Captain C—— had made interest with the manager to be allowed to act with me had anything to do with his decision not to go there, as of course no such arrangement could have been fulfilled without our agreement to it, which was impossible; so I am afraid the gentleman amateur was disappointed and annoyed. Captain C——, of my acquaintance with whom I have spoken elsewhere, was passionately fond of the theatre, and one of the best amateur actors I have ever seen. He was at one time attached to the English embassy in Florence, while Lord N—— was our ambassador there, and the diplomatic duties of these gentlemen, in those good, easy, unpolitical times, were quite secondary in importance with them, I imagine, to the theatrical representations which were the principal occupation and interest of the British representative and his staff. Of one of these amateur performances I remember Captain C—— giving me a most ludicrous account. He was acting Macduff, to the Macbeth of Lord N—— (the diplomatists were heroic in their games), and during their final deadly encounter in the last scene, his excellency kept calling to him in a frenzied half-whisper, "Fight round! fight round, will you! that they [the audience] may see my face!" That was very like the real thing for an amateur. I used to think that my friend C—— had occasionally the tone of a

disappointed man, who attributed his want of success to want of zeal on the part of his friends or active disservice on that of his enemies; I wonder if he ever attributed his not achieving an ambassadorship to the grudge of Lord N—— and his underhand influence, in consequence of his not having "fought round" and allowed him to "show his face" properly to his Florentine spectators.

BATH, May 31, 1830.

MY DEAR H——: I have owed you an answer, and a most grateful one, for some time past, for your kindness in writing me so long a letter as your last; but when I assure you that, what with leave-taking, trying on dresses, making purchases, etc., etc., and all the preparations for our summer tour, this is the first moment in which I have been able to draw a long breath for the last month, I am sure you will forgive me, and believe, notwithstanding my long silence, that I was made very happy indeed by your letter. Do you know, when first I opened it I was so surprised and pleased at seeing another sheet within the first, that after my first movement of delight a second thought crossed my mind, that it must be an extract or a copy from something; not that I thought you incapable of inditing so much original matter, but it was so long since I had received such a full-grown epistle from you that I imagined it was "too good to be true." All this tumbled into my head while I opened your letter, and may serve as some confirmation of what I often tell you, that I value them extremely. I bade Covent Garden and my dear London audience farewell on Friday last, when I acted Lady Townley for the first time. The house was crammed, and as the proprietors had fixed that night for a second benefit which they gave me, I was very glad that it was so. I was very nicely dressed, and to my own fancy acted well, though I dare say my performance was a little flat occasionally. But considering my own physical powers, and the immense size of the theatre, I do not think I should have done better on the whole by acting more broadly;

though I suppose it would have been more effective, I should have had to sacrifice something of repose and refinement to make it so. I was very sorry to leave my London audience; they welcomed my first appearance, they knew the history of our shipwrecked fortunes, and though perhaps not one individual amongst them would go a mile out of his way to serve us, there exists in them, taken collectively, a kind feeling and respect for my father, and an indulgent good-will towards me, which I do not hope to find elsewhere. I like Bath very much; I have not been here since I was six years old, when I spent a year here in hopes of being *bettered* by my aunt, Mrs. Twiss. A most forlorn hope it was. I suppose in human annals there never existed a more troublesome little brat than I was for the few years after my first appearance on this earthly stage. This town reminds me a little of Edinburgh; it has the same broad, fine streets and stone houses, and occasional glimpses through them of charming country, but it has not the mountains nor the glorious sea. How glad I shall be to see Edinburgh once more! I expect much pleasure, too, from the pleasure of my aunt Dall, who some years ago spent some very happy time in Edinburgh, and who loves it from association. And then, dear H—, I am looking forward to seeing you once more; I shall be with you somewhere in the beginning of June. I have had my first rehearsal here this morning, *Romeo and Juliet*; the theatre is much smaller than Covent Garden, which rather inconveniences me, as a novelty, but the audience will certainly benefit by it. My fellow-laborers amuse me a good deal; their versions of Shakespeare are very droll. I wonder what your Irish ones will be. I am fortunate in my *Romeo*, inasmuch as he is one of my cousins; he has the family voice and manner very strongly, and at any rate does not murder the text of Shakespeare. I have no more time to spare now, for I must get my tea and go to the theatre. I must tell you, though, of an instance of provincial prudery (delicacy, I suppose I ought to call it) which edified us not a little at

rehearsal this morning: the *Mercutio*, on seeing the nurse and Peter, called out, "A sail, a sail!" and terminated the speech in a significant whisper, which being literally inaudible, my mother, who was with me on the stage, very innocently asked, "Oh, does the gentleman leave out the shirt and the smock?" upon which we were informed that "body linen" was not so much as to be hinted at before a truly refined Bath audience. How particular we are growing—in word! I am much afraid my father will shock them with the speech of that scamp *Mercutio* in all its pristine purity and precision. Good-by dear H—. Ever your affectionate

F. A. K.

P. S. My mother desires to be particularly remembered to you. I want to revive Massinger's *Maid of Honor*; I want to act *Camiola*.

The necessity for carrying with us into the provinces a sufficient number of various parts, and especially of plays in which my father and myself could fill the principal characters, and so be tolerably independent of incompetent coadjutors, was the reason of my coming out in the play of *The Provoked Husband*, before leaving London. The passage in this letter about Lady Townley sufficiently shows how bad my performance of it must have been, and how absolutely in the dark I was with regard to the real style in which the part should be played. The fine lady of my day, with the unruffled insipidity of her *low* spirits (high spirits never came near her) and the imperturbable composure of her smooth insolence, was as unlike the rattlepole, racketing high-bred woman of fashion of Sir John Vanbrugh's play as the flimsy elegance of my silver-embroidered, rose-colored tulle dress was unlike the elaborate splendor of her hooped and feathered and high-heeled, patched- and -powdered magnificence, with its falling laces and standing brocades. The part of Lady Townley was not only beyond my powers, but has never been seen on the English stage since the days of Mrs. Abigdon and Miss

Farren, the latter elegant and spirited actress being held by those who had seen both less like the original great lady than her predecessor; while even the Théâtre Français, where consummate study and reverend tradition of elder art still prevail, has lost more and more the secret of *la grande manière* in a gradual descent from the *grande dame* of Mademoiselle Contat to the pretty, graceful *femme comme il faut* of Mademoiselle Plessis; for even the exquisite Célimène of Mademoiselle Mars was but a "pale reflex" of Molière's brilliant coquette, as played by her great instructress, Contat. The truth is, that society no longer possesses or produces that creature, and a good deal of reading, not of a usual or agreeable kind, would alone make one familiar enough with Lady Townley and her like to enable an actress of the present day to represent her with any verisimilitude. The absurd practice, too, of dressing all the serious characters of the piece in modern costume, and all the comic ones in that of the time at which it was written, renders the whole ridiculously incoherent and manifestly impossible, and destroys it as a picture of the manners of any time; for even stripped of her hoop and powder, and her more flagrant coarsenesses of speech, Lady Townley is still as unlike, in manners, language, and deportment, any modern lady, as she is unlike the woman of fashion of Hogarth's time, whose costume she has discarded.

The event fully justified my expectation of far less friendly audiences out of London than those I had hitherto made my appeals to. None of the personal interest that was felt for me there existed elsewhere, and I had to encounter the usual opposition, always prepared to cavil, in the provinces, at the metropolitan verdict of merit, as a mere exhibition of independent judgment, and to make good to the expectations of the country critics the highly laudatory reports of the London press, by which the provincial judges scorned to have a decision imposed upon them. Not unnaturally, therefore, I found a much less fervid enthusiasm in my audiences — who were, I dare say,

quite justified in their disappointment — and a far less eulogistic tone in the provincial press with regard to my performances. Our houses, however, were always very crowded, which was the essential point, and for my own part I was quite satisfied with the notices and applause which were bestowed on me. My cousin, John Mason, was the Romeo to whom I have referred in this letter. He was my father's sister's son, and, like so many members of our family, he and one of his brothers and his sister had made the stage their profession. He had some favorable physical qualifications for it: a rather striking face, handsome figure, good voice, and plenty of fire and energy; he was tolerably clever and well-informed, but without either imagination or refinement. My father, who thought there was the making of a good actor in him, was extremely kind to him, and for several years he was on terms of friendly familiarity with us, and we saw him constantly both on and off the stage.

GLASGOW, Monday, June 28, 1830.

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — I believe that you will have felt too well convinced that I had not had a moment to spare, to be surprised at my not having sooner acknowledged your very kind letter; nothing but the incessant occupation of my time would so long have prevented me from doing so, but I embrace the opportunity which the king's death affords me of telling you how much obliged to you I was for writing to me, and writing as you did. I have little news to return you but what concerns myself, but I shall make no coquettish excuses about that, for I really believe 't is the subject that will interest you most of any I could find. First, then, I am very well, rather tired, and sitting at an inn window, in a dull, dark, handsome square in Glasgow. My fortnight in Edinburgh is over, and a short fortnight it has been, what with rehearsals, riding, sitting for my bust, and acting. The few hurried glimpses I have caught of my friends have been like dreams, and now that I have parted from them, no more to meet them there certainly,

the whole seems to me like mere bewilderment, and I repeat to myself in my thoughts, hardly believing it, that the next time that I visit Edinburgh I shall not find the dear companionship of my cousins nor the fond affection of Mrs. Henry Siddons. This will be a severe loss to me; Edinburgh will, I fear, be without its greatest charm, and it will remain to be proved whether these lovely scenes that I have so admired and delighted in owed all their incomparable fascination to their intrinsic beauty, or to that most pleasurable frame of mind I enjoyed at the same time, the consciousness of the kind regard of the excellent human beings among whom I lived.

You will naturally expect me to say something of my theatrical experiences in the modern Athens. Our houses have been very fine, our audiences (as is their national nature) very cold; but upon the whole I believe they were well pleased with us, notwithstanding the damping influence of the newspapers, which have one and all been unfavorable to me. The death-like stillness of the audience, as it afforded me neither rest nor stimulus, distressed me a good deal; which, I think I need not tell you, the newspaper criticisms did not. I was surprised, in reading them, to find how very generally their strictures were confined to my external disadvantages, — my diminutive stature and defective features; and that these far-famed northern critics discussed these rather than what I should have expected them to bestow their consideration upon, the dramatic artist's conception of character, and his (or her) execution of that conception. But had their verdicts been still more severe, I have a sufficient consolation in two notes of Sir Walter Scott's, written to the editor of one of the papers, Ballantyne, his own particular friend, which the latter sent me, and where he bears such testimony to my exertions as I do not care to transcribe, for fear my cheeks should reflect a lasting blush on my paper, but which I keep as a treasure and shall certainly show you with pride and pleasure when we meet.

Among the delightful occurrences of

last week, I must record our breakfasting with Walter Scott. I was wonderfully happy. To whom, since Shakespeare, does the reading world owe so many hours of perfect, peaceful pleasure, of blessed forgetfulness of all things miserable and mean in its daily life? The party was a small but interesting one: Sir Walter and his daughter Anne, his old friend Sir Adam Fergusson and Lady Fergusson, and Miss Ferrier, the authoress of *Marriage*, and *Inheritance*, with both which capital books I hope, for your own sake, you are acquainted. Sir Walter was most delightful, and I even forgot all awful sense of his celebrity in his kind, cordial, and almost affectionate manner towards me. He is exceedingly like all the engravings, pictures, and busts of him with which one is familiar, and it seems strange that so varied and noble an intellect should be expressed in the features of a shrewd, kindly, but not otherwise striking countenance. He told me several things that interested me very much; among others, his being present at the time when, after much searching, the regalia of Scotland was found locked up in a room in Edinburgh Castle, where, as he said, the dust of centuries had accumulated upon it, and where the ashes of fires lit more than two hundred years before were still lying in the grate. He told me a story that made me cry, of a poor old lady upwards of eighty years of age, who belonged to one of the great Jacobite families, — she was a Maxwell, — sending to him at the time the Scottish crown was found, to implore permission to see it but for one instant; which (although in every other case the same petition had been refused) was granted to her in consideration of her great age and the vital importance she seemed to attach to it. I never shall forget his describing her when first she saw it, appearing for a moment petrified at sight of it, and then tottering forward and falling down on her knees, and weeping and wailing over these poor remains of the royalty of her country as if it had been the dead body of her child.

Sir Adam Fergusson is a delightful

person, whose quick, bustling manner forms a striking contrast to Walter Scott's quiet tone of voice and deliberate enunciation. I have also made acquaintance with Jeffrey, who came and called upon us the other morning, and, I hear, like other of his fellow-townsmen, complains piteously that I am not prettier. Indeed, I am very sorry for it, and I heartily wish I were; but I did not think him handsome either, and I wonder why he is not handsomer? though I don't care so much about his want of beauty as he seems to do about mine. But I am running on at a tremendous rate, and quite forget that I have traveled upwards of forty miles to-day, and that I promised my mother, whenever I could, to go to bed early. Good-by, my dear Mrs. Jameson. I hope you will be able to make out this scrawl, and to decipher that I am yours affectionately,

F. A. KEMBLE.

Of the proverbial frigidity of the Edinburgh public I had been forewarned, and of its probably disheartening effect upon myself. Mrs. Harry Siddons had often told me of the intolerable sense of depression with which it affected Mrs. Siddons, who, she said, after some of her grandest outbursts of passion, to which not a single expression of applause or sympathy had responded, exhausted and breathless with the effort she had made, would pant out in despair, under her breath, "Stupid people, stupid people!" Stupid, however, they undoubtedly were not, though, as undoubtedly, their want of excitability and demonstrativeness diminished their own pleasure by communicating itself to the great actress and partially paralyzing her powers. The story was often told me by my Edinburgh friends, when I complained of their distressing coldness as an audience, how one night, after one of Mrs. Siddons's greatest exhibitions of power and pathos, the dead silence of the house was broken, after a pause of about a minute, by a single voice oracularly pronouncing, "That's no bad!" which, like the string of a shower-bath, pulled down at once a perfect tempest of ap-

plause from the apparently insensible public. That this habitual reserve sometimes gave way to very violent exhibitions of enthusiasm, the more fervent from its general repression, there is no doubt; and I think it was in Edinburgh that my friend, Mr. Harness, told me the whole of the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth had once been so vehemently encored that my aunt was literally obliged to go over it a second time, before the piece was allowed to proceed.

Scott's opinion of my acting, which would, of course, have been very valuable to me, let it have been what it would, was written to his friend and editor (*cheu!*), Ballantyne, who was also the editor of one of the principal Edinburgh papers, in which unfavorable criticisms of my performances had appeared, and in opposition to which Sir Walter Scott told him he was too hard upon me, and that for his part he had seen nothing so good since Mrs. Siddons. This encouraging verdict was courteously forwarded to me by Mr. Ballantyne himself, who said he was sure I would like to possess it. The first time I ever saw Walter Scott, my father and myself were riding slowly down Princes Street, up which Scott was walking; he stopped my father's horse, which was near the pavement, and desired to be introduced to me. Then followed a string of cordial invitations which previous engagements and our work at the theatre forbade our accepting, all but the pressing one with which he wound up, that we would at least come and breakfast with him. The first words he addressed to me as I entered the room were, "You appear to be a very good horsewoman, which is a great merit in the eyes of an old border-man." Every *r* in which sentence was rolled into a combination of double *u* and double *r* by his border burr, which made it memorable to me by this peculiarity of his pleasant speech. My previous acquaintance with Miss Ferrier's admirable novels would have made me very glad of the opportunity of meeting her, and I should have thought Sir Adam Fergusson delightfully entertaining, but that I could not bear

to lose, while listening to any one else, a single word spoken by Walter Scott.

I never can forget, however, the description Sir Adam Fergusson gave me of a morning he had passed with Scott at Abbotsford, which at that time was still unfinished; and, swarming with carpenters, painters, masons, and bricklayers, was surrounded with all the dirt and disorderly discomfort inseparable from the process of house-building. The room they sat in was in the roughest condition which admitted of their occupying it at all; the raw, new chimney smoked intolerably. Out-of-doors the whole place was still one chaos of bricks, mortar, scaffolding, tiles, and slates. A heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of lovely Tweed side, and distilled in a cold, persistent, dumb drizzle. Maida, the well-beloved staghound, kept fidgiting in and out of the room, Walter Scott every five minutes exclaiming, "Eh, Adam! the puir brute's just wearying to get out;" or, "Eh, Adam! the puir creature's just crying to come in;" when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw, chilly air for the wet, muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, with his face swollen with a grievous toothache, and one hand pressed hard to his cheek, with the other was writing the inimitably humorous opening chapters of *The Antiquary*, which he passed across the table, sheet by sheet, to his friend, saying, "Now, Adam, d'ye think that'll do?" Such a picture of mental triumph over outward circumstance has surely seldom been surpassed; house-builders, smoky chimney, damp draughts, restless, dripping dog, and toothache, form what our friend, Miss Masson, called a "concatenation of exteriorities" little favorable to literary composition of any sort; but considered as accompaniments or inspiration of that delightfully comical beginning of *The Antiquary*, they are all but incredible.

To my theatrical avocation I have been indebted for many social pleasures and privileges; among others, for Sir Walter Scott's notice and acquaintance; but among the things it has deprived

me of was the opportunity of enjoying more of his honorable and delightful intercourse. A visit to Abbotsford, urged upon us most kindly, is one of the lost opportunities of my life that I think of always with bitter regret. Sir Walter wanted us to go down and spend a week with him in the country, and our professional engagements rendered it impossible for us to do so; and there are few things in my whole life that I count greater loss than the seven days I might have passed with that admirable genius and excellent, kind man, and had to forego. I never saw Abbotsford until after its master had departed from all earthly dwelling-places. I was staying in the neighborhood, at the house of my friend, Mrs. M——, of Carolside, and went thither with her and my youngest daughter. The house was inhabited only by servants; and the housekeeper, whose charge it was to show it, waited till a sufficient number of tourists and sight-seers had collected, and then drove us all together from room to room of the house in a body, calling back those who outstripped her, and the laggards who would fain have fallen a few paces out of the sound of the dreary parrotty of her inventory of the contents of each apartment. There was his writing-table and chair, his dreadnaught suit and thick walking shoes and staff there in the drawing-room; the table, fitted like a jeweler's counter, with a glass cover, protecting and exhibiting all the royal and precious tokens of honor and admiration, in the shape of orders, boxes, miniatures, etc., bestowed on him by the most exalted worshipers of his genius, hardly to be distinguished under the thick coat of dust with which the glass was darkened. Poor Anne Scott's portrait looked dolefully down on the strangers staring up at her, and, a glass door being open to the garden, Mrs. M—— and myself stepped out for a moment to recover from the miserable impression of sadness and desecration the whole thing produced on us; but the inexorable voice of the housekeeper peremptorily ordered us to return, as it would be she said (and very truly), quite

impossible for her to do her duty in describing the "curiosities" of the house, if visitors took upon themselves to stray about in every direction instead of keeping together and listening to what she was saying. How glad we were to escape from the sort of nightmare of the affair!

I returned there on another occasion, one of a large and merry party who had obtained permission to picnic in the grounds, but who, deterred by the threatening aspect of the skies from gypsying (as had originally been proposed) by the side of the Tweed, were allowed, by Sir Adam Fergusson's interest with the housekeeper, to assemble round the table in the dining-room of Abbotsford. Here, again, the past was so present with me as to destroy all enjoyment, and, thinking how I might have had the great good fortune to sit there with the man who had made the whole place illustrious, I felt ashamed and grieved at being there then, though my companions were all kind, merry, good-hearted people, bent upon their own and each other's enjoyment. Sir Adam Fergusson had grown very old, and told no more the vivid anecdotes of former days; and to complete my mental discomfort, on the wall immediately opposite to me hung a strange picture of Mary Stuart's head, severed from the trunk and lying on a white cloth on a table, as one sees the head of John the Baptist in the charger, in pictures of Herodias's daughter. It was a ghastly presentation of the guillotined head of a pretty but rather common-looking French woman, — a fancy picture which it certainly would not have been my fancy to have presiding over my dinner-table.

Only once after this dreary party of pleasure did I return, many years later, to Abbotsford. I was alone, and the tourist season was over, and, the sad autumnal afternoon offering little prospect of my being joined by other sight-seers, I prevailed with the housekeeper, who admitted me, to let me wander about the place, without entering the house; and I spent a most melancholy hour in the garden and in pacing up and

down the terrace overlooking the Tweed side. The place was no longer inhabited at all; my ringing at the gate had brought, after much delay, a servant from Mr. Hope's new residence, built at some distance from Scott's house, and from her I learned that the proprietor of Abbotsford had withdrawn to the house he had erected for himself, leaving the poet's dwelling exclusively as a place of pilgrimage for travelers and strangers, with not even a servant residing under its roof. The house abandoned to curious wayfarers; the sons and daughters, the grandson and granddaughter, every member of the founder's family dead; Mr. Hope remarried to a lady of the house of Arundel, and living in a semi-monastic seclusion in a house walled off from the tourist-haunted shrine of the great man whose memory alone was left to inhabit it, — all these circumstances filled me with indescribable sadness as I paced up and down in the gloaming, and thought of the strange passion for founding here a family of the old border type which had obfuscated the keen, clear brain of Walter Scott, made his wonderful gifts subservient to the most futile object of ambition, driven him to the verge of disgrace and bankruptcy, embittered the evening of his laborious and glorious career, and finally ended in this, — the utter extinction of the name he had illustrated and the family he had hoped to found. And while his noble works remain to make his memory ever loved and honored, this *Brummagem* mediæval mansion, this mock feudal castle with its imitation baronial hall (upon a diminutive scale) hung round with suits of armor, testifies to the utter perversion of good sense and good taste resulting from this one mental infirmity, this craving to be a border chieftain of the sixteenth century instead of an Edinburgh lawyer of the nineteenth, and his preference for the distinction of a petty land-holder to that of the foremost genius of his age. Mr. Combe, in speaking of this feudal insanity of Scott and the piteous havoc it made of his life, told me that at one time he and Ballan-

tyne, with whom he had entered into partnership, were staving off imminent ruin by indorsing and accepting each other's bills, and carried on that process to the extremest verge compatible with honesty. What a history of astounding success and utter failure!

GLASGOW, July 3, 1830.

You will, ere this, my dear Mrs. Jameson, have received my very tardy reply to your first kind letter. I got your second last night at the theatre, just after I *had given away my jewels to Mr. Beverley*. I was much gratified by your profession of affection for me, for though I am not over-desirous of public admiration and approbation, I am anxious to secure the good-will of individuals whose intellect I admire, and on whose character I can with confidence rely. Your letter, however, made me uncomfortable in some respects; you seem unhappy and perplexed. I am sure you will believe me when I say that, without the remotest thought of intruding on the sacredness of private annoyances and distresses, I most sincerely sympathize in your uneasiness, whatever may be its cause, and earnestly pray that the cloud, which the two or three last times we met in London hung so heavily on your spirits, may pass away. It is not for me to say to you, "Patience," my dear Mrs. Jameson; you have suffered too much to have neglected that only remedy of our afflictions, but I trust Heaven will make it an efficacious one to you, and ere long send you less need of it. I am glad you see my mother often, and very glad that to assist your recollection of me you find interest and amusement in discussing the fitting-up of my room with her. Pray do not forget that the drawing you made of the rooms in James Street is mine, and that when you visit me in my new abode it will be pleasant to have that remembrance before us of a place where we have spent some hours very happily together.

What you say of Mrs. N—— only echoes my own thoughts of her. She is a splendid creature, nobly endowed

every way; too nobly to become through mere frivolity and foolish vanity the mark of the malice and envy of such *things* as she is surrounded by, and who will all eagerly embrace the opportunity of slandering one so immeasurably their superior in every respect. I do not know much of her, but I feel deeply interested in her; not precisely with the interest inspired by loving or even liking, but with that feeling of admiring solicitude with which one must regard a person so gifted, so tempted, and in such a position as hers. I am glad that lovely sister of hers is married, though matrimony in that world is not always the securest haven for a woman's virtue or happiness; it is sometimes in that society the reverse of an "honorable estate."

The poor king's death gave me a holiday on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and we eagerly embraced the opportunity its respite afforded us of visiting Loch Lomond and the entrance to Loch Long. As almost my first thought when we reached the lake was, "How can people attempt to describe such places?" I shall not terminate my letter with "smooth expanses of sapphire-tinted waves," or "purple screens of heath-clad hills rising one above another into the cloudless sky." A volume might be written on the mere color of the water, and give no idea of it, though you are the very person whose imagination, aided by all that you've seen, would best realize such a scene from description. It was heavenly, and we had such a perfect day! I prefer, however, the glimpse we had of Loch Long to what we saw of Loch Lomond. The latter has more serene beauty in its wide expanse and verdant shores, but the rocks and crags which guard the entrance of Loch Long are wilder and more sublime, and the dark water inclosed by the mountains of Arquhar, instead of reflecting the smiling sky as it lay mirrored on the wide surface of Loch Lomond, borrowed a sinister, gloomy tint from the black cliffs that wall it in on either side. Perhaps, too, the circumstance of our not having had time

to explore Loch Long added the stimulus of unsatisfied curiosity to the admiration which was excited by what I saw of it, and fancy still suggests that what was "beyond" would have been more beautiful than all I had seen. I brought away an appropriate nosegay from my trip: a white rose from Dumbarton, in memory of Mary Stuart, an oak branch from Loch Lomond, and a handful of heather, for which I fought with the bees on the rocky shore of Loch Long.

I like my Glasgow audience better than my Edinburgh one; they are not so cold. I look for a pleasant audience in your country, for which we set out to-morrow, I believe. My aunt desires to be remembered to you, and so does my father, and bids me add, in answer to your modest doubt, that you are a person to be always remembered with pleasure and esteem. I am glad you did not like my Bath miniature; indeed, it was not likely that you would.

Believe me always yours affectionately,
F. A. K.

During our summer tour my mother, who had remained in London, superintended the preparation of a new house, to which we removed on our return to town. My brother Henry's schooling at Westminster was over, which had been the reason for our taking the house at Buckingham Gate, and, though it had proved a satisfactory residence in many respects, we were glad to exchange it for the one to which we now went, which had many associations that made it agreeable to my father, having been my uncle John's home for many years, and connected with him in the memory of my parents. It was the corner house of Great Russell Street and Montague Place, and, since we left it, has been included in the new court-yard of the British Museum (which was next door to it) and become the librarian's quarters, our friend Panizzi being its first occupant afterward. It was a good, comfortable, substantial house, the two pleasantest rooms of which, to me, were the small apartment on the ground floor,

lined with books from floor to ceiling, and my own peculiar lodging in the upper regions, which, thanks to my mother's kindness and taste, was as pretty a bower of elegant comfort as any young spinster need have desired. There I chiefly spent my time, pursuing my favorite occupations, or in the society of my own especial friends: my dear H—— S——, when she was in London; Mrs. Jameson, who often climbed thither for an hour's pleasant discussion of her book on Shakespeare; and a lady with whom I now formed a very close intimacy, which lasted till her death, my dear E—— F——.

I had the misfortune to lose the water-color sketches which Mrs. Jameson had made of our two drawing-rooms in James Street, Buckingham Gate. They were very pretty and skillful specimens of a difficult kind of subject, and valuable as her work, no less than as tokens of her regard for me. The beautiful G—— S——, to whose marriage I have referred, had she not been a sister of her sisters would have been considered a wit; and, in spite of this was the greatest beauty of her day. She always reminded me of what an American once said in speaking of a countrywoman of his, that she was so lovely that when she came into the room she took his breath away. While I was in Bath I was asked by a young artist to sit for my miniature. His portrait had considerable merit as a piece of delicate, highly finished workmanship; it was taken in the part of Portia, and engraved; but I think no one, without the label underneath, would have imagined in it even the intention of my portrait. Whether or not the cause lay in my own dissimilar expressions and dissimilar aspects at different times, I do not know; but if a collection was made of the likenesses that have been taken of me, to the number of nearly thirty, nobody would ever imagine that they were intended to represent the same person. Certainly, my Bath miniature produced a version of my face perfectly unfamiliar to myself and most of my friends who saw it.

Frances Anne Kemble.

A FAIR COMPENSATION.

A CITY clerk engaged to be married, having, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four, mastered three foreign languages to enable him to be of value to his firm, and having therefore been transferred from the outer office, where it was light and sunny, to the parlors, where all was rich and gloomy, and having toiled at general correspondence and general management ten hours out of every twenty-four for five years longer, finally yielded to nature, and became ill.

The junior partner, who commonly illustrated the humane instincts of the firm, said, "Perhaps you would do well to take a day. A run up Harlem Lane, now, or a stroll in the Park, would build you up wonderfully." Phosphorus was not to be had so easily, and Eades returned to his work with a sensation of great roominess in the upper part of his head.

It was Friday, and it was necessary that the foreign mail should be written for the Saturday steamers. The faithful slave, with dull eyes and trembling hands, worked until twelve P. M., and then fell in a dead faint into the arms of the post-messenger and the copy-clerk. But not until he had directed his last letter.

On the next day he was told by a physician that he must give up business for eighteen months or two years. He whispered, "Impossible," and sent for another adviser. This gentleman mended matters by saying, "Three years and a total change of scene and climate."

At the end of the week, the girl of his heart was finally permitted to go to his bedside. She entered the room with the tread of a hare but with the spirit of a volcano. She paused beside him, filled with sorrow and amazement. She sank upon her knees and buried her face in the palms of his hands and hers. After an hour she found coherent use of her tongue, and suggested immediate marriage.

"Never!" cried he, with the flush of a man of pride.

"Forever," cried she, with the smile of an angel. Then they fell into argument. It lasted, with intervals, for three days.

He claimed, of course, that it would be cruel to entail upon her the aggravated anxieties which she would feel were she made a wife; also that, as a matter of pure justice, it was wrong to start upon a copartnership with a tangible disability upon one side; again, as a matter of hygiene, that it would be clearly dangerous for a susceptible yet entirely healthy mental organization to be under the debilitating influence of one vitiated by exhaustion. There would be a drain without a counter-drain, and so it would end in the illness of both; then, again, viewing sentiment as a living element in all human complications, how hard it would be to relinquish forever the delicate joys of final courtship and the sweet fervor of the honeymoon, and to experience in their places the solitudes of the sick-chamber! How sad it would be hereafter to associate their early married life, not with ardent hopes and the sunshine of unburdened hearts, but with invalidism and apprehensions!

To this the reply was general, and was like the bursting of sunlight upon a candle-lighted chamber. The feeble rays of Eades's persuasion turned pale and then went out.

"How unworthily you speak! How is it that in this moment of distress you dare to pretend that love, the supreme method of God, is nothing but a human passion! The law permits us to be nearer to one another, but what shall determine at what time we may or may not bear one another's ills? Does not the love of this tender office come with the need of it, and without a spur? Does not the grace of a loving heart fall like a dew, without a commotion, with-

out a cloud? Let us begin our lives by correcting an evil; it is far better than waiting for a chance to perpetuate what is only happy." And so on, by snatches and runs, now faltering and now eloquent, but always illogical. Still, the argument, aided as it was by many tears and by the most beautiful face in the world, did its work.

They called in their families and four sworn friends, and were married with all due rites. Three hours later the wife appeared in a gray traveling-suit, which became her well. Eades asked her where she was going. (He was still in bed.)

"To South Carolina," she replied. "I learn that there is a township there the climate of which is delightful at this season of the year. I am going to see for myself. If I am satisfied, then we shall go there at once to live until you recover."

It amused him to see her pretend to pull her gloves on; for five minutes she tried to fit the left in place of the right. He said, "You are going to walk there, I fancy." Then she broke down like a bubble, and ran and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, my poor husband, how hard it seems to leave you, even to the care of Heaven! All my prayers that I might be brave at this moment have failed me; and see, I am crying like a child! Even you, with your sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, seem stronger than I. I cannot pretend that I am bold any longer; I have prayed that God may guide our footsteps and lead us where we shall be secure."

In this humble mood she went away.

Just as her carriage departed, another arrived. It contained an aged man, a friend of her husband. He was shown to the invalid's chamber without delay. He was slow of speech, and his voice was subdued. "I learn that you are going away, Eades."

"Yes, to the South somewhere. My wife has gone to search for a good climate."

It was the first time that the words "my wife" had passed his lips. The

utterance apparently confounded both the speaker and the listener. The face of one grew slowly radiant, while the face of the other became immeasurably grave.

"Yes, we are going to the South somewhere," repeated the young man. "Your home was there once, was it not, sir?"

"Yes, for fifty years. My wife is there now. We were estranged by the war."

"*Man and wife estranged by the war!*" Eades sat up for the first time. This seemed to him to be an intolerable sarcasm. "I should have believed just as easily that your own body and soul had taken sides against each other on account of the war."

"Yes, no doubt," replied the visitor, after a pause.

"And do I understand that this estrangement still exists?"

"We have not heard of each other for five years."

"Of each other?"

"Yes."

"Implying, of course, that you have not heard from each other during that period?"

"No, nor for the fourteen years that have elapsed since 1861."

"Merciful Heaven!"

Eades sank down again and considered these statements. So long as he could hold them in his head he could discover nothing in them but evil, but his weakened brain began to give up its hold after a few minutes, and his face, not his tongue, expressed his opinions. His eyes searched the face of his friend with languor, yet with a steadfastness that finally drew this from the unwilling lips:

"You are just married. I cannot presume to give advice to you, for you are as well adjusted to your circumstances as I was to mine, or as I am to those that surround me now. I have tried hard to keep up the dignity of living, but I have failed. I have endeavored to console myself, but I have failed in that. I have to confess that the discipline which my spirit has undergone has produced no good, that all the phi-

losophy that I knew how to use has not soothed a single regret. I thought that I was right at the outset, and I think so now. The reasons that led me to decide what my course should be in that fatal crisis have lost none of their force, and I have nothing to retract. I was unable to influence my wife, and she remained steadfast to her principles. She was not passive. She was active in giving aid and encouragement where I would have given warning and reproof. Fortified by the spirit of the neighborhood and the hour, she came to believe it heroic to stand aloof from me, and those were days when cooled love changed to frenzied hate. May the Almighty Father never again visit such upon his humble people!

"Separated as I am from that one human being whose whereabouts I know not, I am as lonely as if I were solitary in the middle of the sea. Nothing enters my bosom. The sympathy of no one reaches me. Knowing the character of her spirit, I believe that I can never enter into her heart again."

Eades had nothing to say. He gazed, perhaps with but dim comprehension, at the old mourner, and felt for him, beside astonishment at his lack of vigor, a profound compassion.

Ten days later a message came from the wife, and Eades, in obedience to it, prepared to leave the city at once, and in the care of a physician who was engaged to accompany him on the journey.

Everything that the wife had done thus far had had a peculiarly metallic ring about it, and if the relator were put upon the rack he would admit that Eades began to feel a little uneasiness. It was plain that if she proposed to go on in this manner, there must soon occur a little fault in the melody; but this was only the fear of the ex-business-manager in *propria persona*, and it was wholly groundless.

The invalid arrived at his destination in the night-time. His tyrant, with a little lantern shaped like a pepper-box hanging by a ring and a chain from her fore-finger, was standing in the doorway of the station, with her features bal-

anced for a smile or an agony of tears. When Eades got out she flew at him and threw herself upon his neck like a child. The physician left some directions for form's sake, and then went discreetly to a hotel.

This is the principal meaning of the chat on the wife's part, as she led her husband toward their sanitarium, over an easy country path that wound through a grove of enormous trees:—

"Our house is a cottage with three verandas; hence, three faces and one back. It has a garden of white sand, and out of the sand grow twenty varieties of roses, which bloom always, nearly. To the west is a heavenly view of a pine valley and a limitless sky. We shall spend many happy hours on that side. To the east is a well ninety feet deep, with a lattice and a Swiss roof above it. There is also a whitewashed cabin where one of my maids and her uncle and four nephews live. I pay the maid only; however, she voluntarily considers the support of her relatives a just perquisite. We have many hens; but we purchase eggs, as I am told in the kitchen that this is an off-year with fowl of our sort.

"We have neighbors in cottages just like ours in all directions. They are all Southerners, and are silent, kind, and generally very thin. They know all that has passed in the world up to seven days ago, the common time for book parcels from New York, and they will be glad to speak with you on political matters, especially those of the State. Their welcome to Northern people is real; I have broken bread in nearly every house that I could reach by walking half an hour.

"There are no great scenes here. The land is elevated and the air is dry. You can do nothing at first but breathe the piny air, calm your spirit in the calm of the place, and bring your soul down to the small things.

"We shall be able, I think, to learn many lessons in fortitude and endurance, and we shall hear some of the strangest theories of political and social economy that ever came out of the brain of man.

I predict that our sympathies with the suffering will be drained very dry, and yet that we shall wonder how it became possible that sympathies could be demanded when all — we and they — are so ready to love each other and to hate war.”

Eades, feeble and languid to the last degree, did the best that his strength and sense permitted. At first he was able only to sit in a broad chair upon the piazza, with bared head and folded hands, and to gaze down the valley with the vacancy of a child. He slept but little. Every petty noise in the dead of night rang in his ears like a clap of thunder. In a fortnight he mended so much that his wife took him for short walks in the woods, he leaning upon her arm, and she shielding him from all stray sunshine with her umbrella. Little was said upon these occasions, yet they conversed without cessation. It was not necessary that they should speak, to understand each other's happiness. To press the same pine carpet with their feet, to behold the same grandeur in the trees, to listen together to the murmur of the wind, to pause as one to breathe the fragrant air, was communion enough, and the simple touch of their hands was a privilege immeasurably sweet. Every moment passed thus was an aid to the crippled man. With a thankfulness that his stammering words at nightfall could but illy formulate, he noted, on this day perhaps that he was able to walk a little farther without exhaustion; on this, that he craved another ounce of food; on this, that he slept a few moments in the afternoon; on another, that his color was better, or that the palm of his hand was firmer, or that he was able to laugh a little more heartily.

Gratitude, the purest and deepest, flowed out at these trifling events. Clapsed in one another's arms, the husband and wife recognized the direct interposition of favoring Providence. The wife's cup was too full, and one day she cried, —

“Oh that a little of my joy might fall into the sad hearts that are so many in this strange land!”

On a day that had promised to be fair, a storm came up with great speed and overtook a number of strollers in the woods. Among these were Eades and his wife. She urged him to hasten, having more fear of the rain than of the exhaustion that might ensue from a rapid walk. They were in a valley. The nearest house was an old villa upon the brow of a red hill. The tall pines about it began to sway in the wind, and the clouds came floating up from the west with that wild hurry with which smoke rushes into the zenith from conflagrations.

“Let us climb up this road and go to Mistress Gardette's,” cried the anxious nurse.

“Do you know her?”

“Yes. She beckoned to me one day, and told me that she liked my way of stepping.”

Eades smiled, and hurried on with compressed lips, swaying from side to side, now and then casting furtive looks at his wife, endeavoring to see by her face how he himself was standing the strain. They reached the white paling just as the storm broke and deluged the old mansion and its sombre panes. The rose-bushes bowed with a rushing sound, and the dogs howled in their kennels.

Mistress Gardette came herself to the door. In a moment the refugees were sheltered. The parlor was furnished with that half-comfort, that curious blending of the homely and the tasteful, that characterizes most Southern interiors. There was a fine French lamp upon a bare table. The walls were covered with old engravings and imitations of new pictures in high colors. Over the mantel hung a rough cut of Stonewall Jackson and his men at prayer. Beside this was a print of a Confederate flag soaring upward toward a sunlit ether from a world of turbid smoke. On the north wall was Lee's Farewell Address, together with a portrait of the beloved soldier.

Mistress Gardette was fifty years of age, slender, erect, positive, and yet silent. Her face was dark, her eyes could brighten upon occasion, and her

lips so touched each other that one decided that they were kept closed by an ever-present "Let me think of this." She surveyed the two people before her with calm curiosity. Presently she asked a few questions in a sweet and tardy undertone:—

"Do you not walk together a great deal—walk in the woods?"

"Oh, yes," returned Mistress Eades, after a pause and a long interrogative look, "we walk together."

"I see; he is ill, and he needs some one beside him."

"But I should walk with him all the same if he were well."

"That would not be very interesting, would it?" said the other with a smile. A good strong blush came up over the young wife's face and neck, and her eyes sparkled. She waited until she could answer in a few words, and then she said, simply enough,—

"It has always been so, thus far, Mistress Gardette."

"And you walk in the woods," added the other. "Youth and Nature, and senility and Nature, are always good company."

"Yes, we go every day. It is warm there, and there is plenty of shade. We love the woods."

"And you love each other?"

"Y-yes," replied Mistress Eades, with astonishment.

A moment was occupied by the hostess in (apparently) considering this answer. She then asked in a louder and a little lighter tone, "And you fear that you will be separated?"

"No," whispered Eades, with a last effort for a voice. His eyes were closed and his head was inclined a little upon his breast. His wife leaped to her feet, and cried for water, at the same time placing her arm about his body. His over-exertion had made him faint. Mistress Gardette, still seated, called, "Marcia! Marcia!" But Mistress Eades seized some flowers from a vase, and, plunging her hand in as far as the wrist, drew it out cool and dripping, and dashed the face of the sick man with a grateful shower. Marcia came. Her mistress

shook her head. "Yes," interposed the wife, promptly, "a little cool water, please, and a napkin."

A furious outburst of the storm happened at this instant, and it grew much darker. Mistress Gardette calmly turned and gazed toward the rattling windows. The prospect was clouded as if by a fog, for the fierce wind had shattered the rain-drops and produced a horrible tempestuous spray that rolled in billows against the house, which the storm shook to its foundations. Vivid flashes of lightning followed one another in rapid succession, and the accompanying thunder seemed to roll lower and lower toward the very roof.

Eades had awakened, and from an impulse to protect had placed his feeble arms about his wife. She, remembering his weakness, yet trembling with terror, preserved her old attitude. The hostess regarded the two pale faces with a cold and protracted gaze, conceding neither a shudder at the force of the storm nor a sign of sympathy at so much suffering. The half-divine interchange of support that she beheld seemed to touch nothing within her breast. That she was debarred from this or a similar companionship, that she sat aloof, that there was no one of her kind to interpose between her and evil, drew no sign to her placid face. She preserved her immobility to the end. In the course of a few moments the fury of the tempest expended itself.

"Mistress Gardette," said the wife in a low voice, turning her face toward her hostess, "I fear that it would be wrong for us to venture out again to-night, for"—

The other raised her hand. "Stay here with me. You shall have all the comforts that I can give you."

Tears sprang to the eyes of the wife. This prompt welcome filled her with gratitude. She arose hastily from her chair and ran, like a girl, and throwing her arms about the neck of the stern lady kissed her repeatedly. The other made no response. When she was released from the embrace she exhibited no trace of emotion.

At an early hour on the next morning Mistress Gardette was awakened, being a light sleeper, by a slight noise. She arose and encountered her guest passing through the hall-way with a handful of phials. "Ah, you are up betimes, to-day."

"Y-yes. That is, I have not been in bed. I have just come from our cottage with these medicines. I needed them, for my husband is not well, — no, not at all well." A quick, full look accompanied this repetition.

"And so you have not slept?"

"I? No, — no, I have not slept." She immediately went on into the chamber.

At noon the temperature was high and the air was quiet. All the windows were thrown open, begging a little draught, but getting none. The sky was very blue, the sunlight was very yellow, and the pine forests were very cool. The whole region was tranquil. There were no sounds. Everything invited to repose. To close the eyes was involuntary. Everything said, "Sleep! sleep!"

Mistress Gardette, from her curious parlor, looked across the hall-way and saw that the door of the chamber was open. She laid aside her play (not her work) and went to speak to her guest.

Eades was lying upon the bed. He was very pale, and his eyes, wide open, stared upward with a blank gaze. His hands lay upon the counterpane, with their fingers extended and separated. Seated close beside him was his wife, plying a fan above his face, showing a few signs of physical exhaustion but none whatever of a lack of spirit.

She caught sight of Mistress Gardette. She gave her a quick smile, a smile that dissipated the natural gloom of the sick-chamber in a flash.

Mistress Gardette returned to her parlor without a sign. In the afternoon she put a black straw hat upon her head, a thin shawl about her shoulders, and taking a small parasol with a long fringe at its edges, walked over to the Pine Run plantation to ask what they thought over there about putting cotton-seed into the earth at that date.

On her way back through the pine-woods, she discerned a figure moving briskly toward the village. It was Mistress Eades. She was in great haste. As she came up, Mistress Gardette saw that her eyes were sunken and that there were hollows in her cheeks. Yet she moved with elasticity and even with a certain gayety.

"Are you going for a physician?"

"Oh no, I am the physician. I know exactly what will help him and what will hurt him. Indeed, I look upon physicians as desperate remedies. I know when the time has arrived for change in diet." She caught the stray hand of the other with a laugh, and cried, "The time has come when he should have some Florida oranges; I tell by the manner in which he tastes the ice-water."

"But has he not asked?"

"Asked? oh, he would n't have asked for the world!"

"Well, and where will you find the oranges? They are rare in town."

"Mistress Farley will give me some."

"Mistress Farley! She lives three miles off!"

"Yes — or two miles."

"And it is so hot!"

"Hot?" Mistress Eades put up her white hand, with its fair palm to the north. "Well, at least one may walk fast, — that will make a breeze, you know."

Mistress Gardette fixed her eyes upon her, and the fire that lay latent within them began to burn. The lids parted a little wider, and her nostrils quivered for a bare instant. Then all became calm again. It seemed as if she were afraid to accept these evidences as proofs of what they appeared to prove. She seemed to fortify herself against encroachments upon a rigid disbelief. She permitted the other to go on her way without further questioning. Twice or thrice before she quitted the warm and fragrant copse, she turned her head and looked back to catch one more glimpse of the hastening woman.

Night came on again. It was a repetition of the previous one; neither the invalid nor the watcher could close their

eyes. Mistress Gardette learned of this with a raising of her hands and an involuntary agitation in her throat.

"I pray that he may sleep; that is all I want," whispered Mistress Eades.

"But you — *you*?" queried the other.

"I? Oh, I can rest any time; but think of the weary hours he spends. And I dare not give him opiates, for the after effects are evil. I will wait until to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Will you pass another day and another night without rest? Are you made of brass and iron?" (Mistress Eades opened her eyes at the tone of this question.) "You expose yourself to the sun and rain; you watch, you sing songs, you smile, you walk long distances, you invent shades for the light and strange dishes to eat, and you seem happy and full of hope. Yet you never rest. You seem tireless. Why do you not fall down as you walk? Why do you not feel disheartened? Why?" —

"Mistress Gardette, tell me, where are your children?"

"I have none, Mistress Eades. God forbade the blessing." In a flash she felt a finger laid upon her lips.

"Well, your father, your mother?"

"Remember, I am old."

"Forgive me. Then your sister, your brother?"

"I have none."

"Then your husband?"

The questions had been pushed so rapidly that Mistress Gardette had had little time to devise an answer to this last query, which she expected in its course. She retreated a step, made a gesture of deprecation, and remained silent. The other, carried away by an internal fire of commiseration and by the very fullness of her own heart, hastened on.

"You have a husband. He is not here. You look half sad and half angry when I speak of him. Perhaps he has done you some injury; perhaps his nature is so different from yours that you are always in conflict, and so how wrong may it be for me to say a word to you — you whose child I might be! But oh, mother, has not the time come when you are beginning to lean a little, when

your hand needs a support, when your heart aches with loneliness? In this sweet land where it is so warm and fruitful, how hard it must be to say to yourself, My life is the only thing that is unlike! Are your wrongs now anything more than cobwebs? Tell me, can you not sweep them away very easily? And when they have disappeared will not there remain a high spirit that love might enter again? Oh, I am sure of it! I know it! It is not too late to sweep and garnish the chambers of *your* heart! You have watched me! You have followed me incessantly with your eyes and thoughts, and the sight of my poor devotion has aroused your own, though your face seems to be as stern as ever. You cannot deceive me! You would not! You have begun to look with terror on every day that you pass alone; and oh, dear friend — mother — I implore you — hark!"

A confused noise came from the sick-chamber. It seemed to be a stifled call and a sound as if some one were in the midst of a struggle. Mistress Eades flew back and threw open the door.

Her husband, whose nervous system had received a fresh strain from lack of repose, had become weakly alarmed at her absence and had risen from his bed, insane to reach her. He had staggered to a closed door near by, and was now beating wildly upon it with his open palms, uttering at the same time a number of incomprehensible words.

His appearance was sufficiently alarming to have caused even the strongest to feel a little terror; but the wife approached him without hesitation. He did not recognize her, and he repulsed her with a gesture of surprise and anger. Mistress Gardette, anticipating a scene of violence, fled in dismay, calling upon her guest to follow her. But Mistress Eades, conceiving what was required, with ready precision, stood her ground, inviting the confidence of the sick man by gently extending her hand for him to take, and by composing her features and her figure, not as a commander or an aggressor, but as a suppliant, or rather as a friend.

By slow degrees the frenzy faded from the husband's face, his features became placid, and his eyes regained a little of their native expression. He turned his gaze aside and in a moment submitted to be led to his resting-place. He sank into it with a long and painful sigh, an utterance that was half sane and half mad, and that more nearly brought down the pitying tears of the wife than any other incident that had happened during her recent ministrations.

Now that all was secure, her quick and graceful hand restored calm and beauty to the room, as it had restored peace to the disturbed man. The light was lowered, flowers were brought, a gentle breeze was let in, and order reigned once more.

The wife said to herself, "If I can only make you close your eyes, dear boy, then I shall be happy; rest, and you will recover quickly."

Quarter of an hour later, Mistress Gardette, hearing no further noise, approached the door. She beheld the invalid lying upon his side, with one slender hand beneath his head and the other extended, as was his custom, over the coverlid. The pale wife, nearly as wan as her husband, sat plying her fan above his face, extending her arm, and keeping even the skirt of her dress with great care from contact with the bed. She knew that the smallest touch could produce a great disturbance at such a critical moment.

Mistress Gardette perceived once more in the weary face of her guest that ineradicable glow that had already so often startled her. She now contemplated it with profound attention. She saw that the eyes and the lips, though set in the midst of features so dragged and discolored by labor and anxiety that they resembled those of death, were brilliant and mobile with an inward life. She recognized afresh the presence of an indomitable something that had preserved its entirety in spite of all, and she dwelt upon it with humility. In a few moments she turned about and went somewhat rapidly into the garden, passing into a small lattice-house that was cov-

ered by a screen of roses called the Cloth of Gold.

She spent an hour in tears and meditation, saying at intervals, in a low voice, "I *must* believe it; it is true; there can be no deception; she deceives neither herself nor me. I am living with her, not in advance of her; yesterday I was older than she, but now I am as young. She smiles, and I weep; but it is all alike, all the same. The vision of my husband now fills a million eyes that have been opened in my breast. He shall return, if the good God wills."

When she returned to the house, she passed through the main hall-way. The doors at either end were open, and a fresh breeze laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers came in from the sun-lit gardens. She paused and reflected upon the closed doors, the silence, and the sad loneliness of the ancient house. She caught sight of her own sombre figure in a tarnished mirror that hung upon the wall. Could it be possible that joy might yet come to gladden her and her surroundings? It seemed impossible. The place appeared to be the very home of sadness.

At this instant the door of the sick-chamber opened, and Mistress Eades came forth. Her step was light and noiseless, her face was aglow, and she looked like an angel. She was filled with that gratitude that made her spirit spring up with a divine joy. Her weariness was dissipated. Her eyes were brilliant, her lips trembled. She was tender, lofty, radiant. She whispered, with her finger before her lips, —

"*He is sleeping!*"

Unparalleled concession of nature! Tremendous event, fit to mark an epoch in any life! After so many days of torture, relief had at last come to the weary man; he had fallen into oblivion.

Mistress Gardette looked long at the glowing face before her. Then she exclaimed, "Ay, I say once more, it is true, it is real. I believe!"

A little while after, Eades summoned the venerable castaway from the North, and as the invalid quitted the house to

return once more to his cottage, the husband entered the door.

"It seems to me, my convalescent," said Mistress Eades, "that our prayer that a little of our joy might fall upon this strange land has been granted, and twice over."

"Yes, so it seems to me, — or at least it may have been the prayer; and yet a little human worth may have had something to do with it; but we won't go into that."

"No, please." Mistress Eades shook her head.

Albert F. Webster.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FAIR.

III.

THERE is no department in which so much artistic pretension is to be observed as in the British. Their china, much of it, affects the old styles of other countries and periods; their furniture is a distinct, resolute return to fashions of from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty years ago, with a view to expression; their wall-papers, carpets, and other matters of upholstery are controlled by the authority of South Kensington or the establishment of Messrs. Morris, Rossetti, and other artist-poets in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. To criticise these tendencies would be to enter upon a discussion of the present condition of taste and even art in England, — a vexed question.

A careful examination of the results has brought me to the conclusion that there is an immense outward effort now in Great Britain towards æsthetic progress, without the smallest impulse or inspiration from within. There is a struggle, a strain, which it would seem must produce distortion and unnatural development. There is no simplicity, no originality; oddity and exaggeration are almost universal. With regard to the forms of the furniture, the people who pride themselves — and justly — on their special comprehension of comfort, have been laughing for a long time at the straight-backed, spindle-shanked chairs and sofas of their forefathers, which seemed to refuse themselves to

an average rotundity. Having spent a great deal of pains in getting the shortest legs, deepest seats, widest arms, and softest padding which could bring the art of lolling to perfection, they suddenly revert to semi-classic shapes of genteel inconvenience and elegant constraint. To accommodate themselves to such chairs and couches there must be a marked reform in their manners and bearing. But in truth it is an absurdity, and its causes are nearly all to be found in false æsthetic notions. In the higher branches, too, we find nothing but imitations, adaptations, and affectations, even where the pre-Raphaelite school indulges its quaintest conceits. The Lambeth pottery, of the Doulton works, is an exception, but it struck me in its more ambitious examples, such as the great terra-cotta pulpit and font, as only fit to fill a place in some of the attempts to modernize Gothic architecture. To appreciate the absence of artistic merit in them it is only necessary to compare their figures and faces with the red clay groups of Norman fishermen and fisherwomen by M. Blot, in the French department. The Elkington ware attracts a great deal of admiration, and it is sumptuous in richness of both material and work: steel and bronze inlaid with precious metals, or the most elaborate *repoussé* work in silver and gold, hammered out by hand to an extreme point of relief and finish. It is splendid, it is superb, and yet — and yet — if we wish for a clew to our dissatisfaction let us turn

from the Helicon vase, or the Paradise Lost shield, to the case in which are exhibited fac-simile duplicates of classic, or Renaissance, or ancient Oriental models. There is upon all the modern productions that industrial, mechanical stamp destructive to the rarity and costliness which properly belong to works of art that are also objects of luxury. None of them looks unique. But these are free from the vicious quality which pervades whole fields of manufacture and invention, and which is condensed, so to speak, in the pavilion of the South Kensington School of Needlework. That it is effective cannot be denied, but after all how bad it is! Such flowers and fruit grow only in the gardens of the Night Hag; they remind us of the blossom in Hawthorne's Rappaccini's Daughter, or the pomegranate in the Arabian Nights which was an afrite, and the seeds of which changed into fish. It makes Mr. Walter Crane's forlorn and foolish virgins the more pitiable that one can count the stitches in their noses. The worst of this school is the undeniable fascination which it exercises over the judgment and faculties; one ends by expecting to walk abroad and see the meadow-flowers with heads askew and leaves akimbo emblazoned on a heraldic green field.

But in spite of these aberrations, the English are immensely in advance of us in all that makes a dwelling comfortable and attractive to the eye. Their little specimen rooms, papered, painted, carpeted, and crowded with furniture by Shoolbred, or some other wholesale dealer at whom the initiated would sniff, have a coziness and charm which the handsomest of our American houses do not attain. There is in the present fashion everywhere too great a breaking up of surfaces and planes, too little breadth and repose for the body or glance; and the English are a great way ahead of us on a wrong track. But if we could find their starting-point, get at the secret which underlies all the rubbish, and learn how to give our houses the homelike air which belongs to all their abodes (above those of poverty), we should have gained

enough to repay us for whatever our Exhibition may cost.

All this has not been seen in a day. Meanwhile the Centennial has gradually gained possession of Philadelphia; it is the focus of existence here, the paramount interest and occupation. The formula by which a lady is excused to a visitor is no longer "Not at home," or "Engaged and begs to be excused," but "At the Centennial," or, with the scrupulous, "Has been at the Centennial all day, and is very tired." The influx of strangers increases, and Philadelphia, which at this season is usually bagging up furniture in linen and closing her window shutters, is now opening her doors and lighting her halls in honor of her guests. The new University buildings and the Academy of Fine Arts have given opportunity for receptions to the commissioners and judges. The long suites, large and lofty rooms, and great staircases, where may be a multitude without a crowd, and the presence of so many men of distinction and mark, gave these entertainments a peculiar dignity and ease. The fine gallery which overhangs the stairway in the Academy, brilliantly lighted, with rows of handsome women beautifully dressed leaning over the balustrade, recalled to those coming up the steps some of Titian's and Tintoretto's festal scenes, minus the color. But that element ("the noblest gift of God to man," as Mr. Ruskin calls it somewhere) has been flooding our pale-hued thoroughfares lately; processions of soldiers are as common a feature as if we were a military people, and the grand parade of the Knights Templars, to the number of seven hundred, mounted and caparisoned with due regard to the splendid suggestions of their name, was a very gorgeous spectacle, even if to the mind it smacked of the ridiculous. A foreigner with the artistic temperament, and long acquaintance with this and many other countries, predicts that we are to excel in this particular line of picturesque show and effect, and says that our attempts are far superior to those of the English, — the sun and sky also helping much. Public-spirited citizens with

long purses and fine houses have emulated the hospitality of the institutions. Dom Pedro has been rather the hero of these festivities. The plant which hedges an emperor does not grow in this country. Fortunately he has been much more concerned to see and hear everything than to protect his majesty, and he moves about among his republican hosts, the most active and inquiring of foreigners. There has been some reciprocity of civilities, giving us further opportunity of studying men and manners. The Brazilians, who have been great favorites in Philadelphia society all winter, have a frigate in the Delaware, on which, before the great heat began, they gave a gay ball. They celebrate mass on deck with military music every Sunday, which has attracted some visitors: if the proposal of the officers to follow up their devotions with dancing, after good Catholic custom, was heard on shore, the Quaker city must have asked herself, like the old woman in the song and story, "If this be really I." The British commissioners gave a kettle-drum at their pretty head-quarters, St. George's House, as they call their cross-timbered cottage. But the event of the foreign society has been a wedding at the Exhibition. A hundred years hence it will be correct to give all the gossip and detail which can be gathered about this pretty incident. Now a mere picture of the scene is all that is permissible. To begin with, the evening was extraordinarily beautiful. Sunset in the west and a storm in the east mingled their hues mysteriously, and filled the atmosphere with a suffused light of magic richness in which the landscape gleamed like an enchanted region, and the hard-faced Philadelphia houses glowed with the soft intensity of Venetian palace-fronts; the mid-sky was like a strange, pure cerulean lake bordered by rippled sands of amber, over which hung a rainbow bridge; the western horizon was roseate, barred with heavy purple, fused and reflected below in the Schuylkill in a darker, ruddier mass of color, across which rolled black smoke with flashes of crimson, from earth-born uses, producing the most magnificent combination,

like one of Turner's great canvases. The cityward side of the Exhibition grounds has a fell glare, by night, from rows of gas-lit saloons of fanciful exterior; a pious pilgrim might deem it a street in Vanity Fair—not Thackeray's, but Bunyan's. But inside the gates it was fairyland: lamps sparkling among the foliage up and down the soft knolls and dells, the vast dark outlines of the empty buildings defined by the subdued light within. Agricultural Hall, silent and deserted, with its cathedral-like roof and towers, all its windows aglow with mellow radiance, looked like a great church awaiting some mystic midnight rites. The marriage took place in the Judges' Pavilion. The body of the building is taken up by a great hall of fine proportions, with an arched and frescoed roof; an open-work gallery, handsome but not heavy, runs round three sides; at the upper end an arrangement of shrubbery, flowers, and flags improvised a sort of chapel or chancel, and the door at the lower end was draped with the American colors. The company divided into two lines on opposite sides of the room, leaving a wide space open down its entire length; and the light summer dresses of the women, the prevalence of uniforms, the stately, bland bearing of the foreigners of Latin race (which neither we stiff yet nervous American Angles, nor our British brethren, nor our cousins German ever wholly acquire) combined to give great elegance and distinction to the general aspect of the assemblage. It looked official, diplomatic. The absence of drawing-room details, which are generally conspicuous in all except church weddings, conferred a *grande air* on the occasion; seldom is a simple maiden so royally married. Mendelssohn's Wedding-March burst forth from an invisible band, and the bridal party entered the hall under the folds of the star-spangled banner, and swept up between the ranks of friends to where the clergyman was waiting for them. It was a pretty group: the minister in his Geneva gown and ruff; the graceful, girlish bride, pale and tremulous, but calm, with her crown of myrtle, a little queen's crown,

according to her national custom; the bridegroom in his uniform; a little withdrawn, the circle of the parents, the fresh-faced and white-robed bridesmaids, and more uniforms. The service, pronounced in Swedish, had a hearty, homely sound which gave a pleasant sense of remote familiarity even to those who understood not a word; the minister's hands laid each on the head of the newly married pair during the Lord's Prayer, which concluded the ceremony, added pathos and solemnity to his benediction. Then followed kisses between the bride and her parents and young friends, and a few embraces between the men, which looked strangely only to our eyes and those of the English, and which indeed struck me as very fitting at the moment. A little poem in Swedish, Greeting to the Bride and Bridegroom, written for the occasion, was distributed among the guests; tumblers of a sweet Swedish punch, made with arrack and most insidious in its potency, were offered for our undoing; and then it broke up into a mere wedding reception of unusual brilliancy. There was some talk of carrying out a lively Norse custom at the end of the evening: the bride, blindfold, plays at blindman's-buff with the bridesmaids; the one caught is to be the next to wear the myrtle crown. But the emotions of the day had been too much for the young girl; though wedded under the parental wing, and surrounded by friendly faces, she was too far from home, and her future lay too sundered from it, for her happiness to be perfectly joyous; so she declined the blind-man's buff, and the evening closed with a little dancing, to which the wide, smooth floor, cool, spacious hall, and charming music invited irresistibly. When we emerged from the pavilion with uncomfortable recollections of the ominous clouds, heavy as London fog, through which the lightning was playing two hours before, the summer moon was shining down from the most serene heaven and silvering the transparent vapors which hung lightly above the river. The drive back through the park was one of those simple things which stamp themselves on the memory

for a life-time. The alternations of moonlight and shadow on the embowered roads, the calm masses of woodland mirrored in the water, the steady points of light on the shore reflected in long trembling lines, the quiet and loneliness, the sweet scent of new-mown hay mingling with the heavier perfume of catalpa and elder blossoms which gleamed white from the dark boskage, all joined in a silent epithalamium. One could fancy Cupid and Psyche hovering in the air to breathe their blessing on the nuptials.

The national anniversary, this year of jubilee, was not confined to the Fourth of July. Like the great sacred classic and Oriental festivals, it lasted for several days. The whole previous week rose towards it as to a climax; by Saturday it seemed as if system and sanity had come to an end. All the roads leading toward Philadelphia should have been marked by sign-posts, "That way madness lies." The railroad companies changed their hours from day to day, so that nobody could keep the run of them, and the ticket-agents resolutely refused the passengers time-tables, saying that they were printed exclusively for the use of conductors; besides which, the trains were all behind time, and rushed without stopping past platforms crowded with blank faces. The river steamboats, sunk deep in the water almost to a level with the lower deck by their loads, declined to touch at their appointed landings, where more crowds were waiting to come on board, the utmost concession being to near the wharf and allow adventurous passengers to jump ashore. In compensation, there was another train or boat the next minute. The express companies became for once objects of commiseration. Luggage was not delivered for thirty-six or forty-eight hours after the arrival of the hapless owners. Yet they could not complain when it was brought at last by haggard, spectral men, who had been up for two nights, with their magnificent horses reduced to subjects for the S. P. C. A. Hotels and private houses were so filled with distinguished people that one could not but speculate as to where the obscure

lodged; celebrities began to be cheap. Hackmen threw off the last semblance of restraint, and, defying tariffs, statutes, and ordinances, demanded their own prices, and got them. On Saturday the Fourth began. The principal ceremony of that day was held at Independence Hall by the Committee of Restoration. The object of these gentlemen has been to reclaim the old "State House" from the disfigurements and defilements which it had gradually incurred during its long occupation by the courts. They have restored it as nearly as possible to the appearance it presented when it was the theatre of that great act which announced the birth of a new nation, the child of freedom. The moving spirit in the undertaking was Mr. F. M. Etting,¹ one of those antiquaries who concentrate themselves upon a single epoch or point of the past, as some naturalists do upon a single species. His study is the early history of this country. The Committee of Restoration three years ago appointed a board for the foundation of a National Museum, to preserve the relics of our past from the casualties to which they are liable in private keeping, that they may form an open chronicle to be seen and understood by the whole country. There was peculiar fitness in the choice of Independence Hall as the receptacle for such a collection, being, as it is, the patriotic possession of the nation rather than of any one State or section. But it has been a heavy, and has seemed at times a hopeless task to carry out the project. The board began by trying to wake an interest in the subject throughout the country, and by appointing ladies as representatives in every State. If it be hard to find the right man, how much harder to find the right woman! Yet in most of the States she has been found. Others would have it believed that neither man nor woman in all their borders had any sympathy in the enterprise. Other difficulties followed; three years ago and less, many people were vio-

lently opposed to an international celebration, and would have nothing to do with an association which, notwithstanding all explanations to the contrary, they persisted in considering a branch of the Centennial Commission; others were ardent partisans of the latter, and would not encourage an independent body, however friendly. Some thought that there ought to be such a collection in every State, instead of one for the country at large; some thought there should be but one, and that Washington was the proper site for it. There was a general disposition to call it the Philadelphia Museum, and build objections upon the misnomer. There was a general indisposition to part with family pictures, plate, arms, papers, etc., which was not found to be less obstinate even when these treasures were not inheritances, but purchases or windfalls. Some who demurred at parting permanently with their relics were not more ready to do so on learning that the museum was designed to be in great measure a loan collection. It is the history of most beginnings.

Mr. Etting's first achievement was to restore Independence Hall to the aspect which it wore during the first Congress. The speaker's chair and table were replaced, and many of the members' chairs recovered, with no little pains, from the honor or neglect which had been their later portion; the walls were hung with portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and of revolutionary army officers, many of them originals of great merit. Lately, too, that precious document itself, whose words and names are fading from sight while they are coming out stronger and brighter to reverence and remembrance, has been placed in the east chamber, framed and raised upon a stand, where thousands daily come to look upon it. The west chamber, now the National Museum, looks like an old curiosity shop; furniture, weapons, raiment, trinkets, silver, china, pictures, embroidery, parchments, are displayed there, with fragments and remnants such as find place in all similar collections. Each article has its legend, its link with notable people,

¹ We regret to say that, since the above was written, Mr. Etting's connection with the committee has ceased.

places, or events. There are some fine pictures, others not so good; a number of lovely miniatures, and the greater part of that interesting and charming gallery of likenesses called the Sharpless crayons. There are beautiful specimens of old lace and porcelain; also household stuff, wearing apparel, visiting-cards and cards of invitation bearing distinguished names; in short, material from which to reconstruct the domestic and social manners of the successive periods of our existence for two hundred years. There is an immense amount of personal interest and romance lingering about many of these tarnished and time-stained objects. Paul Jones's ale-mug, General Wayne's field-glass, the original pine-tree banner, with its thirteen mailed arms grasping the welded links, stir something beyond mere curiosity; far more do Faith Trumbull's biblical tapestry, and the tiny baby-clothes of John Quincy Adams, stitched with exquisite and patient fineness by his mother's hand, which could wield a pen not less ably.

The museum has been slowly gaining in public knowledge and favor, and even during the first meagre twelvemonth it drew hundreds of visitors daily. This year has given it a great impetus; the most generous gifts and loans have come from all parts of the country, in such quantities that the Academy of Fine Arts offered a room as an annex to the exhibition at Independence Hall, which overflowed with its treasures; while the rush of people thither has been too great to allow of much being seen by anybody. Here, on Saturday, the first of July (the real anniversary, falling on Sunday, being unavailable), was commemorated the day when the first signature was affixed to the Declaration of Independence, and when Washington issued a general order to the troops to prepare for immediate action; of which John Adams wrote on the morrow to his wife: "The second day of July will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America." The Committee of Restoration and the ladies of the National Museum board received the American authors and antiquarians

who were in town, many of whom came from their own distant cities expressly to be present. One of Mr. Etting's desires has been to secure material for a history of Independence Hall, to which end he has endeavored to obtain, from those best qualified to prepare them, short biographical notices of the men prominent in the great measures enacted there, many of whom are forgotten in all but name. This was fixed upon as an appropriate occasion for presenting the manuscripts. Accordingly the guests assembled in the west chamber, "like the patriots of a hundred years ago," said Judge B—— of Philadelphia, "each with his life in his hand." Thence they passed into the east chamber, into the presence of that imposing circle of empty chairs, and stood under the gaze of the men who once filled them, — men who bequeathed liberty to their country, and in the fullness of time to the world. Mr. Etting, in a short, spirited address, which rang with the eloquence of enthusiasm, set forth the occasion of the meeting, the object of the National Museum, and what had already been accomplished. The regular ceremonies followed, beginning with a prayer by the Rev. W. W. Bronson, a descendant of the saintly Bishop White, the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of this country, long rector of Christ Church and St. Peter's, of Philadelphia, who presided at the convention which ratified the American Book of Common Prayer in 1789. Then the gentlemen and ladies who had brought the biographical notices were called up, and the subjects of their memoirs announced as the manuscripts were handed in: There was crowd, confusion, conversation, and an excitement so inseparable from the time, place, and moral condition of the audience, that description must fail to renew the impression. Yet imagination can easily guess the thrill with which bystanders heard the names of Ethan Allen, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and many more such, called aloud, and saw living men go forward in answer. From Independence Hall the meeting adjourned to a vast platform over the south door, pro-

jecting into Independence Square, where several thousand people were assembled, while twice or thrice the number had gathered under the trees to listen to the speeches and the music. Little of either was audible to the majority of the spectators, yet nobody seemed dissatisfied; there was an accumulating fervor in the air, and people found their own emotions enough for them.

Of all the music which the Centennial commemoration has called forth, the most absolutely, completely successful composition is Paine's Hymn. It is a large, serious melody, in the best style of sacred music; connoisseurs cannot find fault with it, while its strain, at once elevated and popular, is easily comprehended and caught by the mass; it has some of the grandeur of Old Hundred, with more depth of meaning, better expressing the introspective bent of the modern mind even in prayer and thanksgiving: it nobly answers to Whittier's noble words. It is already a fixed fact; everybody understands, knows, sings it; it is recognized at the first bar, and accepted with Hail Columbia and The Star-Spangled Banner. On these great national days it has been disappointing, and to some degree painful, to listen vainly for those familiar tunes, which seem to be superseded by a nonsensical adaptation of an Irish patriotic air, and a still more absurd one of God save the Queen. But if our national anthems are to lose the place they have so long held in our hearts and on our lips, we are doubly fortunate in having this fine hymn in the very hour of their decline, possessing, moreover, the advantage of being wholly American, in both words and music. Next to the triumphs of patriot-heroes and statesmen, we can fancy no higher, purer joy for a man who loves his country than the consecration of his inspirations to her service and glory by the universal voice of his countrymen. Whittier has spoken the best feelings of Americans so often and so well that his last lofty and beautiful verses are like the Nunc Dimittis of his serene old age. To a man like Mr. Paine, who hitherto had

pally, this sudden unanimous recognition, so early in his career, should fill his soul with a high, exultant happiness not often vouchsafed to mortals save in some supreme culminating moment.

All Sunday the bright summer sky echoed with salvos, and flags waved and fluttered like the floating over of clouds, the flutter of leaves, the flight of birds: they were everywhere. For many people now living the first days of July will always revive one recollection above all others. There must be few Pennsylvanians of the present generation to whom they do not recall the beginning of July, 1863, when the battle of Gettysburgh held the country in suspense for three mortal days and nights, while the hours were counted by telegrams. The issue was momentous to the whole North, to this State and city it was vital; when the morning of the fourth brought the decisive news, it was not victory which Philadelphia celebrated, but deliverance. Many of the churches were open for early prayer on those terrible days, when ordinary existence had come to a standstill and living was limited to hope and fear; the few men who had remained behind were there with the women; it was on coming out from service on the morning of the fourth that the tidings of Meade's victory met us in the street. On Monday, July 3, 1876, there was a very interesting and solemn service at Christ Church, the oldest Episcopal church in the State. It was founded in 1695, and American independence was recognized on the day of its proclamation, by the rector (then chaplain of Congress) and vestry; it was the church attended by the president as long as Philadelphia continued the seat of government. The absence of an established church, and still more the lack of a great consecrated building capable of containing masses of people, will always interfere with general religious celebrations; those held in the open air want the impressiveness of sacred limits. The high, old-fashioned pews of Christ Church were packed close, and the staircases leading to the galleries served as tiers of seats, yet the assemblage did not ex-

ceed by many hundreds the usual congregation. Still, it was very different from an every-Sunday audience; at the sight of the open doors and sound of the chimes, people poured in from the streets eager to join in what was going forward; this had been foreseen, and the regular places had been long occupied; there was an interval of expectation the very opposite in effect to the ordinary quarter of an hour before service. The well-known contagion of excitement is almost invariably promoted in a crowd by movements, shouts, cheers, slight incidents, sayings struck from an electric mind which flash hither and thither and become watch-words: in Christ Church it was a congregation, not a crowd, and it was silent and stationary; yet waves of magnetic sympathy passed over the meeting; thoughts of the century fulfilled and memories of thirteen years ago mingled in a flood of meditation and thanksgiving which rose higher and higher as the bells pealed and the worshipers flocked in, until at last, when the long procession of bishops and clergy swept up the aisle, and the organ and choir broke out with —

“Our fathers’ God, from out whose hand,”

the tide had reached its height, and turning spread in swift currents of emotion over the hearers.

Parades had begun at an early hour; the railway trains were bringing regiments from every direction, the streets were blocked to see them pass, the air resounded with the strident music of military bands. They were all greeted with hearty welcome and applause, and fine new banners with garlands and streamers gleamed over the heads of the crowd; but whenever a continuous huzza followed the line of march down the sidewalks, rising into a roar as it drew near, it heralded certain torn and faded colors, memorials of the men who had brought it to pass that the nation was keeping its feast as one. Receptions, ceremonies, festivities, were going on all day long and throughout the evening. Night came with illuminations and a torchlight procession; the whole population sat on the roofs, or at windows, or on door-steps,

orthronged the sidewalks, until hours after the bell of Independence Hall boomed midnight, thus merging the third in the fourth.

The heat had been increasing for a week, and the morning fairly blazed, although great white clouds now and then cast compassionate shadows, and a fresh breeze flapped the bunting and canvas of the awnings; but I do not believe that it kept a single person at home; nothing was counted a drawback on that day, and not only were all the inhabitants of Philadelphia in the streets, but hosts from elsewhere. In spite of this prodigious concourse there was no disorder; and those who had invitations to the ceremonies at Independence Hall — for it was decided to hold them there, and not at the Exhibition — reached it without difficulty. The platform and square presented the same spectacle as on Saturday, with numbers indefinitely multiplied and a more intense enthusiasm. Again the music and speaking were lost to everybody except a few score on the reporters’ benches, but again they were felt to be a subordinate part of the occasion; the fact of being there, the sight of the multitude, the sense of what it meant, were the chief sources of enjoyment. So there is no need to speak of Dr. Holmes’s hymn, nor of Mr. Dexter Smith’s chorus, nor of the vice-president’s address. The president’s absence put the finishing stroke to the sum of his offenses; it was the most condensed yet crudest statement of his estimation of the dignity of the country, the occasion, and his office. The credit of the day and nation could only gain by his absence; his own suffered as far as he has left room for it to lose. We will not dwell upon it. One must be thoroughly ungrateful and ungenerous not to feel that the course of President Grant gives cause for sorrow far deeper than any anger or disgust it may excite.

Very few words of anybody’s were heard that day. Mr. Bayard Taylor’s clear, agreeable delivery now and then sent a couplet of his ode chiming through the remoter circles of his audience; but most of us forebore to strain our ears,

and waited to see it in print, as well as Mr. Evarts's oration, the force and grasp of which could only be guessed from the pale, powerful face he turned from time to time upon the thousands pressing on every side to catch a sentence. The climax of the rites was when Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, standing where Leverett Saltonstall had stood on Saturday and told us about his Puritan ancestors, read the Declaration of Independence from the original manuscript. At the sight of that creased and discolored paper the shouts of the vast assembly burst forth. It was held up towards the square, and the people shouted again and again with a mighty acclamation. "Turn it round!" rang from the platform: it was turned towards them, and the shouts went up anew. It was a great sight, a great sound, the heartfelt reverence and rejoicing of a nation.

The rest of the day was spent in company with two hundred thousand fellow-beings at the Exhibition, where it was cooler than anywhere else. The great halls wore a more varied and animated aspect than usual; the uniforms of the military and religious associations, some of which were very pretty and effective, scattered color and costume thickly through the crowd, and made up for the want of foreign picturesqueness which has been so often lamented. A strong desire for a fancy dress combined with remarkable readiness to be satisfied was to be observed. I saw one old man apparently quite complacent with the effect of a green feather in addition to a common black felt hat and his every-day clothes. The standard-bearers of different companies walked about through the crowd, with their flags wrapped round the long lance-headed pole, as unconcerned as if it were as convenient for themselves, and others, as carrying an umbrella.

Being strongly drawn that day to whatever was especially American, Machinery Hall was my chosen field of inspection. The place makes an extraordinary impression upon everybody, and probably those who understand nothing of

what they see are more imaginatively affected than those who know all about valves and pistons. The predominating impression is that of manifold movement. One is amazed to see how many sorts of motion there are, and how they can be expressed by those soulless, senseless machines. Besides the slow and swift, the tremendous and insidious, there are others which do not convey the idea of powers and properties, but of emotions; persons unfamiliar with the varieties of machinery think of its action as regular and steady, but here one sees it not only quivering and tremulous, but startled, spasmodic, convulsive. Some of them in discharging their functions seem to be guided by an infallible instinct, like intelligent brutes; others, by reason and reflection: they pause, they ponder, then they do. The action of some is facetious and jocose, like a broad grin in iron or steel; some members of the meat-choppers look as if they were executing a double-shuffle out of sheer hilarity. There are bands which glide and coil as noiselessly as serpents, and in other directions one sees a wild grace inconsistent with the laws and purposes of machinery: above one of the agricultural implements a long strip or scarf of tricolor waved and flickered like flame, while below, through a small square of glass set like a window in the side of the wooden case, could be seen a handful of little parti-colored ribbons, slim as leeches standing on their tails, dancing a weird dance by themselves, like daylight will-o'-the-wisps. Nowhere else are the triumphs of ingenuity, the marvels of skill, so displayed and demonstrated; there is something at once sublime and infernal in the spectacle. Machines claim nothing for themselves, they make no boast, but silently perform their task before your eyes; the mode in which it is effected is a mystery; the spools, shuttles, spindles, are there, so is the raw material; one sees the means and the result, but the process is invisible and inscrutable as are those of Nature; even where it lies bared before you there is a point, the turning-point, where it eludes observation. Surely here, and not in literature,

science, or art, is the true evidence of man's creative power; here is Prometheus unbound.

Long contemplation of the machinery induces an oppression which must weigh heavily on the more sensitive operators. The huge swing of the Corliss engine, the heavy fall of the watery sheet which closes the south transept, the ceaseless, multifarious motion from which the eye cannot escape, the pursuing thought of so much intricacy, complexity, and above all brain-toil, beget at last overwhelming weariness. A young girl among the assistants was apparently overcome by it; she sat succumbing, a red bow in her hair being evidently the final touch, the feather which broke the camel's back.

As the long day drew to a close, the Schuylkill became a crowded highway. The river was covered with little steamers no bigger than punts; long, slender, club racing-boats, with their crews in scarlet, blue, or cream-colored shirts; little row-boats, often manned but by two, one of whom wore white muslin and was crowned with ferns or flowers; and low, heavy barges, on whose decks reclined pleasure-seekers bare-headed to the evening breeze. Many of them were shaded by striped awnings, and every rope and spar was alive with flags and pennons, as if myriads of bright birds had alighted on them. The sunset was gorgeous and ominous, and the water gave back the splendor of the sky in deep geranium dyes. A display of fireworks was to be given at Fairmount, the extremity of the vast park which touches the town. In approaching it from the west bank, the slopes were seen to be covered with an innumerable crowd; no huddling flocks, or serried battalions, or even close growth of

bushes over wide campaign or moorland, ever gave me such a sense of countless hosts. They came streaming out of all the streets by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands, each avenue pouring forth its human torrent, to which as far as eye could reach there was neither break nor end. It looked as if the population, not of the city or State, but of the entire continent, were gathering together. And what a muster of well-dressed, well-behaved, good-humored, happy people! That peaceable, prosperous burgher multitude might well stand for our whole folk in its best aspect. It was unlike anything I ever beheld in this country or any other. Legions of police could not have restrained them if there had been the least disposition to riot or panic; but in the thirteen hours we passed in the streets, squares, park, on steamboats, railway trains, and horse-cars, none of our large party witnessed one disorderly act, heard a coarse or angry word, or saw a single tipsy person. It was a grand and memorable spectacle. The solemn import of the day had penetrated the masses. There was no excitement, no exuberance of spirits or merriment, but a universal expression of gladness and rejoicing. This, and the tenor of the public speeches, and the temper in which these were received, were the pleasantest and most hopeful signs an anxious American could have asked. The lessons of the last few years have not been thrown away upon the national conscience. There was no self-glorification or arrogance; our great blessings, our prosperity, our good fortune, our high promise were remembered joyfully and gratefully, but no one said: "By the strength of my hand have I done it, and by my wisdom."

RECENT LITERATURE.

IF the literary quality of this history¹ were equal to its mechanical execution, it would leave nothing to be desired in the way of excellence. The maps, in particular, deserve especial commendation, alike for their accuracy of detail and the beauty of their execution. In both respects they are unsurpassed by any battle maps with which we are acquainted. An illustrated paper on Block Houses as a means of Defense, by Colonel W. E. Merrill, of the United States Engineers, supplements the work. As these structures were relied on to defend the bridges and railroads by which the Army of the Cumberland maintained its lines of communication, this memoir, by the officer under whose supervision they were built, is particularly valuable. It explains the method by which they were made so completely successful that an army of one hundred thousand men was supplied for an entire season, over a single line of railroad nearly four hundred miles long, running through a hostile country, without the loss of a single ration.

The Army of the Cumberland was the centre of the national army, in the recent rebellion. This history, therefore, to be worthy of its theme, should relate all that properly belongs to the life and fortunes of such an army, from the causes that led to its being called into existence to the issues which permitted its dissolution. To the production of such a history, no comparison or collation of official reports, however exhaustive, is adequate. Such documents no more paint the life or interpret the spirit of an army than an array of tailors' dummies present us the real man. Chaplain Van Horne has contented himself with trying to make a history by narrating in chronological order the events in which the Army of the Cumberland took part. This he has done with industry and fidelity. Probably no inaccuracies which affect the details of the story can be found in the whole work, and a great many facts are given which have never before been brought into a con-

nected narrative. But the philosophical qualities of mind, without which history cannot be written, seem to be lacking in Chaplain Van Horne. His work is therefore deficient not merely in those characteristics marking great military historians, like Napier, and Kinglake, and even the Comte de Paris, by which they are enabled to group together in logical order all the essential facts, and to assign to each its natural place and importance, but also in the less vital but not less attractive distinctions of style and literary expression. Indeed, he seems to lack what might be called mental perspective. Hence it is difficult to acquire a satisfactory understanding of those underlying general facts without which there can be no correct knowledge of special and particular ones. To take an example at random, on page 184, vol. i., occurs this sentence: "On the 29th of September, Major-General Thomas received an order at the hands of Colonel McKibbin, aid-de-camp to General Halleck, commander-in-chief, assigning him to the command of the Army of the Ohio, but at his request General Buell was retained. The day following, General Thomas was announced as second in command." Every portion of this statement is literally true. But it utterly fails to convey — what a complete history should do — the least clew to a reason why it was deemed advisable to relieve General Buell, or why it was so immediately afterward decided to retain him. There is no previous hint of dissatisfaction with that general. And yet more than six weeks previous, on the 18th of August, while army head-quarters were at Huntsville, Alabama, and before Bragg's plans had been fully developed, indeed, before he had crossed the Tennessee River, so much dissatisfaction had been expressed at the supposed slowness of General Buell's movements, that the latter telegraphed to General Halleck: "I beg that you will not interfere in my behalf. On the contrary. if dissatisfaction cannot cease on grounds which I think might be supposed, if not ap-

¹ *History of the Army of the Cumberland. Its Organization, Campaigns, and Battles.* Written at the request of Major-General George H. Thomas, chiefly from his private military journal and official and other documents furnished by him. By THOMAS B. VAN HORNE, U. S. Army. Illustrated with

campaign and battle maps compiled by Edward Ruger, late Superintendent Topographical Engineer Office, Headquarters Department of the Cumberland. Two volumes and atlas. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1875.

parent, I respectfully request that I may be relieved. My position is far too important to be occupied by any officer on sufferance. I have no desire to stand in the way of what may be deemed necessary for the public good."

Either Mr. Van Horne did not know of the dissatisfaction here so plainly exhibited, — in which case he failed to make use of all available sources of information, or he put it aside as of no consequence, — in which case he shows himself unable to appreciate the full requirements of history. It is acquaintance with just such facts as he has here omitted which gives one the key to the real condition of things.

Deficiencies of a similar nature are manifest all through this work, deficiencies for which no accuracy of detail can compensate. We can instance but a few: no mention is made of the appointment of Andrew Johnson as military governor of Tennessee, or of his acts as such; of the fortifying of Nashville by General Buell's orders, in July and August, 1862; of the death of General Nelson at Louisville; of the reasons which finally led to the retirement of General Buell and the appointment of General Rosecrans as his successor; of the military commission which was detailed by the war department to examine into and report upon the campaigns of the former in Kentucky and Tennessee; of the outspoken annoyance of the authorities at Washington over General Rosecrans's long delay at Murfreesboro', or of the anxiety of Rosecrans himself at the subsequent lack of co-operation on the part of General Burnside; of the examination into the conduct of a number of the generals commanding corps and divisions at the battle of Chickamauga; of the causes which led to the change of commanders in the rebel army after the battle of Missionary Ridge; or of the half-hearted support subsequently accorded to General Joseph E. Johnston by the Confederate chieftain.

It is also clear that Mr. Van Horne entirely misapprehends the situation of things in Kentucky during the operations of that portion of the army which was under the command of General Thomas, in December, 1861, and January, 1862. What he narrates is doubtless accurate in the main; but he does not see the whole field. The move-

ment against the Confederate forces at Mill Spring, resulting in the defeat and death of Zollicoffer, was only an episode of the campaign, — not the chief object of the operations covering so vast a field. Mr. Van Horne evidently regards the efforts by which the incursions of the rebel army in Eastern Kentucky were checked as the leading features of General Buell's plan; and he gives the credit for them, by implication certainly, to General Thomas; whereas, in fact, these movements were entirely subsidiary; and, moreover, were wholly directed, except of course the manœuvres on the battle-field, by General Buell as the commander of the department. The book, in fact, is rather a history of General Thomas's connection with the Army of the Cumberland, with notices of its other commanders interjected, than a complete and comprehensive history of the army itself, based on information drawn only from the fountain-head, and after exhaustive research in every channel of intelligence. General Thomas deserves all the commendation he has ever received, but he did not command the Army of the Cumberland until more than two years after its organization. But whatever its faults and shortcomings, we hope this history will be widely read, for it is the only one we are likely to have in this generation which embodies the story "of one of the grandest armies that ever battled for country or freedom, and which never, in its unity, gave but one field to the enemy, and even then gained the fruits of victory under the semblance of defeat."

—The law of demand and supply, a reference to which serves so often as a substitute for wisdom, is hardly adequate to account for the best literature, but its operations seem to extend over a wide range of books and even to affect so serious a class as the historical. It was natural to expect that the new interest in our national history should give occasion for the preparation of historical compends and paragraph histories, but one is tempted to look with suspicion upon a work projected on a large scale and professing thoroughness, which is put forth ostensibly to meet a "long-felt want." Perhaps it is hardly fair to accept as identical the expression of publisher and author, and in examining Bryant's *Popular History of the United States*¹ we think

¹ *A Popular History of the United States, from the First Discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen, to the End of the First Century of the Union of the States. Preceded by a Sketch of the*

Prehistoric Period and the Age of the Mound Builders. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. Vol. I. Fully illustrated. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876

we discover a possible conflict between the projected idea of the work and its accomplishment. We do not mean that the publishers have proposed one thing and the authors disposed another, but that all the persons engaged upon it have in a measure allowed the work to shape itself, and that its shape is different now from what was deliberately planned at the outset. The word *popular* still clings to it as a memento of what the book was intended to be, and doubtless it describes tolerably well what the authors still intend, but what the period so far covered presents little opportunity for fulfilling, — a treatment which shall take full cognizance of popular forces and popular illustration of national life. So far as this first volume is concerned, the title “popular” is a misnomer. The pictures are here, some of them innocently imaginative, and the reader is not afflicted with the solemn style which once was regarded as necessary to heroic history. There is, however, no such concealment of the anatomy of history as belongs to a popular narrative, nor any manifest attempt to persuade the reader that history is as delightful as a novel.

The authors distinctly disclaim any purpose of making their work simply a rearrangement of accepted facts. “It is not,” they say, “a compilation from histories already written, but in its narrative of events and its representation of the state of our country at different epochs has derived its materials, through independent research, from original sources.” That much labor has been expended in investigation is very clear, and the highest praise can be awarded to the conscientiousness of the authors, and to the judicial mind which they have brought to the task. In the sifting of evidence and the comparison of authorities they have shown a fairness and soundness of sense which are most important elements in historical writing; but they have made the reader a partner in their labors to an extent hardly justifiable in a popular history. One feels, as one reads, not so much the enthusiasm of the authors, which is the reader’s right, as their labor and cogitation. He seems to be helping them examine authorities and settle disputed points, and unless he has a special interest in this task, which few have, his attention in reading is pretty sure to flag. We cannot get over the feeling that we are reading careful notes made for a history rather than history itself; as if the authors were only just a little ahead of each completed chapter,

and working indefatigably to keep ahead, like the teacher of Sanskrit who began his study of the language a week before his pupils came.

Whether this be so or not, we miss that freedom of narrative which results from a full mind. We find but three passages which approach the humorous, and humor in its simpler forms is an excellent element in historical writing. The style indeed is clear, and refreshingly free from false dignity; it shows, we think, the constant influence of the senior author, whose nature and whose practice alike assert themselves in a truthful form of expression. This straightforwardness and manliness of tone are positive elements, but they do not preclude other important elements in historical writing which we miss here. We miss, for example, a certain sympathy with the varying narrative which, freely yielded to, displays itself in a subtle change of color; the romantic portions and the matter-of-fact annals are treated with scarcely a perceptible difference of color, and the result is that the reader does not find the authors interpreters of the human element in the history. He is not enthusiastic, for they are not; he does not pity, for they do not; and he follows them through the slender footpaths of our early history, as they put aside the trees and bushes, with very much the same care for his own sureness of step, and with just as little admiration for the vistas or sudden glimpses of landscape, as the writers themselves have.

But there is a more serious defect in the book than any relating to style or manner. The close scrutiny of individual facts is not favorable to broad groupings or just perspective, and we have constantly been disappointed, in reading this volume, by the failure of the authors to seize upon the larger facts of history, while intent, with praiseworthy conscientiousness, upon the minor and disputed facts. In their desire to think, historically, for themselves, and to found their statements upon original research, they have missed some well-accepted historical truths. Niebuhr says in one of his lectures that he is very suspicious of paradoxes, that it is the *κοινή δόξα*, the common opinion, which is to be relied upon in historical matters, meaning that the consensus of historians is to be respected beyond any striking view which has novelty for its chief merit. There is no tendency to paradox in this history, but there is a disposition to break away from the customary route of historians and

to avoid familiar aspects. This produces a desirable freshness, but it is also liable to conceal important historic processes. For example, the ordinary contrast between the Pilgrim settlement at Plymouth and the Puritan settlement in Massachusetts Bay is scarcely referred to, and the heading of the chapter, *The Puritans*, which refers almost exclusively to the Separatists, is likely to mislead persons unfamiliar with Puritanism in English history. It is possible that future chapters will treat more particularly of the relation subsisting between the New England colonies and the mother country, but the opportunity is lost for calling attention to the significant change of base by which the government of the colony in Massachusetts Bay was transferred from London to Boston; so, too, the marked importance of the personality of John Winthrop is not yet pointed out, though his accession was undoubtedly intimately connected with the transfer. We point out these instances not for any singular or grave omission, but because they seem to us to indicate an undue interest on the part of the authors in petty facts, and a neglect of leading and momentous ones. In reading this portion we constantly wish that the authors had kept more distinctly before the reader's mind the fact that American history so far was in reality a part of European history, and can be truthfully related only by a person who takes his stand now on one side, now on the other, of the Atlantic. There is a disposition to regard the facts too exclusively with reference to their American aspects, and if this policy is carried out we shall miss the best lessons which history has to give us, lessons which show our connection with the world's history and not our independence of it. We cannot help thinking that a truly popular history would have indicated those undercurrents of race, law, and institutions which make the nexus of the New World with the Old, and act as interpreters of the later history, wrought out under more separate influences.

It is unfortunate that we are called on to read a single volume of the four that are promised. It is by no means impossible that in the later volumes the same conscientiousness when dealing with more familiar facts will be united with a more comprehensive grasp of the leading lines of historical development, and we shall look for such a result. But the present volume is an illustration of the fact that an abiding history grows, and is not made to order; that a

popular history may be the better for springing from a popular impulse, but that it cannot maintain its character and fulfill its purpose while the authors are striving for the more enduring qualities of a scientific history.

—Of the great modern philosophers, that one of whom least is known is William Herschel. This is a real loss to our generation, and one we can ill afford to suffer. We may appropriate the words which escaped him when the barren region of the sky near the body of Scorpio was passing slowly through the field of his great reflector during one of his sweeps, to express our own sense of absence of light and knowledge: *Hier ist wahrhaftig ein Loch im Himmel*. He was born of humble parents in Hanover in 1738; he was educated by his father, a musician, to be himself a musician, and at the age of twenty-one he went to England to seek his fortune. In 1765 we find him as organist at Halifax, and the next year as organist of the Octagon Chapel, Bath. Here he was a busy and successful man, conducting oratorios and concerts, writing anthems and glees, giving lessons to fashionable pupils and getting on in the world. He was occupied with Latin, Italian, and Greek, and the Opticks of Dr. Smith, attending the meetings of a philosophical society in Bath, and bringing out Judas Maccabæus, Samson, the Messiah, with an orchestra of one hundred performers; also writing four-part songs which when copied he could not spare time to send to the publishers.

A desire to possess a telescope having been balked by the necessary expense, he proceeds to make one for himself; successful in this, he makes and sells others, and by rare good fortune in 1781 he finds the planet Uranus, called by him *Georgium Sidus*, in honor of his king. He was speedily named Royal Astronomer, and from this moment the world knows but little of his life as a man. He lived in his observatory, and from his forty-third to his eighty-fourth year he only left it for a short time every summer, to go to London, to submit his classic memoirs, carefully copied out for him by his sister, to the Royal Society; and even for these occasions he chose the period of moonlight nights when no observations could be made. Almost all that was known of the private life of Herschel is told in these few lines, and the natural de-

¹ *Memoir and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel*. By LADY HERSCHEL. With Portraits. London: John Murray 1876

sire to know something more of England's great philosopher remained quite unsatisfied. Fortunately Lady Herschel, the wife of Sir John Herschel, his son, has given to the world the memoirs of Caroline, the youngest sister of Sir William, his companion and assistant in all the splendid researches and discoveries which have made him famous.

To the admirer of William Herschel this book will be precious; nowhere else can he learn so much of his private history, of his energy in all pursuits, of his enthusiasm for astronomy, of the ardor of his spirit. The student of his wonderful series of papers in the *Philosophical Transactions* must admire him, delight in his genius, almost revere the clear-sightedness and philosophical tact of his mind: to learn to love him, he must be seen as he is portrayed by the faithful hand of his sister. Her naïve notes were meant only for the eyes of her nephew, and were written to beguile the weary years of her later life in Hanover, — the twenty years she spent in waiting for death to take her from a world which was no longer lovely to her, since her brother was no longer in it to demand her devotion and her aid.

After his discovery of Uranus in 1781, it was not long before Herschel was called to present himself to the king. While the plans for his appointment as Royal Astronomer were in progress, he wrote from the court to his "Dear Lina" very fully. His first letter closes thus: "All my papers are printing, with the postscript and all, and are allowed to be very valuable. You see, Lina, I tell you all these things. You know vanity is not my foible, therefore I need not fear your censure." And again, in his next letter from the court, "I pass my time between Greenwich and London agreeably enough, but am rather at a loss for work that I like. Company is not always pleasing, and I would much rather be polishing a speculum. . . . To-morrow I dine at Lord Palmerston's, next day with Sir Joseph Banks, etc., etc. Among opticians and astronomers nothing now is talked of but *what they call my great discoveries*. Alas! this shows how far they are behind, when such trifles as I have seen and done are called *great*. Let me but get at it again! I will make such telescopes, and see such things — that is, I will endeavor to do so." At the court, Herschel was received warmly, and he exhibited his telescopes to good effect; on one occasion when the sky was

overcast he displayed his ingenuity and tact by replacing the real Saturn of the sky by a pasteboard model, which he illuminated by a lantern so that "the effect was fine, and so natural that the best astronomer might have been deceived."

As the result of this stay Herschel was appointed Royal Astronomer on a salary of two hundred pounds a year — as Sir William Watson exclaimed, "Never bought monarch honor so cheap" — and soon removed to a house at Datchet, near Windsor. Here much of his time was wasted in exhibiting his telescope to the royal party at Windsor, and in transporting it to and fro between the two places, for his nights were devoted entire to his astronomy; it was his constant habit to observe till daylight at all seasons. From Datchet, Herschel soon moved to Clay Hall, near by, and again in 1786 a final move to Slough was made. "The last night at Clay Hall was spent in sweeping till daylight, and by the next evening the telescope stood ready for observation at Slough." In this ardent way Herschel "minded the heavens" for thirty years, when, broken in health and spirits, he died in 1822, tended to the last by the faithful hands of his sister, who left England at once to go to her old home in Hanover, there to die, as she supposed.

The simple story of her life is as noble in its way as the more exalted history of his. From her earliest childhood she adored her brother William, and on the mere suggestion that she might be sent to England to remain two years with him, if only she could be spared from her duties at home, she set about knitting for her mother and brother "as many cotton stockings as would last two years at least," and making "prospective clothes for them." At last she went to Bath and became a successful singer in the oratorios conducted by her brother, copying music for him, "lending a hand" in the work-shop, in the observatory, anywhere where she could be of use, but always with the profoundest humility of spirit. "I was a mere tool which he had the trouble of sharpening." But the tool had the true temper. She acquired a knowledge of astronomical calculation, she assisted in the manufacture of specula, and was Herschel's constant companion in the severe labors of observation which he undertook. When he was away from home she computed for him all day and minded the heavens for him at night, discovering independently no less than *eight* comets, *five* of which were first

seen by her, and many nebulae. Best of all, though least conspicuous, she introduced the greatest order in the record of his nightly work, copying and re-copying, computing and re-computing, verifying and checking everything, so that the value of that labor is immensely enhanced. Her devotion in everything was complete: after a severe accident to herself while assisting her brother at the telescope, she speaks of the "comfort" she had in knowing that "my brother was no loser, for the remainder of the night was cloudy." Again, in her diary: "May 3d. I intended to pay a long promised visit to Mrs. G——, but found my brother too busy with putting the forty-foot mirror in the tube. . . . Therefore I postponed my journey till I was sure I should not be wanted at home." "January 1, 1815. *Mem.* The winter was uncommonly severe. My brother suffered from indisposition, and I, for my part, felt I should never be anything else but an invalid for life; but this I very carefully kept to myself, as I wished to be useful to my brother as long as possibly I could." In 1819, a little note of Sir William's is indorsed in her tremulous handwriting: "I keep this as a relic! Every line, *now*, traced by the hand of my dear brother, becomes a treasure to me." She kept a commonplace book, in which she wrote out in full the answers which her brother gave her at breakfast, or in his few leisure moments, to her questions as to the mathematical formulæ she was to use in her computations, and the like. After her discoveries of comets, the publication of two of her works by the Royal Society, and the praise and recognition of her labors by astronomers all over Europe, she still writes, "I had the comfort to see that my brother was satisfied with my endeavors in assisting him."

She received in Hanover the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, a gold medal from the government of Prussia, and notices of her election as honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society and the Royal Irish Academy. Of this last honor she writes to her nephew, "I cannot help crying out aloud every now and then, *What is that for?*" Again, "But I think it is almost mocking me to look upon me as a member of an Academy; I that have lived these eighteen years (against my will and intention) without finding as much as a single comet." Her days in Hanover were spent in the great labor of reducing to one epoch the observations of twenty-five hun-

dred nebulae made at Slough, and from her intellectual solitude there she writes that the heat has made "havoc in her brittle constitution." "At the heavens there is no getting, for the high roofs of the opposite houses;" "the few stars that I can get at, out of my window, only cause me vexation." She felt "the blank of life after having lived within the radiance of genius." The natural tendency to despondency in her disposition did not make her morose, nor take away her sprightliness. In response to a flattering letter from Maskelyne she says, "You see, sir, I do own myself to be vain, because I would not wish to be singular: and was there ever a woman without vanity? Or a man either? only with this difference, that among gentlemen the commodity is generally styled ambition." To her nephew (in whose work she took great pride) she says, "I fear you must often be exposed to great dangers by creeping about in holes and corners among craters of volcanoes, but you know best, and I hope you found something." "In 1787 I helped my brother to receive the Princess Lamballe, who came with a numerous attendance to see the moon, etc. About a fortnight after, her head was off."

In Hanover her life was quiet and uneventful. In her day-book the date when the *Astronomische Nachrichten* arrived is always noted. Great men occasionally wrote to her, and she kept her interest in their work to the last. "How I envy you having seen Bessel—the man who found us the parallax of 61 Cygni." Altogether we must be thankful for this book, which gives us information we can find nowhere else of the great philosopher, her brother, and which has introduced to the world another character, her own, which it could ill afford to be ignorant of. Lady Herschel in her touching preface to the work says truly, "Of the noble company of unknown helpers Caroline Herschel was one." Her portrait, the frontispiece of the volume, shows a strong and patient face. That of her brother in his early life is the most pleasing we have seen, far more full of the inner genius of the man than the later one published in 1823 by Henry Caxton. The text is defaced by many careless errors which good proof-reading should have eliminated.

— It is astonishing what pleasure may be derived from Mr. Hamerton's books by one who does not expect too much of them. He is a gentle and reflective egoist who

only asks of you to tolerate his mood and hear him out. He does not fatigue you by his brilliancy, nor reproach you by his superiority, nor excite you by his originality; but his observations are often acute and his judgments almost always fair. His artist's taste and training make him admirable in the description of natural objects; most admirable of all in depicting minute forms and drawing delicate distinctions. He always expects you to look at a large landscape with some slight reference to its effect on P. G. Hamerton, or to the effect of the latter in it; but he loves the landscape, and in the end he makes you love the painter. The present volume¹ is a convenient reprint of two previous ones which first appeared in a more luxurious shape, illustrated by numerous etchings of the author's own. The *Sylvan Year* is the story, under a light guise of fiction, of a year spent by Mr. Hamerton in that unfrequented part of rural France which lies between the vine-lands of Burgundy and the river Loire. The loveliest parts of his journal are those in which he analyzes the color of the landscape in that region, and describes its flora.

The voyage down the Unknown River loses more than the *Sylvan Year* by the absence of the etchings, which were all interesting, although of very unequal merit. But it is still more readable by one of quiet mind than the tale of most voyages of discovery.

— The aim of Mr. Klaczko, in his interesting volume,² is to unveil the mysteries of diplomacy, and to show that while Gortchakof and Bismarck put their two heads together and outwitted the whole of Europe, Bismarck was playing a still deeper game on his own account, and now laughs much and long in his sleeve when he thinks of the way he has hoodwinked Gortchakof, to whom he intends to give and always has given merely the shell of the oyster. In proof of the soundness of this hypothesis, which is considered a satisfactory explanation of the recent changes in European politics, Mr. Klaczko has written a very fascinating history of European diplomacy during the last twenty-five years. Naturally a good part of this history concerns itself especially with Bismarck, for whom this author, who has strong Austrian sympathies, entertains a very hearty hatred. It must

be said, however, that he is far too wily a man to show his hatred too plainly; he has another end in view, the disclosing of his foe's designs, and he is too clear-sighted not to know that his heaviest blows would be those which baffled Bismarck by betraying his intentions. By representing Russia as the blind tool of Germany he doubtless hopes to kindle the jealous wrath of those Slaves who are opposed to Teutonic influence, and in this way to check the growth of German power. Certainly this book tends to arouse Russian distrust, but that the arguments he has collected are sufficient to convince an indifferent outsider cannot be affirmed. Too much stress, in our opinion, is laid upon the early connection between Gortchakof and Bismarck, and it is by no means conclusively shown that they grew to be great friends. "At Frankfort he (Gortchakof) took especial pleasure in the society of his Prussian colleague, a young lieutenant in the Landwehr, an entire novice in the diplomatic career, although marked out for such a prodigious destiny," is the sentence describing the beginning of the plotting between the arch-conspirators; to this is added, a few pages farther on, the statement that Gortchakof at Frankfort found "firm support in his colleague of Prussia;" and farther on still, this feeble substructure is magnified as follows: "Prince Gortchakof, as we have already seen, had made the acquaintance of, and maintained the most intimate relations with a colleague," etc. This is certainly not the way to write history, without giving the reader the testimony; and a slip like this has no other effect than to put the cautious reader on his guard against possibly more warrantable statements on the part of the would-be historian.

It should be said, however, that in unraveling the tangled web of diplomacy, Mr. Klaczko is invariably an entertaining, even if an uncertain guide. He, like many others, cannot forgive Bismarck for being ambitious, for trying to lift Germany into a place among the higher powers; and all his polite satire and amusing reading of history are used for decrying him. That Bismarck will find him a very serious enemy can hardly be supposed, for a man who always misleads his adversaries by stating exactly what he is going to do, as is the case with

¹ *The Sylvan Year, and the Unknown River*. By P. G. HAMERTON. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1876.

² *Two Chancellors: Prince Gortchakof and Prince Bismarck* By JULIAN KLACZKO. Translated

from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by FRANK P. WARD. New York: Hurd and Houghton Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1876

the German chancellor, will not stand in too great dread of exposure; and, moreover, he has too many burdens already on his shoulders to mind what every pamphleteer may have to urge against him. Indeed, what Mr. Klaczko has written is not so sure to redound to Bismarck's discredit as may have been desired; for at any rate his ability is not denied; and this book, at the best, only proves his skill in diplomacy. Those who regard Bismarck as a fiend, for defeating Austria in 1866, and the French in 1870, will regard this veiled attack as a most just punishment for a wicked and ill-spent life; those, however, who do not so utterly blame the course of Germany, will not dread this unflattering portrait of a great man; and all, whether they agree with Mr. Klaczko or not, will find his book entertaining.

The translation is on the whole well done, though there are places, here and there, which are marked by French rather than English idiom. For example, Bismarck's *not* is not well given in this form: "Paris is too great a personage that we should treat it in this manner," etc. Moreover, was Mr. Eugene Schuyler ever "ambassador of the United States at St. Petersburg"? This, to be sure, is an error of the original writer, but should it not have been corrected by the translator? The foot-note, page 188, also needs revision. "The narration made by M. Thiers himself, some days later, to the diocese of Orleans," is an inaccurate rendering: what is meant is, what he said at the palace of the Bishop of Orleans.

—It is hard to see what there is of especial interest in the trip of a Centennial commissioner in Europe¹ that he should write a book about it. In this case, however, the commissioner is an editor of a paper to which he wrote very hurried letters, and at the request of flattering friends he weakly consented to publish them in book form. That the letters are of startling novelty or interest it would be hard to say, although there are few people who would find so little to blame in what they saw as did Mr. Forney. In his first letter he says, "I am more than ever impressed, as I see the good results produced by our noble American-built steamers, with their heavy freights, full complement of happy passengers, and excellent management, as to the paramount justice of protecting American manufact-

ures." This testimony from so unprejudiced a witness is of great value, and when one considers how seasick and unhappy all the passengers sometimes are on the Cunard steamers, it may be said to be perfectly convincing. Perhaps Mr. Forney's enthusiasm appears most strongly in his mention of the notorious Weston's defeat of the English champion in a walking-match, which he visited in company with the late minister to England, General Schenck. "Lightly built, agile, pale, and firm, with a bright, flashing eye, he (Weston) looked a sort of young Antinous. He saw and recognized us, and with a flash of glad and grateful welcome repeatedly kissed his hand to us as he passed." This young Antinous "wore a velvet coat, jaunty hat, and white kid gloves, with top-boots of thin patent-leather," unlike the old Antinous, it will be noticed. But Mr. Forney's bubbling enthusiasm does not stop here; he goes on to say: "As we passed out of the great hall and heard the band and the shouts of the honest crowds, I could not help asking an American friend whether the lamented James Buchanan, while minister to England, with his chilling white cravat, or Charles Francis Adams, robed in his cold, ancestral mantle, would have gone out like Robert C. Schenck to mingle with the boisterous and somewhat perilous British crowd to offer comfort to a young American stranger in London, in the hour of his expected defeat, with no hope of his overwhelming triumph." One cannot help wondering what was the dress of our minister on that day when in company with Mr. Forney he found himself in an honest crowd. It is much to the credit of both these gentlemen that they were not more terrified.

Mr. Forney did not waste his time in pleasure alone; he had the interests of the Centennial Exhibition near his patriotic heart, and accordingly he visited the empress of the French to ask her to "send some token of the interest she manifested in the Exhibition." It is hardly gallant of him, however, to begin his account of this meeting by mentioning the lady's age, although he does away with any possible evil impression by relating at some length the impression she made upon his susceptible heart. A captious critic on the lookout for errors might detect what Matthew Arnold would call the note of provinciality, in Mr. Forney's habit of bringing the people he describes vividly before his readers by mentioning the citizen of Philadelphia whom

¹ *A Centennial Commissioner in Europe*. 1874-76. By JOHN W. FORNEY, Editor of The Philadelphia Press. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co 1876.

they most nearly resemble. Thus, Mr. Charles Reade looks like "our William Sellers, of Philadelphia;" again, "I do not know how better to bring John Bright before you than to say he is not unlike John O. James, or Colonel Thomas A. Scott, with a pair of white whiskers running under the chin, and snowy hair." One more example must suffice: "There was a fine old Catholic priest, with a figure like Archbishop Wood and a face like Shelton Mackenzie, who alternately devoured the pages of the *Revue de Monde* (*sic*) and discussed politics with his neighbor." However convenient this habit may be to Philadelphians, to the countless readers of this volume in other parts of the world it cannot help being an unsatisfactory guide. Seriously, this book is a most depressing record of cheaply accumulated facts and the naivest vulgarity, and that any attention should have been paid to the Exhibition by those who were brought into the presence of this commissioner speaks well for their good nature.

— Mrs. Dodge's volume, *Theophilus and Others*,¹ shows that she can write almost as entertainingly for grown people as she can for children, which is saying a great deal. This book is made up of a number of little stories of modest pretensions, and of essays which by no means exhaust the subjects considered, although they are for the most part bright and readable. Not all the contributions are of equal merit. The first one, Dobbs's Horse, describes, in a way with which many experienced readers can sympathize, the struggles of a city family in the country over more or less uncommendable horses. *Theophilus* is the husband whose impetuosity, laziness, and good nature are no more than distinguish a large class of that race, and the "others" referred to in the title are children; a Boston lady "of 'Mayflower' descent," who says: "I should really admire to have Annie become intimate with her;" a wild negro servant; an Irish servant who states in two pages her objections to the Chinese, etc.

Mrs. Dodge's humor is delightful; her sentiment is possibly a trifle tedious, as if the habit of writing for children had caused unnecessary and superfluous contempt for

the intelligence of their elders, who also are expected to take their pathos watered. This is a trifling fault, however, and the volume, slight as it is, is sure to be liked.

— It may well be questioned whether the authors of the *Wide, Wide World* have added to their fame by this new novel.² In the first place, the story it tells is one of no marked merit or originality, and the way in which it is told is in the highest degree crabbed and unintelligible. There is such an air of pertness about every one of the speakers, — and the story is told almost entirely by means of conversations, — that the reader gets the impression that all the characters are referring to jests known only to themselves, as if he were overhearing private conversations.

As may be imagined, this scrappy way of writing soon becomes very tiresome from the difficulty the reader has in detecting the hidden meaning of these curt sentences. The book tells the love of Rollo for Wych Hazel, and indulges in gentle satire against parties, round dances, etc. The love-story is made obscure, Rollo's manners are called "Spanish," and he is in many ways a peculiar young man. We seem to be dealing much more with notes for a novel than with the completed product.

— It is hard to say anything about Miss Duhring's book which will not sound harsh.³ For three hundred pages she expresses her opinion on *Gentlefolks* and *Others*, the others being *Lovers of Nature*, *Letter-Writers*, *Foolish Virgins*, *Passionate Women*, *Authors*, *Egoists*, *Liars*, *Thieves* and the Like, *Confidants*, etc. The general tone of these essays, in which the smoothness of expression is more marked than the profundity of the thought, may be gathered from this example: —

"There is a strong tendency in the present age to depreciate letter-writing.

"'Of what use?' cries the spirit of Utilitarianism. 'I have steam, electricity, commerce, and agriculture; I see our country growing in extent, wealth, and power. Are not these enough?'

"'Yes, more than enough!' retorts the spirit of Beauty. 'I grant you all your strength and influence; would do nothing to check your growth. But I, too, have my rightful place in the empire; one from which

¹ *Theophilus and Others*. By MARY MAPES DODGE, author of *Hans Brinker*, or *The Silver Skates*, *Rhymes* and *Jingles*, etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1876.

² *Wych Hazel*. By SUSAN and ANNA WARNER,

authors of *Wide, Wide World*, *Queechy*, etc., etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.

³ *Gentlefolks and Others*. By JULIA DUHRING, author of *Philosophers* and *Fools*. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott & Co. 1876

you cannot rightly exclude me. If you ignore this right, you will see how courageously I can defend my birthright!"

It will be impossible, however, not to notice the inappropriateness of the remarks of both of these personified spirits; commerce, agriculture, steam, and growth in wealth and power have nothing to say against the writing of letters, and the spirit of Beauty seems to indulge in unnecessary threatenings.

Throughout the volume there is no lack of instances of similar virtue in missing of the point. The book is full of idle reveries of a superficial sort, expressed with great fullness, never rising to any important utterance, but keeping the dull monotone of those vague fancies which rarely, in such profusion at least, see printer's ink. Both the spirit of Beauty and that of Utilitarianism might make the book a text for some unpleasant remarks. Miss Duhring's theory of writing is a very dangerous one. Good writing is, according to her, "whatever you write without conscious effort, without knowing, when the pages are finished, what you have written." A saying better worth remembering is this, that easy writing is hard reading.

— The second volume of the *Life of Lord Shelburne*¹ opens with his being made Secretary of State in 1766. The office was then divided into the northern and southern departments, and Shelburne held the southern, which was by far the more responsible, including the management of home and Irish affairs, and the correspondence with the states of Western Europe, India, and the colonies. He was twenty-nine years of age, and devoted to the principles and policy of Lord Chatham. His enemies, like Walpole, called him Lord Chatham's *creature*, very falsely. Shelburne was never any man's creature. On the contrary, his eccentric and over-haughty individuality made him unpopular even among his friends, and robbed him of much of the consideration which he should have won by the consistent liberality of his views and his patient devotion to what he considered the public weal.

The time was a stormy one in English politics. Ireland was unusually vicious and discontented; the American colonies were on the eve of their final revolt; the affairs of the East India Company had assumed a most threatening aspect; and the

other great European powers — France under the ministry of the ambitious and able Duc de Choiseul, Spain through her wily minister Masserano, Prussia with an unsatisfied private grudge against England, — were eagerly watching for the moment when they might best take advantage of Great Britain's internal troubles. At the head of the administration was the brilliant and unscrupulous Charles Townshend, the leader of what was known as the king's party, who encouraged George III. in every aggressive and implacable whim, especially toward the American colonies. Townshend also desired to flatter the East Indian magnates by opposing all schemes for the limitation of their revenues and the curtailment of their power, and whatever was lost to the general revenue of the country in this way he proposed to make up by increased taxation of the transatlantic states. Against such a policy Shelburne struggled as best he might. His letters on American affairs, despite the inveterate clumsiness and obscurity of style which he never, save in moments of very indignant eloquence, quite overcame, seem models of fairness and common sense; and he strove manfully to have what were called the territorial revenues of the East India Company forfeited to the government, and their monstrous dividends limited to ten per cent. Shelburne's position at this time was a peculiarly solitary and unpleasant one. His proper leader, Lord Chatham, was prostrated by the first attack of that mysterious malady, half physical and half mental, which deprived the state of his valuable services at a most critical time, and plunged him in so morose a silence that not even the young statesman who was understood to be the active representative of his views could get out of him a word of real sympathy or counsel for the space of three years. Chatham forbade his much-tried colleague to resign, and that was all. Once, indeed, during this period, Chatham, who continued to hold the Privy Seal, roused himself and made a strenuous effort to get rid of Townshend altogether, and have Lord North appointed in his place; but he failed, and Townshend revenged himself by attacking Shelburne in the famous "champagne" speech, concerning which Horace Walpole, after deploring the accidental burning up of his first and fuller account, writes on the 12th of May, 1767, to Sir

¹ *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquis of Lansdowne. With Extracts from*
VOL. XXXVIII. — NO. 227. 24

his Papers and Correspondence. By LORD FITZMAURICE. Vol. II. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Horace Mann, "It was a wonderful speech, *appropos* to nothing, yet about everything, — about ministers past, present, and to come, himself in particular, whom I think rather past than to come. It was all wit and folly, satire and indiscretion; he was half drunk when he made it, and yet that did but serve to raise the idea of his abilities." That speech was very nearly the last ebullition of Townshend's lively malice. On the 27th of the next September we find Walpole writing from Paris, "Our comet is set! Charles Townshend is dead. All those parts and fire are extinguished; those volatile salts are evaporated; the first eloquence of the world is dumb! That duplicity is fixed, that cowardice has terminated heroically. He joked on death as naturally as he used to do on the living, and not with the affectation of philosophers who wind up their works with sayings which they hope to have remembered."

On the death of Townshend, the Bedford whigs, under the leadership of the head of that house, came into full power, and Lord Shelburne's position was not improved. In the first place, his office was divided, — a measure which had been proposed and had failed under Lord Rockingham, — and the department of American affairs was given to Lord Hillsborough, who was fully of the popular opinion that America was to be coerced into good behavior. Shelburne was, however, desired to keep the chief management of Irish and foreign affairs, and in vain did he attempt to obtain Lord Chatham's opinion on the propriety of his retaining an office so curtailed. "Your ladyship," he wrote to Lady Chatham, for he no longer held direct communication with the great earl, "sees the delicacy of this situation. My sincere and only wish is to do what is agreeable to Lord Chatham, not so much from a motive of private regard, as a thorough conviction that nothing but his compass and extent of mind can save this country from some great confusion. My reason for not choosing the new department proposed is no dislike to the office, but that I think the general system affected; but if Lord Chatham desires I should do it, I am very ready to take the part he wishes, notwithstanding my own earnest inclinations." He got no help in his perplexity, and in the end decided — one cannot help thinking from the most disinterested motives — to retain the office, which he did for about a year longer. He labored hard to effect some positive good

for Ireland, being Irish born and an immense Irish proprietor, and thus feeling the real grievances of that ill-governed nation as no alien statesman could have done. He also resisted firmly the designs of France upon Corsica, and favored the independence of the island, although he did not heartily admire the ill-fated hero of the Corsican revolution, Pascal Paoli.

On the 19th of October, 1769, Shelburne finally resigned the seals of his secretaryship, and began, as member of the House of Lords, to work with all his might, and to very little purpose, in the distracted opposition. In January, 1771, his beloved wife died suddenly, and he himself, being in greatly impaired health, resolved to quit England for a time. He accordingly visited the Continent, taking with him his life-long friend, Colonel Barré, and in the philosophic circles of the French capital he found congenial society, an easy tolerance of his peculiarities of manner and temper, and the sort of sympathetic appreciation which his own countrymen had been slow to allow him. Here he met Malesherbes, for whom he conceived a most reverent admiration, and the Abbé Morellet, the French Adam Smith, who became his intimate friend, and to whom he afterwards extended the hospitality of the British Isles in the most superb manner.

It does not appear to us that the present volume of Lord Shelburne's memoirs quite fulfills the promise of Lord Fitzmaurice's prospectus. Undoubtedly, however, it gives us a clearer idea of Shelburne as a man than could be derived from the previous one. We recognize the superficial faults and foibles which hindered men from perceiving his real nobility of purpose, and in a measure defeated his justly earned fame. It was his misfortune to be, during the greater part of his public career, a member of an unsuccessful opposition, at a time, too, when party feeling ran very high, and personal abuse was unbridled. It seems to have been purely his misfortune that his manners were so artificial that people found it hard to believe in his sincerity of spirit. His theories, nay, his political action, were consistently liberal, almost democratic; yet he was personally very haughty and exclusive, — a combination so common that one would think men might after a while cease to be amazed at it. He did right in a wrong spirit. He had a certain careless contempt for his fellow-men, whom all the while he was resolved to benefit. He

scorned to conciliate them, yet cherished a secret resentment because they did not always discern his generous intent under his forbidding manner. There was much more of this sort of antagonism with his own countrymen than with the French, among whom he was easily at home; and indeed he seems always to have been regarded in England as a species of foreigner, and his highly ceremonious manners as very affectedly uninsular. There is a curious instance of this in a little affair he had with Lady Rockingham, who had supplied him with snuff once, when, in calling on her on his way to the House of Lords, he had found himself without that necessary stimulant. Lord Shelburne returned the snuff with such formality, and in a snuff-box of such offensive magnificence, that my lady felt her simple courtesy insulted, and replied in a very stiff and super-dignified note. On the other hand, it is interesting to see what a different impression the English statesman made upon Madame de l'Espinasse, whom he captivated upon their first meeting. She has been telling in a letter how dazzling and charming Madame Boufflers was at a certain dinner of Madame Geofrin's. "But you should have seen," she says, "the effect upon Milord Shelburne. *He* is simple and natural. He is strong; he has a soul. He cares only for that which resembles himself,—at least in the matter of simplicity. I think he is most happy to have been born an Englishman. I have seen a great deal of him, and heard him talk, and he is intellectual, ardent, elevated. He reminds me a little of both those men of the world whom I have loved, and for whom I would be willing either to live or die."

The circle of *esprits forts* who used to frequent Bowdoin in the later years of Lord Shelburne's life — Franklin, Barré, the distinguished dissenter Dr. Price, the Unitarian Dr. Priestley, to whom Shelburne gave an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds and the nominal office of his librarian, and the philosophic Frenchmen who came and went — comprised some of the most noteworthy thinkers of the age; and doubtless they enjoyed themselves and one another after the manner of *esprits forts*. The present volume closes with a chapter entitled *Shelburne on Men and Things*, comprising extracts from memoranda found

among the statesman's papers which throw some curious side-lights upon his mind and character.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

It is a singular thing about French novels that they can be so easily divided into distinct classes, one consisting of those which are likely to call up a blush for the moment, while at the same time they tend to undermine and do away with the habit of blushing, and the other of those that have almost nothing to do with the human heart except as an organ not to be tampered with by the assassin's knife. When a French author sets about writing a novel which shall be free of all guile and a fitting occupant of the drawing-room, he invents a story of murder or robbery, in which the guilty ones are hidden, and the interest lies in detecting the well-concealed offenders. Now novels of this sort never fail in giving entertainment, though they have by no means the charm of love-stories, because every reader either has been, is, or expects or at least hopes to be, in love; while even with the immunity now generally given to murderers, there are but few novel-readers who either have committed murders or intend to commit them, and fewer still, it is only fair to suppose, who are committing them while reading.

*Le Serment de Madeleine*² is a novel of this last-named class, and one that may be safely commended to those readers who are anxious to avoid being shocked by what they read. Madeleine, the heroine, is first the wife and then the widow of a man who is unjustly accused of the murder of a rich usurer, who is found killed the evening after a visit from her husband, a carpenter, who has just been making him a strong box. The testimony gathers around the innocent man very closely, but yet he is acquitted. When he returns home, however, he suffers from the scorn of his acquaintances, who had for a long time been jealous of him, and now look upon his stay in prison as a most degrading thing; he finds that others have supplanted him in his business, so that his path in life is very thorny. His wife at the moment of his acquittal had sworn a solemn oath in the court-room, before judge, jury, lawyers, and spectators, to find out who was the guilty man, and the largest part of the book describes her efforts and varying suc-

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Le Serment de Madeleine*. Par CHARLES DESLYS. Paris: Dentu. 1875.

cess. She is a well-drawn character, and her energy and affection are clearly put before us. Indeed, in many respects this book has a certain modest value as a portrayal of the lives and ways of the peasants and villagers in the Vosges. At last the real murderer is detected. Madeleine's husband has died broken-hearted, but she has yet her duty to her children to spur her on to revenge; and although the case is a complicated one, and when she finds out who really committed the murder she is tempted to keep silent, she does not and justice is not defrauded of its victim.

It may be seen that this is not one of the most fascinating novels that was ever written, but it need not be passed over too hastily on that account; it is readable, and for the time it is held in the hands it fixes the attention.

— *Die Moderne Oper*¹ is one of a German series of books which is intended to cover a certain number of subjects interesting to all who care for literary, scientific, historical, and artistic matters. The list of authors who have agreed to write in it includes such well-known names as Auerbach, Paul Heyse, F. Bodenstedt, Louis Büchner, Bluntchli, Paul Lindau, Von Giesebrecht, Gutzkow, Häckel, Von Sybel, Spielhagen, Strodtmann, Carl Vogt, Daniel Sanders, and Vambéry, and almost every one of these, it is fair to say, is familiar to American readers who have followed the course of German literature during the last few years. It may be said here that the annual payment of the sum of thirty marks, or fifteen dollars, to Herrn Verlagsbuchhändler A. Hofmann, Kronenstrasse, 17 Berlin W, will reward the subscriber by the return of seven neatly-printed books of the series, bound in cloth.

The book before us is very entertaining; the author, Dr. Hauslick, is a musical critic of note in Vienna as well as professor of history, and in this volume it has been his endeavor to give a certain amount of information about the operas that have been given in Vienna during the last twenty years, with some account of the different composers. In his preface he says: "The great excess in the number of very recent composers mentioned in these pages is explained by the condition of the modern repertory. Almost every year the once large contingent of older pieces grows smaller, and more and more do famous

composers retire into the biographical dictionary, where they are styled immortal, whereas for the present age they are dead and forgotten. The famous axiom that what is 'really beautiful' (and who shall decide what is!) can never, in any lapse of time, lose its charm, is, so far as music is concerned, hardly more than a figure of speech." And further on: "Every time has proclaimed the immortality of its favorites. Even Adam Hiller, in Leipzig, declared that if Hasse's operas ever ceased to give delight, universal barbarism must ensue; even Schubert, the writer on music, said of Jomelli that it was inconceivable that that composer should ever be forgotten; and what are Hasse and Jomelli now? . . . History teaches us that operas, for the certainty of whose immortality we would gladly march to the stake, have an average life of from forty to fifty years, a limit which only very few survive and is seldom reached." Certainly these passages show that the author looks at his subject with the eye of a philosopher, and that he does not spend his time in bemoaning unavoidable change.

In this book he has written of the operas of Gluck, Mozart, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Verdi, Schumann, Wagner, Rubinstein, and Johann Strauss, at some length, with briefer mention of those of Beethoven, Weber, Marschner, Cherubini, Méhul, and Boieldieu. It may be begging the whole question to say that Wagner belongs among those whose position on Parnassus is not yet assured; but, on the other hand, it is fair enough in view of the way in which his supporters are continually alleging his greatness, and thus betraying their uneasiness, just as seafowls betray to the intruder the nearness of their young by their anxiety to attract him from the spot. Hauslick says of him: "Wagner is certainly fortunate in everything. First, he raged against all crowned heads, and lo! a noble king steps forward full of enthusiastic love, and secures him against want or poverty. Then he writes a squib against the Jews, and all the Jews, musical or unmusical, encourage him more warmly by writing favorable notices of him in the papers and by buying his Bayreuth bonds. In a pamphlet *On Directing*, he proves that all our conductors and musical directors are nothing but mechanics, to whom he would not trust a 'single tempo' of one of his operas; and at once our conductors and musical directors from Wagner unions send and enlist troops for the contest

¹ *Die Moderne Oper*. Von Dr. E. HAUSLICK. Berlin: Hofmann. 1876.

at Bayreuth. Opera singers and directors whose performances Wagner had criticised most severely in his writings follow his footsteps wherever he leads, and are made happy by a smile from him. He brands our conservatories (in a Report to King Ludwig) as the most worthless, pernicious institutions; and the pupils of the Vienna Conservatory form a lane before Richard Wagner and collect money for a tribute of honor to the master. . . . Without doubt Wagner is a most remarkable man. His unwearying energy and love of work have won our admiring respect." After speaking of Wagner's reluctance to bringing out his operas in theatres where other operas have been played, Hauslick goes on: "So Wagner has built a new theatre, a Wagner theatre, in order to serve up his gifts in fresh vessels. At the same time he thinks of renewing, with his performances at Bayreuth, that golden age of Greece when the theatre did not supply daily amusement, but a rare popular festival, a serious, religious, artistic uplifting of the nation. Whether classical Greece, which is so absolutely separated from our time, will be renewed through the Bayreuth theatre, the future will show; one difference at least is clear. The Greek plays were really popular festivals, open to every one without expense; but in order to see the Nibelungen operas at Bayreuth one must have a ticket costing three hundred thalers. Consequently only rich friends of music can secure this musical treat for themselves. By belonging to a 'Wagner union' one has a chance of winning a ticket

in a lottery." Moreover, concerts are given to procure money for the tickets of needy lovers and students of music, Wagner himself taking it for granted that the pilgrimage to Bayreuth is indispensable for all; but since all cannot receive three hundred thalers from the concerts, the "worthiest" will have to be selected, whose "worth" will probably depend on their musical faith, "so that this festival, which pretends to be a German national festival, will really be that of the rich and of those poor Wagner enthusiasts for whom the rich pay. This does not agree with renewed Olympic games, or with the democratic clap-trap Wagner is not averse to using; if he had cared to give pleasure to the people he would have done better to take some large theatre already standing, where any one could have obtained admission for a few groschen." The building of this theatre, he says, is one of the most remarkable events in the history of art, and the most extraordinary success a composer ever achieved.

Many lovers of music have a very reasonable dislike to reading books on music, where they often find confused attempts at interpretation of musical masterpieces; but in this book there is nothing of the sort. This author writes in a clear and brilliant style about music and musical men and musical matters, in a perfectly intelligible way, without affectation or pretense. His wit is often very keen and entertaining, and the reader moreover always has the feeling that he has to do with a man perfectly familiar with his subject.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Casseil, Petter, and Galpin, London: The History of Free Trade in Tuscany, with Remarks on its Progress in the Rest of Italy. By James Montgomery Stuart. — Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries. A Series of Essays published under the Sanction of the Cobden Club. Edited by J. W. Probyn.

Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia: The Influence of the Blue Ray of the Sunlight, and of the Blue Color of the Sky, in developing Animal and Vegetable Life, as illustrated by the Experiments of General A. J. Pleasonton and others.

John D. Conway, Lawrence, Mass.: The Complete Poems of John D. Conway; or, Hours of Recreation.

Eighth Annual Report of the Noxious, Beneficial, and other Insects of the State of Missouri. By Charles V. Riley, State Entomologist.

Government Printing Office, Washington: Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education.

E. J. Hale and Son, New York: Ellen Story. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: Leisure Hour

Series. A Story of Three Sisters. By Cecil Maxwell.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: Elements of Physical Manipulation. By Edward C. Pickering. Part II.

Lee and Shepard, Boston: The Chinese Problem. By L. T. Townsend, D. D. — A Nation's Birth, and other National Poems. By George H. Calvert.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: America discovered by the Welsh in 1170 A. D. By Rev. Benjamin F. Bowen.

Longmans, Green, & Co., London: The Second Death and the Restitution of all Things. A Letter to a Friend. By Andrew Jukes. Fourth Edition. — The Types of Genesis, briefly considered as Revealing the Development of Human Nature. By Andrew Jukes. Third Edition.

J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: A Study of Hawthorne. By George Parsons Lathrop. — Roadside Poems. For Summer Travelers. Edited by Lucy Larcom. — The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Centennial Edition. With

Numerous Illustrations. — *The Dolliver Romance, and other Pieces.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. — *Fanshawe, and other Pieces.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: *Clarel. A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land.* By Herman Melville. Vols. I., II. — *German Political Leaders.* By Herbert Tuttle. — *A Philosophy of Religion, or the Rational Grounds of Religious Belief.* By John Bascom. — *The Science of Ethics. An Elementary System of Theoretical and Practical Morality.* By Henry N. Day.

George Routledge and Sons, London: *Thomas Wingfold, Curate.* By George Macdonald, LL. D. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., New York: *Elements of English Grammar.* By S. W. Whitney, A. M.

Swedenborg Society, London: *Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg.* Volume I. By R. L. Tafel, A. M., Ph. D.

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ART.

THE art of repairing and restoring frescoes, as it is now practiced in Italy, is in some respects an entirely new one; and the results are so wonderful that some account of the process seems to be called for. The Cavaliere Guglielmo Botti, of Pisa, is the creator of the modern practice. He has improved some of the known processes, and invented others, until there seems to be hardly any limit to his skill. The world owes him almost as much for what he does not do as for what he does; for it is a sacred principle with him never to add a line or a tint to what remains of an old work. He never tries to re-create any missing portion, but fills the space with a neutral tint in harmony with the general tone; thinking, with Cavalcaselle, that "a picture injured or wanting in parts is more useful to an intelligent student than a picture finished by the restorer, for this ends by being neither an old work nor a new one." Before beginning to restore a picture, therefore, he has a large photograph made of it, which will testify that nothing is added or destroyed in the original.

As long ago as 1856, Professor Botti made his first trial on a small portion of the Campo Santo of Pisa, and succeeded so perfectly that he was entrusted with the restoration of much of the work of Benozzo

Gozzoli existing there. Then the municipality of Padua summoned him to save the works of Giotto in Santa Maria dell' Arena, and of Mantegna in the Eremitani. Since that he has restored many other works in various places, and he now holds the appointment of inspector of frescoes for the kingdom. Several pupils instructed by him are at work under his direction, so that the restorations are proceeding as fast as the small amount of funds at government disposal permits, and the art is in no danger of perishing with its discoverer.

Perhaps the most striking example of Botti's success is to be seen in the upper church of the Monastery of Saint Francis, at Assisi. The frescoes on the ceiling, which Vasari says astonished the world, had begun to fade when he saw them; and the work of time had since gone on so far that, what with dust and mold, sunken colors, and portions so cracked and loosened from the wall as to seem ready to drop on the traveler's head as he looked up, little of their beauty could be recognized. Only a portion of them has been restored, and the contrast between this and the untouched parts is so amazing — the colors are so fresh, the designs so distinct — that every one's first impulse must be to disbelieve the old priest who assures him that there has

been no repainting or anything like it. It is said that Mr. Ruskin, who had flown to the rescue when he heard that the Assisi frescoes were threatened with restoration, did entirely disbelieve the old gentleman, and preferred the evidence of his own senses, until Professor Botti led him up to the platform, where he could touch and believe.

Before speaking of details, we may recall the difference between fresco and tempera. In the first the colors are ground in water only, with no vehicle; so much of the wall as can be painted in a day, and no more, is coated with a plaster of finest lime and marble dust in about equal proportions; the design is traced upon this, and entirely painted while the ground remains fresh; and as this dries, the colors become incorporated with the surface. The inconvenience of having to finish the picture, or one portion of it, at once, with no chance of corrections or additions, often led the great fresco painters to mix up tempera and fresco in the same work. In tempera painting the colors are ground with size or egg, or some such vehicle (tempera) closely resembling that which scene-painters use. Although convenient, because making it possible to paint at leisure on a dry surface, it has not the imperishable qualities of fresco. With time the walls grow damp; the moisture and salts of the lime destroy the glue or size; and where this has happened, the colors are now found merely dusted on the wall, as easily disturbed as the down on a butterfly's wing.

To remove a fresco from its wall and transfer it to canvas, or replace it after cleaning the wall behind, is nothing new. Professor Botti has carried this branch of the art to the greatest perfection. The cracked and blistered surfaces are covered with strips of fine muslin soaked in weak starch, crossing each other in three directions. The whole picture is fastened with some such thin adhesive mixture to a large stretched cloth, the coating is gently and gradually separated from the wall, and the whole tipped forward and laid on a table prepared to receive it. But suppose some parts to be in tempera. The moment the starched cloth was applied to these, the colors would leave the plaster forever. Here it is that the first of Professor Botti's new processes steps in. Before doing anything except to *coax* off the dust and cobwebs, he passes over the whole a liquid somewhat resembling the tempera used by the old painters. Careful experiments have led him to

the discovery of a tempera which absolutely fixes the colors without changing the tones, and fixes them so perfectly that they will resist sponging with boiling water. Of course there is no risk in pasting the cloth upon this. But this application does more than fix the colors laid on in tempera. It has a magical effect in bringing out the dull, sunken tones all over the picture. The effect is like that of a coat of varnish upon an oil-picture that has dried in, and is quite as marked. It is this which has given to the restored parts of the ceiling at Assisi such a freshness and vigor as deceived the practiced eye of Mr. Ruskin. It should be added that Professor Botti is a skillful chemist, and therefore able to judge of the safety of his application, and that his opinion of its harmlessness is shared by Cavalcaselle and other experts of equal skill whose names are less familiar in this country.

The whole picture, laid flat upon the table, is slightly dampened and gently rolled and tapped with wooden mallets until it is perfectly flat. Its thickness is reduced by paring off the coarser mortar on the back, until only a few centimetres are left. With a picture of moderate size nothing would remain to be done but to fasten a stretched stout canvas to the back, raise the whole to its place when dry, and remove the front cloth. But among the restorations of Professor Botti is the fresco and tempera painting of the Last Judgment executed by Fra Bartolommeo in the chapel of the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence, and measuring fifteen square metres. About the middle of the seventeenth century it had been removed to a court-yard, wall and all, and dampness and exposure had since done their work. It was in a deplorable condition when, in 1871, it fortunately happened that the place was needed for other uses; and after consulting various experts, the head of the hospital called Botti to his aid. The tempera portions were fixed by the means already described; the blisters and raised parts were replaced at their proper level, and bronze pins were driven through them to hold them firmly down. The other operations, so far as I have described them, were successfully accomplished, and the picture lay face downward on its table, ready to be mounted on a new back. But what to make this of was a question. No canvas would be strong enough; nor wood either, unless made of an impracticable thickness and weight. Professor Botti de-

vised a very neat and excellent substitute, and a net-work of copper wire, stretched on a frame and strengthened by metal rods behind, proved admirably fitted for the purpose. The stretching-frame, rods, and net-work were well covered with several coats of oil-paint, and laid on the back of the plaster. Fine tow was worked into the meshes and incorporated with the plaster by means of a cement of quicklime, pounded brick, and a kind of cheese called by the Pisans *colla*. This was daubed on until the whole formed one mass with the old plaster. When the whole was thoroughly dry, the frame was raised up, and Botti had the satisfaction of inviting the Minister of Fine Arts, who came to inspect it, to test its solidity by striking it with his hand: it resounded like a drum. So far as one can predict, a fresco thus treated must be safe for all time. If placed upon a wall, the air will circulate behind it, and no dampness can strike through. Where the situation exposes the picture to moisture in the air, and especially to salt breezes from the sea, Professor Botti applies a final preparation to the surface, composed partly of a turpentine solution of *cera punica*, which is pure wax treated in a peculiar way to prevent its ever turning yellow,—a preparation known to the ancients and successfully revived by Botti. There were numerous varnishes already in use for this purpose, but they all gave a lustre to the surface quite out of keeping with fresco. As this encaustic of *cera punica* is free from this defect, and has been pronounced quite safe by the best experts, its invention must be regarded as an important benefit to the art.

Besides being government inspector of frescoes, Professor Botti has charge of the superb gallery of the Venetian school in the Accademia in Venice, where he can show most interesting results of the modern practice of cleaning oil-pictures. It is at least a dozen years since this simple and perfectly safe method was discovered by Pettenkofer, of Munich. He published details of the process, and was rewarded by the King of Bavaria with a gift of one hundred thousand francs,—and no one seems to have troubled his head about the matter since. At any rate, it has not supplanted everywhere, as it should have done, the plan of rubbing off the old varnish by hand, which too often destroys the delicate glazes which were the artist's finishing touches. The great Marriage at Cana, in

the Salon Carré of the Louvre, is a melancholy proof of the mischief the old style of picture-cleaning can do. The Academy of Venice has many examples of the safe and simple method of Pettenkofer. Some of Tintoretto's Senators look as fresh as when they left the artist's studio. Some little landscapes of the Flemish school have been treated with it, and in the dark corners can now be read the name of the painter, proving that they had been hitherto attributed to the wrong hand. When Meissonier lately paid Botti a visit, he politely but distinctly declined to be convinced, until he had witnessed the operation with his own eyes. Then his enthusiasm was boundless. It is a pity it was not aroused before the scrubbing process had invaded the Louvre. The treatment is absolutely safe, even in inexperienced hands, and so simple that it is almost easier to do it than to describe it.

If the picture is dirty on the surface, it should be gently washed with water and a sponge, and wiped quite dry with a soft cloth. Then take a wad of cotton-wool in each hand, one wet with spirits of turpentine and one dry, and gently rub the surface, a bit at a time, with the wet cotton, and dry it with the other, changing the cotton as often as it gets dirty. This will remove all the dirt that is above the varnish. There is nothing new, so far. But the picture will not look renovated yet. This is the business of the Pettenkofer process, as follows. Get a box or tray made of wood, or cardboard for very small pictures, a little larger than the stretching-frame and about three inches and a half deep, with no cover. On the bottom, inside, place a layer of cotton-wool or coarse blotting-paper, half an inch thick or less, and fasten it well down with tacks or cross-strings, so that it will remain in place when the box is inverted. Lay the picture on the floor or on a table, face upwards; saturate the cotton or paper with *strong* alcohol, making it quite wet, but not so wet as to drip; and then turn the box upside down and place it over the picture. Being a little larger than the picture each way, the box will not touch it, but will rest with its edges on the table or floor. The fumes of the alcohol dissolve the varnish, penetrate through the old coats of it, and clarify the whole. After a quarter of an hour it is well to raise the box a little, and make sure that the paper or cotton does not touch the picture, and that the spirit is not dripping or running down. The box is to be replaced, and left for about an hour. When it is lifted off again, if the

surface be as soft and even and the varnish as clear as if just applied, the operation is finished. If parts are still rough or clouded, the spirits should be renewed and the box put on again for half an hour or an hour more, and then the picture may be left to dry like any newly varnished one; and may be stood up while drying, as less likely to collect dust.

Professor Botti does not have his boxes made of the full size of large pictures, but does a portion at a time with small boxes, until the whole surface has been acted upon.

But the space covered by the box should be allowed to get hard before beginning on the next square; for the squares must overlap a little, and the edge of the box might stick to the surface if it were still fresh. A little gentle rubbing or dabbing with a cloth wet with turpentine (not alcohol) removes all traces of the squares.

So far as we know, this process has not been described except in Pettenkofer's original work, which has not been translated, and does not seem to be as widely known as it should be.

MUSIC.

As the merely intelligent and dry critic often fails to recognize essential beauties because of the presence of unessential imperfections, so can the enthusiast get to mistake these very imperfections for beauties. — MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

Dilettanti think they can master at the first dash what artists have been thinking of for days, months, and years. — ROBERT SCHUMANN.

In his pamphlet on *Orchestral Conducting*, Wagner says: "Unquestionably composers cannot be indifferent as to the manner in which their works are presented to the public, since the latter can manifestly receive a correct impression of a composition only from a good performance, whereas it is unable to recognize as such the incorrect impression produced by a bad performance." The last part of this statement is doubly true when the faults in a bad performance arise wholly from a misconception of the composer's idea, and not from any technical executive shortcoming on the part of the performers; in which case the "intelligent public" is usually too prone to charge the composer with musical platitudes which are wholly due to the æsthetic incompetence of the interpreter. Indeed, it requires an expert of no common degree of critical acumen to lay what blame there may be upon the right shoulders. That the musical critic should be such an expert would seem to be a reasonable requirement both of the composer and public. It may well be questioned whether any one but a musician can be an adequate judge of a composition, even under the most favorable conditions. Even those persons who may incline to think Berlioz's definition of

music, as "the art of moving, by combinations of tones, intelligent men gifted with special and practiced organs," too narrow, cannot deny that a man is *primâ facie* the best judge of matters that come strictly within his own department of knowledge. There are men who — though foreign to the practice, and only slightly versed in the theory of music — have educated their natural gifts, by long familiarity with fine music, to a pitch that will authorize them to consider their own opinion of some value in cases where they really hear a work adequately performed. But the man who, without being a musician himself, can discriminate between a poor composition and a poor performance, is a sufficiently *rara avis* to be looked upon rather as a monstrosity than a normal human individual. We know that some "knights of the pig-tail," who look upon music merely as the transubstantiation of a collection of black dots, metronome marks, and Italian abbreviations into corresponding sounds, will say, on the other hand, that a superb performance will often make a comparatively worthless composition appear of greater value than it actually is. But this is not true; it is both physically and metaphysically impossible. Nothing can come of nothing; no performer, were he thrice a Liszt and a magician to boot, can get more out of a composition than lies in it. It is monstrously untrue that the mere swelling and diminishing tones, which are exactly enough indicated by the engraved notes and expression-marks, constitute music.

They are no more music than the mechanically correct utterance of printed words and sentences is human speech. They are but the flesh, bone, and gristle of music, but no more music itself than the cerebral hemispheres are the human soul. They are, so to speak, the mere physical organs of music, that appeal to our senses, through which the essence of music appeals to our souls. Nay, we would even say that, in a certain high sense, that is the greatest and highest music which most depends upon a fine performance for its adequate realization, not the worst and lowest. If it takes a Von Bülow to show us that Liszt's *Ricordanza* is not wholly worthless, what a verily Titanic player would it not take to reveal to us all the heights and depths of Beethoven's *Opus 106 Sonata*! There is, to be sure, an indestructible something in the highest music that even a poor performance, let it twist and distort it as it may, cannot entirely mar. But let us not for a moment imagine that because we enjoy an inadequate performance of a high work more than a perfect performance of a low one, we therefore have grasped the high work in all its glorious perfection; we have caught only far-off glimpses of the wonderful thing. It is conceivable how quick and acute the intelligence must be that can, at the first or second hearing of a composition, pierce through the distorting medium of an inadequate performance, and grasp the high possibilities that actually lie in the music itself. Such critical insight is to be acquired only by long technical mental drill, added to great general æsthetic culture. A natural, intrinsic capacity is, of course, presupposed. This brings us directly to our point. If the musical critic does not possess this faculty in an eminent degree, by what right does he presume to encounter this truth-seeking world with his opinion of a new composition?

The complete musical critic, the Schumann or Berlioz, is undoubtedly a desideratum in every æsthetic community, yet what an astoundingly rare phenomenon he is! But in his absence, the straightforward, honest man of even passable æsthetic lights may do much, if he will only modestly content himself with saying what he knows, and merely suggesting what he feels. Let the critic never forget what a combination of qualities it takes to enable a man to pass judgment autocratically upon a new work; let him first test himself, before he ventures to declare this good and that bad. Upon

the whole, we think that incalculably more harm may be done by misplaced blame than by misplaced praise. A new work that is damned at the outset by the "dastardly spirit of the pen" has but a gloomy future before it, whereas the composition that begins by shining with the spurious lustre of undeserved praise acquires thereby a prominence that exposes it to the scrutiny of every one. We wonder whether it ever occurred to some critics that they may often err in demanding too much of a composition. It sometimes seems as if no composer to-day could give even a concert-overture to the world without being floored on the very threshold of public recognition by having Bach or Beethoven mercilessly flung at his head. What need is there of being always Titanic? In other arts we do not admit this kind of criticism, by comparison. The Parthenon casts no shadow upon our admiration for the new station of the Boston and Providence railway. Our enjoyment of Paul Veronese's *Marriage at Cana* is not lessened by the very palpable fact that it is not the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Michael Angelo's Adam, lying carelessly upon the hill-side, with that gigantic strength of limb, and that ineffable depth of adoration in his face just crystallizing into a gaze, looks as if he could sweep Paul Veronese and all his works out of existence with a single wave of his outstretched arm. Yet the Veronese still enjoys a comfortable immortality. But it seems at times as if the Passion-music, the Ninth Symphony, Don Giovanni, and the B-flat Trio stood like an appalling "*Lasciate ogni speranza*" at the gate of modern music. This is entirely intolerable. Why should the godlike C-minor Symphony, that Olympian *Lamento e Trionfo*, begrudge Liszt's Tasso its chivalric brilliancy? Is Tschai-kowski's Concerto any the less vigorous, because Beethoven's great E-flat stands unapproached? Let this sort of criticism stop, that the world may see more clearly what is to be seen.

The "merely intelligent and dry" critic, with the brain of a Corliss engine and the soul of a gnat, who has searched the learning of the schools to his own confusion, and would measure music with his contrapuntal foot-rule, is indeed an irritating mortal, but does comparatively little harm. Being himself merely a thinking machine, he can never speak a vital word; he can put two and two together and make a deafening cackle about having hatched four,

but beyond this he can hardly add to the stock of the world's experience. But the untutored "enthusiast," whose swelling soul spurns all earthly shackles, who, without being able to recognize so much as a cross-relation when he sees it, much less when he hears it, soars blissfully about in the realms of high art, hero-worship, and the sublime and beautiful in general, launching thunder-bolts with one hand, and showering benedictions with the other in the vaguest manner: *he* will ever remain an inexplicable astonishment to the thinking observer. When the human mind, from among its various possibilities of progress, chooses the direction of doing what it knows nothing about, be it the building of monuments or the writing of reviews, there is no telling what sublime heights of bewilderment it may not reach. To read some of these men's writings, one would think that, like Paracelsus' Homunculi, "by art they receive their life, by art they receive body, flesh, bones, and blood; by art are they born; therefore art is in them incarnate and self-existing, so that they need not learn it of any man, but all men must learn it of them; for through art they have their existence, and have grown up in it like a rose or other flower in the garden." Such men are often more narrow than the musical scholastics themselves, for, in their giddy career in the midst of space, they are too unconscious of any landmark save their own preconceived notions to notice within what a small circle the centripetal force of their own ignorance confines their course.

Musical critics, therefore, may well beware of condemning a work at the first hearing, simply because they can make nothing of it. The very fact that we do not understand a thing ought to make us timid in criticising it; for what but the most unfruitful nonsense can come of discussing what we do not comprehend? Snap-judgment has a good many sins to answer for. At the best, we none of us know a composition as well as the composer himself, least of all at the first hearing. Virgil's *Æneid* is, as we all know, dry enough reading when done by the aid of a dictionary and grammar; so let us first feel reasonably at home in a composition before we allow ourselves to say much about it, certainly before we say anything against it.

— We had hardly sent to the press, a few months ago, our arguments upon the present impossibility of a good performance of any of Bach's choral works in this country,

when the bringing out of the St. Matthew Passion by the Handel and Haydn Society came as a very strong demonstration on the other side of the question. Our notice of this has been too long postponed, but we are glad to acknowledge, now, how convincingly our despondent prediction has been answered. It would seem that a good performance of a Bach choral work is not so impossible as we had supposed. To be sure, the performance of the Passion on Palm Sunday cannot in general be said to have been superlative, but there were some few isolated points in it that were superb.

First and foremost in the list of good things comes Madame Rudersdorff's singing. It is safe to say that nothing finer of the sort has ever been heard here. To really *sing* the great "Erbarme Dich" bespeaks as much in the singer as to really *play* Beethoven's great *adagio* in the Sonata Opus 106 does in the pianist. As the one touches the highest point yet attained of tragic instrumental music, so is the other the highest expression of the tragic element in song. It is useless to question whether it might not have been better sung. What good thing is there that might not be improved? To say that it was *well* sung, is tantamount to saying that it was grandly, superbly done. Any performance of such music that is not very close upon perfection is simply atrocious, horrible, and utterly unbearable. Second to Madame Rudersdorff's singing alone stands Mr. William Winch's singing of the part of the Evangelist; and be it remembered that Mr. Winch's task, physically speaking, was by far the most severe of the evening. But although Bach's recitatives give the singer quite as much scope as the airs for the display of vocal training, understanding, sentiment, and dramatic power, they are sung with piano-forte accompaniment, and thus enable the singer to husband his voice more carefully than he can do when he has to compete with the greater dynamic intensity of a complex orchestral accompaniment in imitative counterpoint. Still more favorable is the fact that the whole accompaniment consists of a few simple chords, and is moreover in the hands of a single, presumably sympathetic, accompanist; whereas the difficult and complicated accompaniments to the airs are in the hands of an orchestra, which no degree of competency on the part of its conductor can force into absolute sympathy with the singer except by much and careful rehearsing. Mr. Winch

was, in fact, far more successful in the Evangelist's recitatives than in the tenor air with chorus, "*Ich will bei meinem Jesu wachen.*" In some points in the recitative he rose absolutely to the sublime pitch. To have done what he did that evening is to have done what no tenor has yet done in this country, and what few tenors have done so finely anywhere. Mr. John Winch did himself great credit, singing his recitative in a large, manly style, and showing much feeling and real appreciation in the air, "*Geht mir meinen Jesum wieder.*" Mr. Rudolphsen, although he was called upon at the

shortest possible notice to sing instead of our great basso, Mr. Whitney, who was prevented by illness, succeeded in dissipating the first pang of regret for the latter's absence, which is saying a great deal. Miss Beebe sang the soprano airs in a very pure style, but without either much sentiment or, apparently, much artistic comprehension. Yet we know of no one who could have sung the very high and trying soprano music in the work as well as she. The choruses were in general exceedingly well done, but we should have adopted a quieter tempo in the final chorus.

EDUCATION.

THE question, What provision has actually been made for "the liberal education of women"? is so often asked that it seems worth while to seek an answer of some definiteness and accuracy. The question adopts as an accepted and well understood term the phrase "liberal education." The answer therefore concerns itself in no way with *what* such an education should or even does consist of, but employs the term in the same general sense in which it is employed with regard to men and to colleges for men. And since a liberal education is neither a professional nor a technical one, it is not to our present purpose to review the various special schools, medical schools, schools of design, etc., to which women now have access.

The narrower inquiry, How and where may women now obtain college education? will be more practicable and more interesting.

It would be of little use, even if it were possible, to pass in review the two hundred and nine institutions reported by the National Bureau of Education as devoted to "the superior instruction of women." A mere glance at the tables shows them to be, with not more than three or four exceptions, academies or seminaries of the "private adventure" type, dependent on patronage because wholly without endowment, and ranging from the poorest to the best of schools, according to the personal force and ability of the head.

Our end will be best attained by examining carefully those institutions which may be said to mark the height of the tide at this moment. It will be found not only that they mark the tide, but that each has been strongly influenced by some one of the various currents along which the speculations of the last fifteen years about social questions have been moving. From co-education in the strict interpretation of identical work, through all the varieties of elective courses, to that application of the "separate" idea that even the college faculty shall all be women, each theory finds ardent supporters. Quite as wide, also, is the difference between these institutions in their own essential plan or life, as in the theories they have embodied in regard to the education of women.

Some of them, like Colby University (Waterville, Maine) or the University of Vermont, are foundations of the old type, maintaining an independent community life of their own. To these two, young women are admitted on equal terms with young men, but of course find their homes outside the college domain.

The University of Michigan, on the other hand, has nothing of the "dormitory system," and bears to its members much the same relation that a day school does to its pupils. It forms a part of the public school system of the State, according to the theory — always more numerously supported out of New England than in it — that it is the

duty of the State to provide education of all grades at the public expense. That women should be admitted to the state university on equal terms with men would seem to be a logical outcome of the theory.

Oberlin College, through the shifting of centres in the development of life farther West, has long since lost its relative importance. According to the testimony of competent visitors it has materially changed its character. It no longer fairly represents co-education, but rather the working of two departments side by side. It would have no place in our list but for the fact of its having been the pioneer of the movement, and because it has presented a perfectly unique phase of college life. So far from being an independent and perhaps somewhat alien community within the town, the whole town itself was the creation of the college. They have been as intimately one as soul and body.

It is no unfair assumption in regard to all these institutions to infer that the desire to increase their number largely influenced their determination to admit women. The case stands somewhat differently with Cornell. This university was founded by private benefaction, but upon receiving the agricultural college funds it became in a sense a state institution. In 1872 a large sum was offered upon condition of the admission of women to all departments. But one answer was to be expected, and accordingly the Sage College for Women has been built and equipped. This name, it should be distinctly understood, means simply and solely a building, perhaps two, but nothing else. The authorities explicitly disavow any *special* provisions for women as to study or life. It has been no little disappointment that so large a sum (at least three hundred thousand dollars) should be buried in stone and mortar, but situated as the university grounds are, upon a lofty plateau above the town of Ithaca, some such arrangement for a home for young women was perhaps imperative. The only difference between young men and young women as to admission is that the latter must be at least eighteen years old.

Vassar College, from its age, the number of its students, and the amount of its funds (in buildings and all), must rank as the most considerable experiment yet made in the higher education of young women. Yet it is hardly a just exponent of the theory of separate colleges for women, for the reason that it is encumbered and hindered by the

burden of a large preparatory department. No one, we believe, more fully admits the disadvantages of the present state of things than the authorities of Vassar. They frankly say, "We have this immense establishment on our hands, with no income to meet running expenses. Unless these great buildings can be kept full, we cannot maintain ourselves. Collegiate students we want, but failing these, we must take school-girls." Eleven years of strenuous effort have failed to free Vassar from this encumbrance. In the last catalogue there were one hundred and fifty-nine preparatory students out of a total of three hundred and eighty-four. The proportion means more than the mere numbers indicate, as to its effects upon the tone and standard of the institution. The general life of any community must be framed to meet the wants of those who will suffer most from any misfit. At Vassar the girls of fifteen and sixteen must be considered rather than the seniors of twenty-one or twenty-two. To adjust these extremes, to guard and control the younger without too much restraint and annoyance to the elder, is a problem which must absorb far too much time and care.

Three other institutions should be named, though the oldest of them has not yet graduated its first class, and the remaining two are yet in their Freshman year:—

The Boston University, as to its domestic economy, is like the University of Michigan, without the dormitory system, but otherwise is a private corporation holding trust-funds. It represents co-education fully, and it is the first instance on a large scale where the theory found a place in the original plan.

Wellesley College, at Wellesley, Massachusetts, is planned to carry the theory of separate education to the furthest limit. As it is at present organized, all instructors are to be women. Thus to double-weight the experiment would seem to be hazardous. In other respects, the plan closely resembles that of Vassar: large and costly buildings without an income from invested funds, and a large preparatory department (two hundred and thirty-five out of three hundred). "A college in education, but a family in government," is a pleasing compromise to meet the difficulty. No argument can so fully show how grave is that difficulty as the simple question, "What would be the effect upon the standing of even our oldest and best colleges, if it were announced that a large preparatory department would

be opened next year within the college grounds?"

Smith College, at Northampton, Massachusetts, is also devoted to the separate education of women. Its position in regard to Amherst makes it also practically, if not formally, the representative of one other proposition for college education, that of a hall affiliated with one of the old colleges. It has profited by the experience at Vassar. Only so much building has been done as was indispensable. The trustees have the income of half a million to devote to the college work, and they have pledged themselves to make it veritably college work. They have the good fortune to be able to wait, and to maintain their standard whether ten students or a hundred come to them. They have now a Freshman class of fifteen. It is intended to give to the life there the freedom which is impossible among school-girls. It would not be true to say that the young women live like young men, nor would it be right that they should. They do not live alike at home. What is expected is that the college life of young women shall bear the same relation to home life as that of young men.

Boston University, and Wellesley and Smith Colleges are, it must be admitted, as yet but promises, but they are not the less to be ranked among the *opportunities* for women. More than that, the requirements for admission to them will aid us materially in the questions as to the existing standard of liberal education for women.

So far we have spoken only of place and plan. We have now to make, if possible some estimate of the kind and quality of work, through simple comparative statements. Requirements for admission are not an absolute test of the quality of work done in a college, but they have long been accepted as a means of comparison. They are used here in the same sense and within the same limits as they would be to compare Harvard and Trinity, or Yale and Amherst.

For the convenience of using a well-known standard, we may take that known as Course I. at Harvard. It serves our purpose better than Course II., because, with the rarest exceptions, women do not choose the severer mathematical courses. It may be said in one word that Harvard requires somewhat more in general elementary subjects than any of the institutions on our list. Harvard, Michigan, Cornell, Vassar, and Wellesley require a knowledge of algebra through quadratic equations; Boston and Smith to quadratics only. In geometry, Michigan stands between the two courses of Harvard. Course I. requires "elementary plain geometry." The others follow thus: Wellesley and Cornell, about the same as Harvard; Boston four books, Vassar three, Smith two. For Latin and Greek we submit the following table, which presupposes, for all, the necessary study of grammar. Of Vassar it should be added that Greek is on the list as an elective with French or German.

LATIN.

	CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES.	VIRGIL.	CICERO.
Harvard	The Whole.	The Whole.	Ten Orations.
Michigan	Four Books.	Æneid only.	Six Orations.
Cornell	Four Books.	Six Books Æneid,	Six Orations.
Vassar	Four Books.	Eclogues, and Georgics.	Six Orations.
Boston	Four Books.	Two Books Æneid,	Seven Orations.
Wellesley	Four Books.	Two Georg., Six Eclog.	Seven Orations.
Smith	Sallust's Catiline.	Six Books Æneid,	Four Orations.
		Bucolics.	
		Four Books Æneid.	
		Four Books Æneid.	

GREEK.

	ANABASIS.	ILIAD.		ANABASIS.	ILIAD.
Harvard	The Whole.	Three Books.	Boston	Four Books.	Three Books.
Michigan	Three Books.	None.	Smith	Three Books.	Two Books.
Cornell	Four Books.	Three Books.	Wellesley	No Greek.	
Vassar	No Greek.				

A complete estimate of the college work would require this comparison to be carried on through the studies of each year of the course. This is impossible for two reasons: first, that the system of electives now adopted in all colleges makes very wide differences in *kind* of study after the Freshman year; and second, that under that system individual preference and individual power and force will so largely alter the result as to make all averages fallacious. The common conclusion is no doubt correct, that, considering the work of ordinary students (not the genius nor the dullard), those colleges must stand first which unwaveringly and sincerely insist upon the largest requirements for admission.

Our readers will be no doubt as reluctant as ourselves to admit the moderateness of these demands for preparation. It must be confessed that the young women now pursuing college education are not by any means up to what we in New England have learned to call the highest. It should, however, be carefully noticed that these conclusions are only general ones, and they should be used only as general arguments. It does not prove that a woman graduating from Cornell or Smith may not have a mind of greater power than any man graduating after the most difficult and arduous study, but it does show what is now expected of young women going to college. And two things prove that it is for the present the best that can be expected. First, no one of the colleges is full, or anything like it; and second, all of them say more or less explicitly that the standard will be raised as soon and as far as possible.

There is also, in regard to numbers, or so far as numbers go, something of disappointment—a disappointment deepened perhaps by the contrast with the anticipations of fifteen or even ten years ago. In the first agitation of the question, the demand was simply, “Do justice to women; open the colleges, and you shall see them crowded.” To cooler heads there were certain *a priori* arguments against the conclusion, but in the clamor of the debate they stood no chance of a hearing.

Unquestionably, when Matthew Vassar endowed the college at Poughkeepsie, in the hope of being “the instrument in the hands of Providence of founding and perpetuating an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men,” he believed that the largest provision that could

be made for students would be none too much. The men of two generations ago would not have been more incredulous of the possibility of colleges for women than the trustees of Vassar would have been incredulous had they been told, in 1861, that at the end of fifteen years the college would still be unable to sustain itself without the aid (or the encumbrance) of a preparatory department numbering nearly forty-two per cent. of all the students within the college.

No question of like importance and interest has ever changed its ground so completely in so short a time. The “Wanted, a liberal education for women” of ten years ago becomes to-day “Wanted, young women upon whom to bestow a liberal education.”

It is idle to say that if the highest standard were offered, young women would come forward. In the strong rivalries now existing between the colleges, that would have been done long ago, if it had been worth while. Michigan and Cornell and Smith would do it to-morrow if it were of any use. At Cornell, the great Sage College is ready for one hundred and forty students, but there are in all departments of the university but forty-three young women. Smith could muster but fifteen for its Freshman class. Wellesley, without Greek, found but sixty-five for college students. At Michigan, in the whole undergraduate department there are but fifty-seven, and only twenty-five of these take the classical course. At Cornell there are but ten, and in the course requiring no Greek, only twelve. (These numbers are taken from the last catalogue.) For 1875, there were, in the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University, sixteen.

We need hardly count in a review of “liberal education” those medical schools, etc., which only demand “a good English education” for admission.

Such a *résumé* may be discouraging to the enthusiasts of ten years ago, who resolutely closed their eyes to all but their own hopeful visions. That there are to-day but a hundred students where a thousand would be welcome by no means proves that the attempt for the liberal education of women is a failure. He who interprets it thus reads the story only in the light of his own disappointment, or chafes in his impatience at finding that what he deemed only a sudden leap to a higher plane is a long and toilsome upward march. Still less will he render a just verdict who, mistaking the first

stage of the movement for its last result, insists that because only the hundred come to-day, the thousand never will. The over-sanguine hope and the too-persistent doubt are alike wide of the truth.

It is almost a truism that all social progress is on parallel lines. There can be no great development in the education of women without corresponding opportunities for using it. To answer the question, "What shall we do with our girls?" at eighteen, by the reply, "Send them to college," only postpones it to return at twenty-two in the more emphatic form, "What shall these young women do?" The answer to the question can be inferred by putting another: "What would be the effect upon the colleges generally, if there were no greater number of *special* uses for college education by men than there now are for women?"

We have not space to follow out the argument, but whoever does will soon see plainly that until the future possibilities of life set the same premium upon college education for women which they now do for men, it is vain to expect that women in great numbers will have the firmness and the patience to overcome the hindrances, far greater than for men, which lie in their way.

There is another phase of the matter which merits attention. So long as the young women in college are pioneers in the work, there is a certain isolation which repels. There is a necessity, too, for a kind of mental armor against various contingencies, and though it is as likely to take the form of shyness and self-depreciation as of bravado, natures of finer grain are apt to shrink from it, unless impelled by an absorbing enthusiasm. Extreme theorists on the subject will scout the suggestion, but it is not to be lightly regarded.

The inability to meet expenses is of course a potent reason why so few women are yet in college. This is, however, only another form of the difficulty which we have stated as want of future opportunity. Whether this generation or the next will see the solution of the questions about occupation and remuneration may be doubted, but it is clearly the duty to-day of all friends of the higher education of women to unite their efforts to bring about two results. First, that we enter on no new experiments. Each theory is sufficiently on

trial: let there be no further division of interests. Let it be said clearly enough and emphatically enough to reach the ear of every man or woman with a dollar to spare or to bequeath. Found no more new colleges. Choose the best, or the nearest to you, of those we now have, and help that. The second is only the closer application of the first. Spend no more in walls and roofs. Give life, the living soul, to the colleges in professors and in students. Scholarships for women in any of the colleges we have named will be filled as fast as they are founded. The expense varies from about three hundred and fifty dollars at Michigan or Boston to five hundred and fifty at Vassar. Tuition at Michigan is of course free to students from that State. The large number of state scholarships at Cornell pays for the tuition there, but they are of course limited to New York students. Tuition at Boston or Smith is remitted to all needing such help, so that the amount of help required by a student at any one of these places need not be much above half the cost of living. We place it thus low, for it is agreed by all who have had experience in the matter that better material is obtained by offering less than the whole expense. Really promising students are sure enough to obtain something from their own exertions or from friends. It is the second hundred that they need, not the first.

We specify *scholarships* because it is all-important that the aid be permanent. It ought to be in view of the student for years before she reaches it. If we may reason from the experience of Harvard as to the perennial good of this form of charity (witness the Pennoyer scholarships), three thousand dollars entrusted to any one of these colleges will make possible the college education of one woman every four years for the next century. Nor are we thinking only of the personal gain of these students. No power so strong could be brought to bear upon the standard of the colleges, as the gift of a large number of scholarships, for nothing will so soon bring to the colleges themselves the ablest young women. We can think of no form of benevolence more attractive to ladies of wealth than this, for if but the half that is said of the power of an educated woman be true, nothing can so surely elevate the whole sex as the pursuit of liberal studies.